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III. Pilgrim's Progress

DODD FAMILY ABROAD,

TO WHICH IS ADDED

DIARY AND NOTES OF

HORACE TEMPLETON, ESQ.,

LATE SECRETARY OF LEGATION AT —

BY

CHARLES LEVER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHIZ, E. VAN MUYDEN,
AND L. J. BRIDGMAN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME Two.

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THE
DODD FAMILY ABROAD.

LETTER I.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE
GRANGE, BRUFF.

CONSTANCE.

MY DEAR TOM,—I got the papers all safe. I am sure the account is perfectly correct. I only wish the balance was bigger. I waited here to receive these things, and now I discover that I can't sign the warrant of attorney except before a consul, and there is none in this place, so that I must keep it over till I can find one of those pleasant functionaries,—a class that between ourselves I detest heartily. They are a presumptuous, under-bred, consequential race,—a cross between a small skipper and smaller Secretary of Legation, with a mixture of official pedantry and maritime off-handedness that is perfectly disgusting. Why our reforming economists don't root them all out I cannot conceive. Nobody wants, nobody benefits by them; and save that you are now and then called on for a "consular fee," you might never hear of their existence.

I don't rightly understand what you say about the loan from that Land Improvement Society. Do you mean that the money lent must be laid out on the land as a necessary condition? Is it possible that this is what I am to infer? If so, I never heard anything half so preposterous! Sure, if I raise five hundred pounds from a Jew, he has no right

to stipulate that I must spend the cash on copper coal-scuttles or potted meats! I want it for my own convenience; enough for him that I comply with his demands for interest and repayment. Anything else would be downright tyranny and oppression, Tom, — as a mere momentary consideration of the matter will show you. At all events, let us get the money, for I'd like to contest the point with these fellows; and if ever there was a man heart and soul determined to break down any antiquated barrier of cruelty or domination, it is your friend Kenny Dodd! As to that printed paper, with its twenty-seven queries, it is positive balderdash from beginning to end. What right have they to conclude that I approve of subsoil draining? When did I tell them that I believed in Smith of Deanstown? Where is it on record that I gave in my adhesion to model cottages, Berkshire pigs, green crops, and guano manure? In what document do these appear? Maybe I have my own notions on these matters, — maybe I keep them for my own guidance too!

You say that the gentry is all changing throughout the whole land, and I believe you well, Tom Purcell. Changed indeed must they be if they subscribe to such preposterous humbug as this! At all events, I repeat we want the money, so fill up the blanks as you think best, and remit me the amount at your earliest, for I have barely enough to get to the end of the present month. I don't dislike this place at all. It is quiet, peaceful, — humdrum, if you will; but we've had more than our share of racket and row lately, and the reclusion is very grateful. One day is exactly like another with us. Lord George — for he is back again — and James go a-fishing as soon as breakfast is over, and only return for supper. Mary Anne reads, writes, sews, and sings. Mrs. D. fills up the time discharging Betty, settling with her, searching her trunks for missing articles, and being reconciled to her again, which, with occasional crying fits and her usual devotions, don't leave her a single moment unoccupied! As for me, I'm trying to learn German, whenever I'm not asleep. I've got a master, — he is a Swiss, and maybe his accent is not of the purest; but he is an amusing old vagabond, — an umbrella-maker, but in his youth a travelling-servant. His

time is not very valuable to him, so that he sits with me sometimes for half a day; but still I make little progress. My notion is, Tom, that there's no use in either making love or trying a new language after you're five or six and twenty. It's all up-hill work after that, believe me. Neither your declensions nor declarations come natural to you, and it's a bungling performance at the best. The first condition of either is to have your head perfectly free, — as little in it as need be. So long as your thoughts are jostled by debts, duns, mortgages, and marriageable daughters, you'll have no room for vows or irregular verbs! It's lucky, however, that one can dispense both with the love and the learning, and indeed of the two, — with the last best, for of all the useless, unprofitable kinds of labor ever pursued out of a jail, acquiring a foreign language is the most. The few words required for daily necessities, such as schnaps and cigars, are easily learnt; all beyond that is downright rubbish.

For what can a man express his thoughts in so well as his mother tongue? with whom does he want to talk but his countrymen? Of course you come out with the old cant about "intelligent natives," "information derived at the fountain head," "knowledge obtained by social intimacy with people of the country." To which I briefly reply, "It's all gammon and stuff from beginning to end;" and what between *your* blunders in grammar and your informant's ignorance of fact, all such information is n't worth a "trauneen." Now, once for all, Tom, let me observe to you that ask what you will of a foreigner, be it an inquiry into the financial condition of his country, its military resources, prison discipline, law, or religion, he'll never acknowledge his inability to answer, but give you a full and ready reply, with facts, figures, dates, and data, all in most admirable order. At first you are overjoyed with such ready resources of knowledge. You flatter yourself that even with the most moderate opportunities you cannot fail to learn much; by degrees, however, you discover errors in your statistics, and at last, you come to find out that your accomplished friend, too polite to deny you a reasonable gratification, had gone to the pains of inventing a code, a church, and a coinage for your

sole use and benefit, but without the slightest intention of misleading, for it never once entered his head that you could possibly believe him! I know it will sound badly. I am well aware of the shock it will give to many a nervous system; but for all that I will not blink the declaration — which I desire to record as formally and as flatly as I am capable of expressing it — which is, that of one hundred statements an Englishman accepts and relies upon abroad, as matter of fact, ninety-nine are untrue; full fifty being lies by premeditation, thirty by ignorance, ten by accident or inattention, and the remainder, if there be a balance, for I'm bad at figures, from any other cause you like.

It is no more disgrace for a foreigner not to tell the truth than to own that he does not sing, nor dance the mazurka; not so much, indeed, because these are marks of a polite education. And yet it is to hold conversation with these people we pore over dictionaries, and Ollendorfs, and Hamiltonian gospels. As for the enlargement and expansion of the intelligence that comes of acquiring languages, there never was a greater fallacy. Look abroad upon your acquaintances: who are the glib linguists, who are the faultless in French genders, and the immaculate in German declensions? the flippant boarding-school miss, or the brainless, unpaid attaché, that cannot compose a note in his own language. Who are the bungling conversers that make drawing-rooms blush and dinner-tables titter? Your first-rate debater in the Commons, your leader at the bar, your double first, or your great electro-magnetic fellow that knows the secret laws of water-spouts and whirlpools, and can make thunder and lightning just to amuse himself. Take my word for it, your linguist is as poor a creature as a dancing-master, and just as great a formalist.

If you ask me, then, why I devote myself to such unrewarding labor, I answer, "It is true I know it to be so, but my apology is, that I make no progress." No, Tom, I never advance a step. I can neither conjugate nor decline, and the auxiliary verbs will never aid me in anything. So far as my lingual incapacity goes, I might be one of the great geniuses of the age; and very probably I am, too, without knowing it!

I have little to tell you of the place itself. It is a quaint old town on the side of the lake; the most remarkable object being the minster, or cathedral. They show you the spot in the aisle where old Huss stood to receive his sentence of death. Even after a lapse of centuries, there was something affecting to stand where a man once stood to hear that he was to be burned alive. Of course I have little sympathy with a heretic, but still I venerate the martyr, the more since I am strongly disposed to think that it is one of those characters which are not the peculiar product of an age of railroads and submarine telegraphs. The expansion of the intelligence, Tom, seems to be in the inverse ratio of the expansion of the conscience, and the stubborn old spirit of right that was once the mode, would nowadays be construed into a dogged, stupid bull-headedness, unworthy of the enlightenment of our glorious era. Take my word for it, there's a great many eloquent and indignant letter-writers in the newspapers would shrink from old Huss's test for their opinions, and a fossil elk is not a greater curiosity than would be a man ready to stake life on his belief. When a fellow tells you of "dying on the floor of the House," he simply means that he'll talk till there's a "count out;" and as for "registering vows in heaven," and "wasting out existence in the gloom of a dungeon," it's just balderdash, and nothing else.

The simple fact is this, Tom Purcell: we live in an age of universal cant, and I swallow all *your* shams on the easy condition that you swear to *mine*, and whenever I hear people praising the present age, and extolling its wonderful progress, and all that, I just think of all the quackery I see advertised in the newspapers, and sigh heartily to myself at our degradation! Why, man, the "Patent Pills for the Cure of Cancer," and the Agapemone, would disgrace the middle ages! And it is not a little remarkable that England, so prone to place herself at the head of civilization, is exactly the very metropolis of all this humbug!

To come back to ourselves, I have to report that James arrived here a couple of days ago. He followed that scoundrel "the Baron" for thirty hours, and only desisted from the pursuit when his horse could go no farther. The police

authorities mainly contributed to the escape of the fugitive, by detaining James on every possible occasion, and upon any or no pretext. The poor fellow reached Freyburg dead beat, and without a sou in his pocket; but good luck would have it that Lord George Tiverton had just arrived there, so that by his aid he came on here, where they both made their appearance at breakfast on Tuesday morning.

Lord George, I suspect, had not made a successful campaign of it lately; though in what he has failed—if it be failure—I have no means of guessing. He looks a little out at elbows, however, and travels without a servant. In spirits and bearing I see no change in him; but these fellows, I have remarked, never show depression, and india-rubber itself is not so elastic as a bad character! I don't half fancy his companionship for James; but I know well that this opinion would be treated by the rest of the family as down-right heresy; and certainly he is an amusing dog, and it is impossible to resist liking him; but there lies the very peril I am afraid of. If your loose fish, as the slang phrase calls them, were disagreeable chaps,—prosy, selfish, sententious,—vulgar in their habits, and obtrusive in their manners, one would run little risk of contamination; but the reverse is the case, Tom,—the very reverse! Meet a fellow that speaks every tongue of the Continent, dresses to perfection, rides and drives admirably, a dead shot with the pistol, a sure cue at billiards,—if he be the delight of every circle he goes into,—look out sharp in the “Times,” and the odds are that there's a handsome reward offered for him, and he's either a forger or a defaulter. The truth is, a man may be ill-mannered as a great lawyer or a great physician; he may make a great figure in the field or the cabinet; there may be no end to his talents as a geometrician or a chemist; it's only your adventurer must be well-bred, and swindling is the soldiery profession to which a man must bring fascinating manners, a good address, personal advantages, and the power of pleasing. I own to you, Tom Purcell, I like these fellows, and I can't help it! I take to them as I do to twenty things that are agreeable at the time, but are sure to disagree with me—afterwards. They rally me out of my low spirits, they put me on better terms with myself, and

they administer that very balmy flattery that says, "Don't distress yourself, Kenny Dodd. As the world goes, you're better than nine-tenths of it. You'd be hospitable if you could; you'd pay your debts if you could; and there would n't be an easier-tempered, more good-natured creature breathing than yourself, if it was only the will was wanting!" Now, these are very soothing doses when a man is scarified by duns, and flayed alive by lawsuits; and when a fellow comes to my time of life, he can no more bear the candid rudeness of what is called friendship than an ex-Lord Mayor could endure Penitentiary diet!

I must confess, however, that whenever we come to divide on any question, Lord George always votes with Mrs. D. He told me once that with respect to Parliament he always sided with the Government, whatever it was, when he could, and perhaps he follows the same rule in private life. Last night, after tea, we discussed our future movements, and I found him strongly in favor of getting us on to Italy for the winter. I did n't like to debate the matter exactly on financial grounds, but I hazarded a half-conjecture that the expedition would be a costly one. He stopped me at once. "Up to this time," said he, "you have really not benefited by the cheapness of Continental living," — that was certainly true, — "and for this simple reason, you have always lived in the beaten track of the wandering cockney. You must go farther away from England. You must reach those places where people settle as residents, not ramble as tourists; you will then be rewarded, not only economically, but socially. The markets and the morals are both better; for our countrymen filter by distance, and the farther from home the purer they become." To Mrs. D. and Mary Anne he gave a glowing description of Trans-Alpine existence, and rapturously pictured forth the fascinations of Italian life. I can only give you the items, Tom; you must arrange them for yourself. So make what you can of starry skies, olives, ices, tenors, volcanoes, music, mountains, and maccaroni. He appealed to *me* by the budget. Never was there such cheapness in the known world. The Italian nobility were actually crushed down with house-accommodation, and only entreated a stranger to accept of a palace or a villa. The

climate produced everything without labor, and consequently without cost. Fruit had no price; wine was about twopence a bottle; a strong tap rose to two and a half! Clothes one scarcely needed; and, except for decency, "nothing and a cocked hat" would suffice. These were very seductive considerations, Tom; and I own to you that, even allowing a large margin for exaggeration, there was a great amount of solid advantage remaining. Mrs. D. adduced an additional argument when we were alone, and in this wise: What was to be done with the wedding finery if we should return to Ireland; for all purposes of home life they would be totally inapplicable. You might as well order a service of plate to serve up potatoes as introduce Paris fashions and foreign elegance into our provincial circle. "We have the things now," said she; "let us have the good of them." I remember a cask of Madeira being left with my father once, by a mistake, and that was the very reason he gave for drinking it. She made a strong case of it, Tom; she argued the matter well, laying great stress upon the duty we owed our girls, and the necessity of "getting them married before we went back." Of course, I did n't give in. If I was to give her the notion that she could convince me of anything, we'd never have a moment's peace again; so I said I'd reflect on the subject, and turn it over in my mind. And now I want you to say what disposable cash can we lay our hands on for the winter. I am more than ever disinclined to have anything to say to these Drainage Commissioners. It's our pockets they drain, and not our farms. I'd rather try and raise a trifle on mortgage; for you see, nowadays, they have got out of the habit of doing it, and there's many a one has money lying idle and does n't know what to do with it. Look out for one of these fellows, Tom, and see what you can do with him. Dear me, is n't it a strange thing the way one goes through life, and the contrivances one is put to to make two ends meet!

I remember the time, and so do you too, when an Irish gentleman could raise what he liked; and there was n't an estate in my own county was n't encumbered, as they call it, to more than double its value. There's fellows will tell you "that's the cause of all the present distress." Not a

bit of it. They're all wrong! It is because that system has come to an end that we are ruined; that's the root of the evil, Tom Purcell; and if I was in Parliament I'd tell them so. Where will you find any one willing to lend money now if the estate would n't pay it? We may thank the English Government for that; and, as poor Dan used to say, "They know as much about us as the Chinese!"

I can't answer your question about James. Vickars has not replied to my last two letters; and I really see no opening for the boy whatever. I mean to write, however, in a day or two to Lord Muddleton, to whom Lord George is nearly related, and ask for something in the Diplomatic way. Lord G. says it's the only career nowadays does n't require some kind of qualification, — since even in the army they 've instituted a species of examination. "Get him made an Attaché somewhere," says Tiverton, "and he must be a 'Plenipo' at last." J. is good-looking, and a great deal of dash about him; and I'm informed that's exactly what's wanting in the career. If nothing comes of this application, I 'll think seriously of Australia; but, of course, Mrs. D. must know nothing about it; for, according to *her* notions, the boy ought to be Chamberlain to the Queen, or Gold-stick at least.

I don't know whether I mentioned to you that Betty Cobb had entered the holy bonds with a semi-civilized creature she picked up in the Black Forest. The orang-outang is now a part of our household, — at least so far as living at rack and manger at my cost, — though in what way to employ him I have not the slightest notion. Do you think, if I could manage to send him over to Ireland, that we could get him indicted for any transportable offence? Ask Curtis about it; for I know he did something of the kind once in the case of a natural son of Tony Barker's, and the lad is now a judge, I believe, in Sydney.

Cary is quite well. I heard from her yesterday, and when I write, I 'll be sure to send her your affectionate message. I don't mean to leave this till I hear from you. So write immediately and believe me,

Very sincerely your friend,

KENNY JAMES DODD.

LETTER II.

JAMES DODD TO ROBERT DOOLAN, ESQ., TRINITY COLLEGE,
DUBLIN.

BREGENZ.

MY DEAR BOB, — I had made up my mind not to write to you till we had quitted this place, where our life has been of the “slowest;” but this morning has brought a letter with a piece of good news which I cannot defer imparting to you. It is a communication from the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs to the governor, to say that I have been appointed to something somewhere, and that I am to come over to London, and be examined by somebody. Very vague all this, but I suppose it’s the style of Diplomacy, and one will get used to it. The real bore is the examination, for George told “dad” that there was none, and, in fact, that very circumstance it was which gave the peculiar value to the “service.” Tiverton tells me, however, he can make it “all safe;” whether you “tip” the Secretary, or some of the underlings, I don’t know. Of course there is a way in all these things, for half the fellows that pass are just as ignorant as your humble servant.

I am mainly indebted to Tiverton for the appointment, for he wrote to everybody he could think of, and made as much interest as if it was for himself. He tells me, in confidence, that the list of names down is about six feet long, and actually wonders at the good fortune of my success. From all I can learn, however, there is no salary at first, so that the governor must “stump out handsome,” for an Attaché is expected to live in a certain style, keep horses, and, in fact, come it “rather strongish.” In some respects, I should have preferred the army; but then there are terrible drawbacks in colonial banishment, whereas in

Diplomacy you are at least stationed in the vicinity of a Court, which is always something.

I wonder where I am to be gazetted for; I hope Naples, but even Vienna would do. In the midst of our universal joy at my good fortune, it's not a little provoking to see the governor pondering over all it will cost for outfit, and wondering if the post be worth the gold lace on the uniform. Happily for me, Bob, he never brought me up to any profession, as it is called, and it is too late now to make me anything either in law or physic. I say happily, because I see plainly enough that he'd refuse the present opportunity if he knew of any other career for me. My mother does not improve matters by little jokes on his low tastes and vulgar ambitions; and, in fact, the announcement has brought a good deal of discussion and some discord amongst us.

I own to you, frankly, that once named to a Legation, I will do my utmost to persuade the governor to go back to Ireland. In the first place, nothing but a very rigid economy at Dodsborough will enable him to make me a liberal allowance; and secondly, to have my family prowling about the Legation to which I was attached would be perfectly insufferable. I like to have my father and mother what theatrical folk call "practicable," that is, good for all efficient purposes of bill-paying, and such-like; but I shudder at the notion of being their pioneer into fashionable life; and, indeed, I am not aware of any one having carried his parent on his back since the days of *Æneas*.

I am obliged to send you a very brief despatch, for I'm off to-morrow for London, to make my bow at "F. O.," and kiss hands on my appointment. I'd have liked another week here, for the fishing has just come in, and we killed yesterday, with two rods, eleven large, and some thirty small trout. They are a short, thick-shouldered kind of fish, ready enough to rise, but sluggish to play afterwards. The place is pretty, too; the Swiss Alps at one side, and the Tyrol mountains at the other. Bregenz itself stands well, on the very verge of the lake, and although not ancient enough to be curious in architecture, has a picturesque air about it. The people are as primitive as anything one can well fancy, and wear a costume as ungracefully barbarous

as any lover of nationality could desire. Their waists are close under their arms, and the longest petticoats I have yet seen finish at the knee! They affect, besides, a round, low-crowned cap, like a fur turban, or else a great piece of filigree sliver, shaped like a peacock's tail, and fastened to the back of the head. Nature, it must be owned, has been somewhat ungenerous to them; and with the peculiar advantages conferred on them by costume, they are the ugliest creatures I've ever set eyes on.

It is only just to remark that Mary Anne dissents from me in all this, and has made various "studies" of them, which are, after all, not a whit more flattering than my own description. As to a good-looking peasantry, Bob; it's all humbug. It's only the well-to-do classes, in any country, have pretensions to beauty. The woman of rank numbers amongst her charms the unmistakable stamp of her condition. Even in her gait, like the Goddess in Virgil, she displays her divinity. The pretty "bourgeoise" has her peculiar fascination in the brilliant intelligence of her laughing eye, and the sly archness of her witty mouth; but your peasant beauty is essentially heavy and dull. It is of the earth, earthy; and there is a bucolic grossness about the lips the very antithesis to the pleasing. I'm led to these remarks by the question in your last as to the character of Continental physiognomy. Up to this, Bob, I have seen nothing to compare with our own people, and you will meet more pretty faces between Stephen's Green and the Rotunda than between Schaffhausen and the sea. I'm not going to deny that they "make up" better abroad, but our boast is the raw material of beauty. The manufactured article we cannot dispute with them. It would be, however, a great error to suppose that the artistic excellence I speak of is a small consideration; on the contrary, it is a most important one, and well deserving of deep thought and reflection, and, I must say, that all our failures in the decorative arts are as nothing to our blunders when attempting to adorn beauty. A French woman, with a skin like an old drumhead, and the lower jaw of a baboon, will actually "get herself up" to look better than many a really pretty girl of our country, disfigured by unbecoming hairdressing, ill-assorted colors,

ill-put-on clothes, and that confounded walk, which is a cross between the stride of a Grenadier and running in a sack!

With all our parade of Industrial Exhibitions and shows of National Productions lately, nobody has directed his attention to this subject, and, for *my* part, I'd infinitely rather know that our female population had imbibed some notions of dress and self-adornment from their French neighbors, than that Glasgow could rival Genoa in velvet, or that we beat Bohemia out of the field in colored glass. If the proper study of mankind be man, — which, of course, includes woman, — we are throwing a precious deal of time away on centrifugal pumps, sewing-machines, and self-acting razors. If I ever get into Parliament, Bob, and I don't see why I should not, when once fairly launched in the Diplomatic line, I'll move for a Special Commission, not to examine into foreign railroads, or mines, or schools, or smelting-houses, but to inquire into and report upon how the women abroad, with not a tenth of the natural advantages, contrive to look, — I won't say better, but more fascinating than our own, — and how it is that they convert something a shade below plainness into features of downright pleasing expression!

Since this appointment has come, I have been working away to brush up my French and German, which you will be surprised to hear is pretty nearly where it was when we first came abroad. We English herd so much together, and continue to follow our home habits and use our own language wherever we happen to be, that it is not very easy to break out of the beaten track. This observation applies only to the men of the family, for our sisters make a most astonishing progress, under the guidance of those mustachioed and well-whiskered gents they meet at balls. The governor and my mother of course believe that I am as great a linguist as Mezzofanti, if that be the fellow's name, and I shall try and keep up the delusion to the last. It is not quite impossible I may have more time for my studies here than I fancy, for "dad" has come in, this moment, to say that he hasn't got five shillings towards the expenses of my journey to London, nor has he any very

immediate prospect of a remittance from Ireland. What a precious mess will it be if my whole career in life is to be sacrificed for a shabby hundred or two! The governor appears to have spent about three times as much as he speculated on, and our affairs at this moment present as pleasant a specimen of hopeless entanglement as a counsel in Bankruptcy could desire.

I wish I was out of the ship altogether, Bob, and would willingly adventure on the broad ocean of life in a punt, were it only my own. I trust that by the time this reaches you her Majesty's gracious pleasure will have numbered me amongst the servants of the Crown; but whether in high or humble estate, believe me ever

Unalterably yours,

JAMES DODD.

P. S. My sister Cary has written to say she will be here to-night or to-morrow; she is coming expressly to see me before I go; but from all that I can surmise she need not have used such haste. What a bore it will be if the governor should not be able to "stump out"! I'm in a perfect fever at the very thought.

LETTER III.

CAROLINE DODD TO MISS COX AT MISS MINCING'S ACADEMY,
BLACK ROCK, IRELAND.

MY DEAR Miss Cox, — It would appear, from your last, that a letter of mine to you must have miscarried; for I most distinctly remember having written to you on the topics you allude to, and, so far as I was able, answered all your kind inquiries about myself and my pursuits. Lest my former note should ever reach you, I do not dare to go over again the selfish narrative which would task even your friendship to peruse once.

I remained with my kind friend, Mrs. Morris, till three days ago, when I came here to see my brother James, who has been promised some Government employment, and is obliged to repair at once to London. Mamma terrified me greatly by saying that he was to go to China or to India, so that I hurried back to see and stay with him as much as I could before he left us. I rejoice, however, to tell you that his prospects are in the Diplomatic service, and he will be most probably named to a Legation in some European capital.

He is a dear, kind-hearted boy; and although not quite untainted by the corruptions which are more or less inseparable from this rambling existence, is still as fresh in his affections, and as generous in nature, as when he left home. Captain Morris, whose knowledge of life is considerable, predicts most favorably of him, and has only one misgiving, — the close intimacy he maintains with Lord George Tiverton. Towards this young nobleman the Captain expresses the greatest distrust and dislike; feelings that I really own seem to me to be frequently tinctured by a degree of prejudice rather than suggested by reason. It is true,

no two beings can be less alike than they are. The one, rigid and unbending in all his ideas of right, listening to no compromise, submitting to no expediency, reserved towards strangers even to the verge of stiffness, and proud from a sense that his humble station might by possibility expose him to freedoms he could not reciprocate. The other, all openness and candor, pushed probably to an excess, and not unfrequently transgressing the barrier of an honorable self-esteem; without the slightest pretension to principle of any kind, and as ready to own his own indifference as to ridicule the profession of it by another. Yet, with all this, kind and generous in all his impulses, ever willing to do a good-natured thing; and, so far as I can judge, even prepared to bear a friendly part at the hazard of personal inconvenience.

Characters of this stamp are, as you have often observed to me, far more acceptable to very young men than those more swayed by rigid rules of right; and when they join to natural acuteness considerable practical knowledge of life, they soon obtain a great influence over the less gifted and less experienced. I see this in James; for, though not by any means blind to the blemishes in Lord George's character, nor even indifferent to them, yet is he submissive to every dictate of his will, and an implicit believer in all his opinions. But why should I feel astonished at this? Is not his influence felt by every member of the family; and papa himself, with all his native shrewdness, strongly disposed to regard his judgments as wise and correct? I remark this the more because I have been away from home, and after an absence one returns with a mind open to every new impression; nor can I conceal from myself that many of the notions I now see adopted and approved of, are accepted as being those popular in high society, and not because of their intrinsic correctness. Had we remained in Ireland, my dear Miss Cox, this had never been the case. There is a corrective force in the vicinity of those who have known us long and intimately, who can measure our pretensions by our station, and pronounce upon our mode of life from the knowledge they have of our condition; and this discipline, if at times severe and even unpleasant, is

upon the whole, beneficial to us. Now, abroad, this wholesome — shall I call it — “surveillance” is wanting altogether, and people are induced by its very absence to give themselves airs, and assume a style quite above them. From that very moment they insensibly adopt a new standard of right and wrong, and substitute fashion and conventionality for purity and good conduct. I’m sure I wish we were back in Dodsborough with all my heart! It is not that there are not objects and scenes of intense interest around us here on every hand. Even I can feel that the mind expands by the variety of impressions that continue to pour in upon it. Still, I would not say that these things may not be bought too dearly; and that if the price they cost is discontent at our lot in life, a craving ambition to be higher and richer, and a cold shrinking back from all of our own real condition, they are unquestionably not worth the sacrifice.

To really enjoy the Continent it is not necessary — at least, for people bred and brought up as we have been — to be very rich; on the contrary, many — ay, and the greatest — advantages of Continental travel are open to very small fortunes and very small ambitions. Scenery, climate, inexpensive acquaintanceship, galleries, works of art, public libraries, gardens, promenades, are all available. The Morrises have certainly much less to live on than we have, and yet they have travelled over every part of Europe, know all its cities well, and never found the cost of living considerable. You will smile when I tell you that the single secret for this is, not to cultivate English society. Once make up your mind abroad to live with the people of the country, French, German, and Italian, — and there is no class of these above the reach of well-bred English, — and you need neither shine in equipage nor excel in a cook. There is no pecuniary test of respectability abroad; partly because this vulgarity is the offspring of a commercial spirit, which is, of course, not the general characteristic, and partly from the fact that many of the highest names have been brought down to humble fortunes by the accidents of war and revolution, and poverty is, consequently, no evidence of deficient birth. Our gorgeous notions of hospi-

tality are certainly very fine things, and well become great station and large fortune, but are ruinous when they are imitated by inferior means and humble incomes. Foreigners are quite above such vulgar mimicry; and nothing is more common to hear than the avowal, "I am too poor to do this; my fortune would not admit of that;" not uttered in a mock humility, or with the hope of a polite incredulity, but in all the unaffected simplicity with which one mentions a personal fact, to which no shame or disgrace attaches. You may imagine, then, how unimpressively fall upon the ear all those pompous announcements by which we travelling English herald our high and mighty notions; the palaces we are about to hire, the *fêtes* we are going to give, and the other splendors we mean to indulge in.

I have read and re-read that part of your letter wherein you speak of your wish to come and live abroad, so soon as the fruits of your life of labor will enable you. Oh, my dear kind governess, with what emotion the words filled me, — emotions very different from those you ever suspected they would call up; for I bethought me how often I and others must have added to that toilsome existence by our indolence, our carelessness, and our wilfulness. In a moment there rose before me the anxieties you must have suffered, the cares you must have endured, the hopes for those who threw all their burdens upon *you*, and left to *you* the blame of *their* shortcomings and the reproach of *their* insufficiency.

What rest, what repose would ever requite such labor! How delighted am I to say that there are places abroad where even the smallest fortunes will suffice. I profited by the permission you gave me to show your letter to Mrs. Morris, and she gave me in return a list of places for you to choose from, at any one of which you could live with comfort for less than you speak of. Some are in Belgium, some in Germany, and some in Italy. Think, for instance, of a small house on the "Meuse," in the midst of the most beauteous scenery, and with a country teeming in every abundance around you, for twelve pounds a year, and all the material of life equally cheap in proportion. Imagine the habits of a Grand-Ducal capital, where the Prime

Minister receives three hundred per annum, and spends two ; where the admission to the theatre is fourpence, and you go to a Court dinner on foot at four o'clock in the day, and sit out of an evening with your work in a public garden afterwards.

Now, I know that in Ireland or Scotland, and perhaps in Wales too, places might be discovered where all the ordinary wants of life would not be dearer than here, but then remember that to live with this economy at home, you subject yourself to all that pertains to a small estate ; you endure the barbarizing influences of a solitary life, or, what is worse, the vulgarity of village society. The well-to-do classes, the educated and refined, will not associate with you. Not so here. Your small means are no barrier against your admission into the best circles ; you will be received anywhere. Your black silk gown will be " toilet " for the " Minister's reception," your white muslin will be good enough for a ball at Court ! When the army numbers in its cavalry fifty hussars, and one battalion for its infantry, the simple resident need never blush for his humble retinue, nor feel ashamed that a maid-servant escorts him to a Court entertainment with a lantern, or that a latch-key and a lucifer-match do duty for a hall-porter and a chandelier !

One night—I was talking of these things—Captain Morris quoted a Latin author to the effect " that poverty had no such heavy infliction as in its power to make people ridiculous." The remark sounds at first an unfeeling one, but there is yet a true and deep philosophy in it, for it is in our own abortive and silly attempts to gloss over narrow fortune that the chief sting of poverty resides, and the ridicule alluded to is all of our making ! The poverty of two thousand a year can be thus as glaringly absurd, as ridiculous, as that of two hundred, and even more so, since its failures are more conspicuous.

Now, had we been satisfied to live in this way, it is not alone that we should have avoided debt and embarrassment, but we should really have profited largely besides. I do not speak of the negative advantages of not mingling with those it had been better to have escaped ; but that in the society of these smaller capitals there is, especially in

Germany, a highly cultivated and most instructive class, slightly pedantic, it may be, but always agreeable and affable. The domesticity of Germany is little known to us, since even their writers afford few glimpses of it. There are no Bulwers nor Bozes nor Thackerays to show the play of passion, nor the working of deep feeling around the family board and hearth. The cares of fathers, the hopes of sons, the budding anxieties of the girlish heart, have few chroniclers. How these people think and act and talk at home, and in the secret circle of their families, we know as little as we do of the Chinese. It may be that the inquiry would require long and deep and almost microscopic study. Life with them is not as with us, a stormy wave-tossed ocean; it is rather a calm and landlocked bay. They have no colonial empires, no vast territories for military ambition to revel in, nor great enterprise to speculate on. There are neither gigantic schemes of wealth, nor gold-fields to tempt them. Existence presents few prizes, and as few vicissitudes. The march of events is slow, even, and monotonous, and men conform themselves to the same measure! How, then, do they live,—what are their loves, their hates, their ambitions, their crosses, their troubles, and their joys? How are they moved to pity,—how stirred to revenge? I own to you I cannot even fancy this. The German heart seems to me a clasped volume; and even Goethe has but shown us a chance page or two, gloriously illustrated, I acknowledge, but closed as quickly as displayed.

Is Marguerite herself a type? I wish some one would tell me. Is that childlike gentleness, that trustful nature, that resistless, passionate devotion, warring with her piety, and yet heightened by it,—are these German traits? They seem so; and yet do these Fräuleins that I see, with yellow hair, appear capable of this headlong and impetuous love. Faust, I'm convinced, is true to his nationality. He loves like a German,—and is mad, and mystical, fond, dreamy, and devoted by turns.

But all these are not what I look for. I want a family picture—a Teerburgh or a Mieris—painted by a German Dickens, or touched by a native Titmarsh. So far as I have read of it, too, the German Drama does not fill up

this void ; the comedies of the stage present nothing identical of the people, and yet it appears to me they are singularly good materials for portraiture. The stormy incidents of university life, its curious vicissitudes, and its strange, half-crazed modes of thought blend into the quiet realities of after-life, and make up men such as one sees nowhere else. The tinge of romance they have contracted in boyhood is never thoroughly washed out of their natures, and although statecraft may elevate them to be grave privy councillors, or good fortune select them for its revenue officers, they cherish the old memories of Halle and Heidelberg, and can grow valorous over the shape of a rapier, or pathetic about the color of Fräulein Lydchen's hair.

It is doubtless very presumptuous in *me* to speak thus of a people of whom I have seen so little; but bear in mind, my dear Miss Cox, that I'm rather giving Mrs. Morris's experiences than my own, and, in some cases, in her own very words. She has a very extensive acquaintance in Germany, and corresponds, besides, with many very distinguished persons of that country. Perhaps private letters give a better insight into the habits of a people than most other things, and if so, one should pronounce very favorably of German character from the specimens I have seen. There are everywhere, great truthfulness, great fairness ; a willingness to concede to others a standard different from their own ; a hopeful tone in all things, and extreme gentleness towards women and children. Of rural life, and of scenery, too, they speak with true feeling ; and, as Sir Walter said of Goethe, "they understand trees."

You will wish to hear something of Bregenz, where we are staying at present, and I have little to say beyond its situation in a little bay on the Lake of Constance, begirt with high mountains, amidst which stretches a level flat, traversed by the Rhine. The town itself is scarcely old enough to be picturesque, though from a distance on the lake the effect is very pleasing. A part is built upon a considerable eminence, the ascent to which is by a very steep street, impassable save on foot ; at the top of this is an old gateway, the centre of which is ornamented by a grotesque attempt at sculpture, representing a female figure seated on

a horse, and, to all seeming, traversing the clouds. The phenomenon is explained by a legend, that tells how a Bregenzer maiden, some three and a half centuries ago, had gone to seek her fortune in Switzerland, and becoming domesticated there in a family, lived for years among the natural enemies of her people. Having learned by an accident one night, that an attack was meditated on her native town, she stole away unperceived, and, taking a horse, swam the current of the Rhine, and reached Bregenz in time to give warning of the threatened assault, and thus rescued her kinsmen and her birthplace from sack and slaughter. This is the act commemorated by the sculpture, and the stormy waves of the river are doubtless typified in what seem to be clouds.

There is, however, a far more touching memory of the heroism preserved than this; for each night, as the watchman goes his round of the village, when he comes to announce midnight, he calls aloud the name of her who at the same dead hour, three centuries back, came to wake the sleeping town and tell them of their peril. I do not know of a monument so touching as this! No bust nor statue, no group of marble or bronze, can equal in association the simple memory transmitted from age to age, and preserved ever fresh and green in the hearts of a remote generation. As one thinks of this, the mind at once reverts to the traditions of the early Church, and insensibly one is led to feel the beauty of those transmitted words and acts, which, associated with place, and bound up with customs not yet obsolete, gave such impressive truthfulness to all the story of our faith. At the same time, it is apparent that the current of tradition cannot long run pure. Even now there are those who scoff at the grateful record of the Bregenzer maiden! Where will her memory be five years after the first railroad traverses the valley of the Vorarlberg? The shrill whistle of the "express" is the death-note to all the romance of life!

Some deplore this, and assert that, with this immense advancement of scientific discovery, we are losing the homely virtues of our fathers. Others pretend that we grow better as we grow wiser, and that increased intelligence is but an-

other form of enlarged goodness. To myself, the great change seems to be that every hour of this progress diminishes the influences of woman, and that, as men grow deeper and deeper engaged in the pursuits of wealth, the female voice is less listened to, and its counsels less heeded and cared for.

But why do I dare to hazard such conjectures to you, so far more capable of judging, so much more able to solve questions like this!

I am sorry not to be able to speak more confidently about my music; but although Germany is essentially the land of song, there is less domestic cultivation of the art than I had expected; or, rather, it is made less a matter of display. Your mere acquaintances seldom or never will sing for your amusement; your friends as rarely refuse you. To our notions, also, it seems strange that men are more given to the art here than women. The *Frau* is almost entirely devoted to household cares. Small fortunes and primitive habits seem to require this, and certainly no one who has ever witnessed the domestic peace of a German family could find fault with the system.

What has most struck me of all here, is the fact that while many of the old people retain a freshness of feeling, and a warm susceptibility that is quite remarkable, the children are uniformly grave, even to sadness. The bold, dashing, half-reckless boy; the gay, laughing, high-spirited girl,—have no types here. The season of youth, as we understand it, in all its jocund merriment, its frolics, and its wildness, has no existence amongst them. The child of ten seems weighted with the responsibilities of manhood; the little sister carries her keys about, and scolds the maids with all the semblance of maternal rigor. Would that these liquid blue eyes had a more laughing look, and that pretty mouth could open to joyous laughter!

With all these drawbacks, it is still a country that I love to live in, and should leave with regret; besides that, I have as yet seen but little of it, and its least remarkable parts.

Whither we go hence, and when, are points that I cannot inform you on. I am not sure, indeed, if any determination

on the subject has been come to. Mamma and Mary Anne seem most eager for Rome and Naples; but though I should anticipate a world of delight and interest in these cities, I am disposed to think that they would prove far too expensive, — at least with our present tastes and habits.

Wherever my destiny, however, I shall not cease to remember my dear governess, nor to convey to her, in all the frankness of my affection, every thought and feeling of her sincerely attached

CAROLINE DODD.

LETTER IV.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. MARY GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH.

BREGENZ.

MY DEAR MOLLY,— It's well I ever got your last letter, for it seems there's four places called Freyburg, and they tried the three wrong ones first, and I believe they opened and read it everywhere it stopped. "Much good may it do them," says I, "if they did!" They know at least the price of wool in Kinnegad, and what boneens is bringing in Ballinasloe, not to mention the news you tell of Betty Walsh! I thought I cautioned you before not to write anything like a secret when the letter came through a foreign post, seeing that the police reads everything, and if there's a word against themselves, you're ordered over the frontier in six hours. That's liberty, my dear! But that is not the worst of it, for nobody wants the dirty spalpeens to read about their private affairs, nor to know the secrets of their families. I must say, you are very unguarded in this respect, and poor Betty's mishap is now known to the Emperor of Prussia and the King of Sweden, just as well as to Father Luke and the Coadjutor; and as they say that these courts are always exchanging gossip with each other, it will be back in England by the time this reaches you. Let it be a caution to you in future, or, if you must allude to these events, do it in a way that can't be understood, as you may remark they do in the newspapers. I wish you would n't be tormenting me about coming home and living among my own people, as you call it. Let them pay up the arrears first, Molly, before they think of establishing any claim of the kind on your humble servant. But the fact is, my dear, the longer you live

abroad, the more you like it; and going back to the strict rules and habits of England, after it, is for all the world like putting on a strait-waistcoat. If you only heard foreigners the way they talk of us, and we all the while thinking ourselves the very pink of the creation!

But of all the things they're most severe upon is Sunday. The manner we pass the day, according to their notions, is downright barbarism. No diversion of any kind, no dancing, no theatres; shops shut up, and nothing legal but intoxication. I always tell them that the fault is n't ours, that it's the Protestants that do these things; for, as Father Maher says, "they'd put a bit of crape over the blessed sun if they could." But between ourselves, Molly, even we Catholics are greatly behind the foreigners on all matters of civilization. It may be out of fear of the others, but really we don't enjoy ourselves at all like the French or the Germans. Even in the little place I'm writing now, there's more amusement than in a big city at home; and if there's anything I'm convinced of at all, Molly, it's this: that there is no keeping people out of great wickedness except by employing them in small sins; and, let me tell you, there's not a political economist that ever I heard of has hit upon the secret.

We are all in good health, and except that K. I. is in one of his habitual moods of discontent and grumbling, there's not anything particular the matter with us. Indeed, if it was n't for his natural perverseness of disposition, he ought n't to be cross and disagreeable, for dear James has just been appointed to an elegant situation, on what they call the "Diplomatic Service." When the letter first came, I was almost off in a faint. I didn't know where it might be they might be sending the poor child, — perhaps to Great Carey-o, or the Hy-menæal Mountains of India; but Lord George says that it's at one of the great Courts of Europe he's sure to be; and, indeed, with his figure and advantages, that's the very thing to suit him. He's a picture of a young man, and the very image of poor Tom M'Carthy, that was shot at Bally-healey the year of the great frost. If he does n't make a great match, I'm surprised at it; and the young ladies must be mighty different in their notions from what I remember

them, besides. Getting him ready and fitting him out has kept us here; for whenever there's a call upon K. I.'s right-hand pocket, he buttons up the left at once; so that, till James is fairly off, there's no hope for us of getting away from this. That once done, however, I'm determined to pass the winter in Italy. As Lord George says, coming abroad and not crossing the Alps, is like going to a dinner-party and getting up after the "roast,"—"you have all the solids of the entertainment, but none of the light and elegant trifles that aid digestion, and engage the imagination." It's a beautiful simile, Molly, and very true besides; for, after all, the heart requires more than mere material enjoyments!

You're maybe surprised to hear that Lord G. is back here; and so was I to see him. What his intentions are, I'm unable to say; but it's surely Mary Anne at all events; and as she knows the world well, I'm very easy in my mind about her. As I told K. I. last night, "Abuse the Continent as you like, K. I., waste all your bad words about the cookery and the morals and the light wines and women, but there's one thing you can't deny to it,—there's no falling in love abroad,—that I maintain!" And when you come to think of it, I believe that's the real evil of Ireland. Everybody there falls in love, and the more surely when they have n't a sixpence to marry on! All the young lawyers without briefs, all the young doctors in dispensaries, every marching lieutenant living on his pay, every young curate with seventy pounds a year,—in fact, Molly, every case of hopeless poverty,—all what the newspapers call heartrending distress,—is sure to have a sweetheart! When you think of the misery that it brings on a single family, you may imagine the ruin that it entails on a whole country. And I don't speak in ignorance, Mrs. Gallagher; I've lived to see the misery of even a tincture of love in my own unfortunate fate. Not that indeed I ever went far in my feelings towards K. I., but my youth and inexperience carried me away; and see where they've left me! Now that's an error nobody commits abroad; and as to any one being married according to their inclination, it's quite unheard of; and if they have less love, they have fewer disappointments, and that same is something!

Talking of marriage brings me to Betty, — I suppose I must n't say Betty Cobb, now that she calls herself the Frau Taddy. Has n't she made a nice business of it! "They're fighting," as K. I. says, "like man and wife, already!" The creature is only half human; and when he has gorged himself with meat and drink, he sometimes sleeps for twenty-four, or maybe thirty hours; and if there's not something ready for him when he wakes up, his passion is dreadful. I'm afraid of my life lest K. I. should see the bill for his food, and told the landlord only to put down his four regular meals, and that I'd pay the rest, which I have managed to do, up to this, by disposing of K. I.'s wearing-apparel. And would you believe it that the beast has already eaten a brown surtout, two waistcoats, and three pairs of kerseymere shorts and gaiters, not to say a spencer that he had for his lunch, and a mackintosh cape that he took the other night before going to bed! Betty is always crying from his bad usage, and consequently of no earthly use to any one; but if a word is said against him, she flies out in a rage, and there's no standing her tongue!

· Maybe, however, it's all for the best; for without a little excitement to my nervous system, I'd have found this place very dull. Dr. Morgan Moore, that knew the M'Carthy constitution better than any one living, used to say, "Miss Jemima requires movement and animation;" and, indeed, I never knew any place agree with me like the "Sheds" of Clontarf.

Mary Anne keeps telling me that this is now quite vulgar, and that your people of first fashion are never pleased with anybody or anything; and whenever a place or a party or even an individual is peculiarly tiresome, she says, "Be sure, then, that it's quite the mode." That is possibly the reason why Lord George recommends us passing a few weeks on the Lake of Comus; and if it's the right thing to do, I'm ready and willing; but I own to you, Molly, I'd like a little sociality, if it was only for a change. At any rate, Comus is in Italy; and if we once get there, it will go far with me if I don't see the Pope. I'm obliged to be brief this time, for the post closes here whenever the postmaster goes to dinner; and to-day I'm told he dines early. I'll

write you, however, a full and true account of us all next week, till when, believe me your ever affectionate and attached friend,

JEMIMA DODD.

P. S. Mary Anne has just reconciled me to the notion of Comus. It is really the most aristocratic place in Europe, and she remarks that it is exactly the spot to make excellent acquaintances in for the ensuing winter; for you see, Molly, that is really what one requires in summer and autumn, and the English that live much abroad study this point greatly. But, indeed, there's a wonderful deal to be learned before one can say that they know life on the Continent; and the more I think of it, the less am I surprised at the mistakes and blunders of our travelling countrymen, — errors, I am proud to say, that we have escaped up to this.

LETTER V.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE
GRANGE, BRUFF.

BREGENZ.

MY DEAR TOM, — Although it is improbable I shall be able to despatch this by the post of to-day, I take the opportunity of a few moments of domestic peace to answer your last — I wish I could say agreeable — letter. It is not that your intentions are not everything that consists with rectitude and honor, or that your sentiments are not always those of a right-minded man, but I beg to observe to you, Tom Purcell, in all the candor of a five-and-forty years' friendship, that you have about the same knowledge of life and the world that a toad has of Lord Rosse's telescope.

We have come abroad for an object, which, whether attainable or not, is not now the question; but if there be any prospect whatever of realizing it, — confound the phrase, but I have no other at hand, — it is surely by an ample and liberal style of living, such as shall place us on a footing of equality with the best society, and make the Dodds eligible anywhere.

I suppose you admit that much. I take it for granted that even bucolic dulness is capable of going so far. Well, then, what do you mean by your incessant appeals to "retrenchment" and "economy"? Don't you see that you make yourself just as preposterous as Cobden, when he says, cut down the estimates, reduce the navy, and dismiss your soldiers, but still be a first-rate power. Tie your hands behind your back, but cry out, "Beware of me, for I'm dreadful when I'm angry."

You quote me against myself; you bring up my old letters, like Hansard, against me, and say that all our attempts

have been failures; but without calling you to order for referring "to what passed in another place," I will reply to you on your own grounds. If we have failed, it has been because our resources did not admit of our maintaining to the end what we had begun in splendor, — that our means fell short of our requirements, — that, in fact, with a well-chosen position and picked troops, we lost the battle only for want of ammunition, having fired away all our powder in the beginning of the engagement. Whose fault was *that*, I beg to ask? Can the Commissary-General Purcell come clear out of *that* charge?

I know your hair-splitting habit; I at once anticipate your reply. An agent and a commissary are two very different things! And just as flatly I tell you, you are wrong, and that, rightly considered, the duties of both are precisely analogous, and that a general commanding an army, and an Irish landlord travelling on the Continent, present a vast number of points of similitude and resemblance. In the one case as in the other, supplies are indispensable; come what will, the forces must be fed, and if it would be absurd for the general to halt in his march and inquire into all the difficulties of providing stores, it would be equally preposterous for the landlord to arrest his career by going into every petty grievance of his tenantry, and entering into a minute examination of the state of every cottier on his land. Send the rations, Tom, and I'll answer for the campaign. I don't mean to say that there are not some hardships attendant upon this. I know that to raise contributions an occasional severity must be employed; but is the fate of a great engagement to be jeopardized for the sake of such considerations? No, no, Tom. Even your spirit will recoil from such an admission as this!

It is only fair to mention that these are not merely my own sentiments. Lord George Tiverton, to whom I happened to show your letter, was really shocked at the contents. I don't wish to offend you, Tom, but the expression he used was, "It is fortunate for your friend Purcell that he is not *my* agent." I will not repeat what he said about the management of English landed property, but it is obvious that our system is not their system, and that such

a thing as a landlord in *my* position is actually unheard of. "If Ireland were subject to earthquakes," said he, "if the arable land were now and then covered over ten feet deep with lava, I could understand your agent's arguments; but wanting these causes, they are downright riddles to me."

He was most anxious to obtain possession of your letter; and I learned from Mary Anne that he really meant to use it in the House, and show you up bodily as one of the prominent causes of Irish misery. I have saved you from this exposure, but I really cannot spare you some of the strictures your conduct calls for.

I must also observe to you that there is what the Duke used to call "a terrible sameness" about your letters. The potatoes are always going to rot, the people always going to leave. It rains for ten weeks at a time, and if you have three fine days you cry out that the country is ruined by drought. Just for sake of a little variety, can't you take a prosperous tone for once, instead of "drawing my attention," as you superciliously phrase it, to the newspaper announcement about "George Davis and other petitioners, and the lands of Ballyclogh, Kiltimaon, and Knocknaslat-tery, being part of the estates of James Kenny Dodd, Esq., of Dodsborough." I have already given you my opinion about that Encumbered Estates Court, and I see no reason for changing it. Confiscation is a mild name for its operation. What Ireland really wanted was a loan fund, — a good round sum, say three and a half or four millions, lent out on reasonable security, but free from all embarrassing conditions. Compel every proprietor to plant so many potatoes for the use of the poor, and get rid of those expensive absurdities called "Unions," with all the lazy, indolent officials; do that, and we might have a chance of prospering once more.

It makes me actually sick to hear you, an Irishman born and bred, repeating all that English balderdash about "a cheap and indisputable title," and so forth. Do you remember about four-and-twenty years ago, Tom, when I wanted to breach a place for a window in part of the old house at Dodsborough, and Hackett warned me that if I touched a stone of it I'd maybe have the whole edifice come tumbling

about my ears. Don't you see the analogy between that and our condition as landlords, and that our real security lay in the fact that nobody could dare to breach us? Meddle with us once, and who could tell where the ruin would fall! So long as the system lasted we were safe, Tom. Now, your Encumbered Court, with its parliamentary title, has upset all that security; and that's the reason of all the distress and misfortune that have overtaken us.

I think, after the specimen of my opinions, I'll hear no more of your reproaches about my "growing indifference to home topics," my "apparent apathy regarding Ireland," and other similar reflections in your last letter. Forget my country, indeed! Does a man ever forget the cantharides when he has a blister on his back? If I'm warm, I'm sorry for it; but it's your own fault, Tom Purcell. You know me since I was a child, and understand my temper well; and whatever it was once, it has n't improved by conjugal felicity.

And now for the Home Office. James started last night for London, to go through whatever formalities there may be before receiving his appointment. What it is to be, or where, I have not an idea; but I cling to the hope that when they see the lad, and discover his utter ignorance on all subjects, it will be something very humble, and not requiring a sixpence from me. All that I have seen of the world shows me that the higher you look for your children the more they cost you; and for that reason, if I had my choice, I'd rather have him a gauger than in the Grenadier Guards. Even as it is, the outfit for this journey has run away with no small share of your late remittance, and now that we have come to the end of the M'Carthy legacy, — the last fifty was "appropriated" by James before starting, — it will require all the financial skill you can command to furnish me with sufficient means for our new campaign.

Yes, Tom, we are going to Italy. I have discussed the matter so long, and so fully argued it in every shape, artistic, philosophical, economical, and moral, that I verily believe that our dialogues would furnish a very respectable manual to Trans-Alpine travellers; and if I am not a convert to the views of my opponents, I am so far vanquished in the controversy as to give in.

Lord George put the matter, I must say, very strongly before me. "To turn your steps homeward from the Alps," said he, "is like the act of a man who, having dressed for an evening party and ascended the stairs, wheels round at the door of the drawing-room, and quits the house. All your previous knowledge of the Continent, so costly and so difficult to attain, is about at length to become profitable; that insight into foreign life and habits which you have arrived at by study and observation, is now about to be available. Italy is essentially the land of taste, elegance, and refinement; and there will all the varied gifts and acquirements of your accomplished family be appreciated." Besides this, Tom, he showed me that the "Snobs," as he politely designated them, are all "Cis-Alpine;" strictly confining themselves to the Rhine and Switzerland, and never descending the southern slopes of the Alps. According to his account, therefore, the climate of Italy is not more marked by superiority than the tone of its society. There all is polished, elegant, and refined; and if the men be "not all brave, and the women all virtuous," it is because "their moral standard is one more in accordance with the ancient traditions, the temper, and the instincts of the people." I quote you his words here, because very possibly they may be more intelligible to you than to myself. At all events, one thing is quite clear, — we ought to go and judge for ourselves, and to this resolve have we come. Tiverton — without whom we should be actually helpless — has arranged the whole affair, and, really, with a regard to economy that, considering his habits and his station, can only be attributed to a downright feeling of friendship for us. By a mere accident he hit upon a villa at Como, for a mere trifle, — he won't tell me the sum, but he calls it a "nothing," — and now he has, with his habitual good luck, chanced upon a return carriage going to Milan, the driver of which horses our carriage, and takes the servants with him, for very little more than the keep of his beasts on the road. This piece of intelligence will tickle every stingy fibre in your economical old heart, and at last shall I know you to mutter, "K. I. is doing the prudent thing."

Tiverton himself says, "It's not exactly the most elegant

mode of travelling; but as the season is early, and the Splügen a pass seldom traversed, we shall slip down to Como unobserved, and save some forty or fifty 'Naps.' without any one being the wiser." Mrs. D. would, of course, object if she had the faintest suspicion that it was inexpensive; but "my Lord," who seems to read her like a book, has told her that it is the very mode in which all the aristocracy travel, and that by a happy piece of fortune we have secured the vetturino that took Prince Albert to Rome, and the Empress of Russia to Palermo!

He has, or he is to find, four horses for our coach, and three for his own; we are to take the charge of bridges, barriers, rafts, and "remounts," and give him, besides, five Napoleons *per diem*, and a "buona mano," or gratuity, of three more, if satisfied, at the end of the journey. Now, nothing could be more economical than this; for we are a large party, and with luggage enough to fill a ship's jolly-boat.

You see, therefore, what it is to have a shrewd and intelligent friend. You and I might have walked the main street of Bregenz till our shoes were thin, before we discovered that the word "Gelegenheit," chalked up on the back-leather of an old *caleche*, meant "A return conveniency to be had cheap." The word is a German one, and means "Opportunity:" and ah! my dear Tom, into what a strange channel does it entice one's thoughts! What curious reflections come across the mind as we think of all our real opportunities in this world, and how little we did of them! Not but there might be a debit side to the account, too, and that some two or three may have escaped us that it was just as well we let pass!

We intended to have left this to-morrow, but Mrs. D. won't travel on a Friday. "It's an unlucky day," she says, and maybe she's right. If I don't mistake greatly, it was on a Friday I was married; but of course this is a reminiscence I keep to myself. This reminds me of the question in your postscript, and to which I reply: "Not a bit of it, nothing of the kind. So far as I see, Tiverton feels a strong attachment to James, but never even notices the girls. I ought to add that this is not Mrs. D.'s opinion;

and she is always flouncing into my dressing-room, with a new discovery of a look that he gave Mary Anne, or a whisper that he dropped into Cary's ear. Mothers would be a grand element in a detective police, if they did n't now and then see more than was in sight; but that's their failing, Tom. The same generous zeal which they employ in magnifying their husbands' faults helps them to many another exaggeration. Now Mrs. D. is what she calls fully persuaded—in other words, she has some shadowy suspicions—that Lord George has formed a strong attachment to one or other of her daughters, the only doubtful point being which of them is to be "my Lady."

Shall I confess to you that I rather cherish the notion than seek to disabuse her of it, and for this simple reason: whenever she is in full cry after grandeur, whether in the shape of an acquaintance, an invitation, or a match for the girls, she usually gives me a little peace and quietness. The peerage, "God bless our old nobility," acts like an anodyne on her.

I give you, therefore, both sides of the question, repeating once more my own conviction that Lord G. has no serious intentions, to use the phrase maternal, whatever. And now to your second query: If not, is it prudent to encourage his intimacy? Why, Tom Purcell, just bethink you for a moment, and see to what a strange condition would your theory, if acted on, resolve all the inhabitants of the globe. Into one or other category they must go infallibly. "Either they want to marry one of the Dodds, or they don't." Now, though the fact is palpable enough, it is for all purposes of action a most embarrassing one; and if I proceed to make use of it, I shall either be doomed to very tiresome acquaintances, or a life of utter solitude and desertion.

Can't a man like your society, your dinners, your port, your jokes, and your cigars, but he must perforce marry one of your daughters? Is your house to be like a rat-trap, and if a fellow puts his head in must he be caught? I don't like the notion at all; and not the less that it rather throws a slight over certain convivial gifts and agreeable qualities for which, once upon a time at least, I used to

have some reputation. As to Tiverton, I like *him*, and I have a notion that he likes *me*. We suit each other as well as it is possible for two men bred, born, and brought up so perfectly unlike. We both have seen a great deal of the world, or rather of two worlds, for *his* is not *mine*. At the same time, every remark he makes — and all his observations show me that mankind is precisely the same thing everywhere, and that it is exactly with the same interests, the same impulses, and the same passions my Lord bets his thousands at “Crocky’s” that Billy Healey or Father Tom ventures his half-crown at the Pig and Pincers, in Bruff. I used to think that what with races, elections, horse-fairs, and the like, I had seen my share of rascality or roguery; but, compared to my Lord’s experiences, I might be a babe in the nursery. There is n’t a dodge — not a piece of knavery that was ever invented — he does n’t know. Trickery and deception of every kind are all familiar to him, and, as he says himself, he only wants a few weeks in a convict settlement to put the finish on his education.

You’d fancy, from what I say, that he must be a cold, misanthropic, suspicious fellow, with an ill-natured temper, and a gloomy view of everybody and everything. Far from it, his whole theory of life is benevolent; and his maxim, to believe every one honorable, trustworthy, and amiable. I see the half-cynical smile with which you listen to this, and I already know the remark that trembles on your lip. You would say that such a code cuts both ways, and that a man who pronounces so favorably of his fellows almost secures thereby a merciful verdict on himself. In fact, that he who passes base money can scarcely refuse, now and then, to accept a bad halfpenny in change. Well, Tom, I’ll not argue the case with you, for if not myself a disciple of this creed, I have learned to think that there are very few, indeed, who are privileged to play censor upon their acquaintances, and that there is always the chance that when you are occupied looking at your neighbor drifting on a lee shore, you may bump on a rock yourself.

You said in your last that you thought me more lax than I used to be about right and wrong, — “less strait-laced,”

you were polite enough to call it; and with an equal urbanity you ascribed this change in me to the habits of the Continent. I am proud to say "Guilty" to the charge, and I believe you are right as to the cause. Yes, Tom, the tone of society abroad is eminently merciful, and it must needs be a bad case where there are no attenuating circumstances. So much the worse, say you; where vice is leniently looked on, it will be sure to flourish. To which I answer, Show me where it does not! Is it in the modern Babylon, is it in moral Scotland, or drab-colored Washington? On my conscience, I don't believe there is more of wickedness in a foreign city than a home one; the essential difference being that we do wrong with a consciousness of our immorality; whereas the foreigner has a strong impression that after all it's only a passing frailty, and that human nature was not ever intended to be perfect. Which system tends most to corrupt a people, and which creates more hopeless sinners, I leave to you, and others as fond of such speculations, to ponder over.

Another charge — for your letter has as many counts as an indictment — another you make against me is that I seem as if I was beginning to like — or, as you modestly phrase it — as if I was getting more reconciled to the Continent. Maybe I am, now that I have learned how to qualify the light wines with a little brandy, and to make my dinner of the eight or nine, instead of the two-and-thirty dishes they serve up to you; and since I have trained myself to walk the length of a street, in rain or sunshine, without my hat, and have attained to the names of the cards at whist in a foreign tongue, I believe I do feel more at home here than at first; but still I am far, very far, in arrear of the knowledge that a man bred and born abroad would possess at my age. To begin, Tom: He would be a perfect cook; you could n't put a clove of garlic too little, or an olive too much, without his detecting it in the dish. Secondly, he would be curious in snuffs, and a dead hand at dominos; then he would be deep in the private histories of the ballet, and tell you the various qualities of short-draped damsels that had figured on the boards for the last thirty years. These, and such-like, would be the consola-

tions of his declining years; and of these I know absolutely next to nothing. Who knows, however, but I may improve? The world is a wonderful schoolmaster, and if Mrs. D. is to be believed, I am an apt scholar whenever the study is of an equivocal kind.

We hope to spend the late autumn at Como, and then step down into some of the cities of the South for the winter months. The approved plan is Florence till about the middle of January, Rome till the beginning of Lent, then Naples till the Holy Week, whence back again for the ceremonies. After that, northward wherever you please. All this sounds like a good deal of locomotion, and, consequently, of expense; but Lord G. says, "Just leave it to me. I'll be your courier;" and as he not only performs that function, but unites with it that of banker, — he can get anything discounted at any moment, — I am little disposed to depose him from his office. Now no more complaints that I have not replied to you about this, that, and t' other, not informed you about our future movements, nor given you any hint as to our plans: you know everything about us, at least so far as it is known to your

Very sincere friend,

KENNY I. DODD.

As I mentioned in the beginning, I am too late for the post, so I'll keep this open if anything should occur to me before the next mail.

THE INN, SPLUGEN, Monday.

I thought this was already far on its way to you; but, to my great surprise, on opening my writing-desk this morning, I discovered it there still. The truth is, I grow more absent, and what the French call "distracted," every day; and it frequently happens that I forget some infernal bill or other, till the fellow knocks at the door with "the notice." Here we are, at a little inn on the very top of the Alps. We arrived yesterday, and, to our utter astonishment, found ourselves suddenly in a land of snow and icebergs. The whole way from Bregenz the season was a mellow autumn: some of the corn was still standing, but most

was cut, and the cattle turned out over the stubble; the trees were in full leaf, and the mountain rivulets were clear and sparkling, for no rain had fallen for some time back. It was a picturesque road and full of interest in many ways. From Coire we made a little excursion across the Rhine to a place called Ragatz,—a kind of summer resort for visitors who come to bathe and drink the waters of Pfeffers, one of the most extraordinary sights I ever beheld. These baths are built in a cleft of the mountain, about a thousand feet in depth, and scarcely thirty wide in many parts; the sides of the precipices are straight as a wall, and only admit of a gleam of the sun when perfectly vertical. The gloom and solemnity of the spot, its death-like stillness and shade, even at noonday, are terribly oppressive. Nor is the sadness dispelled by the living objects of the picture,—Swiss, Germans, French, and Italians, swathed in flannel dressing-gowns and white dimity cerements, with nightcaps and slippers, steal along the gloomy corridors and the gloomier alleys, pale, careworn, and cadaverous. They come here for health, and their whole conversation is sickness. Now, however consoling it may be to an invalid to find a recipient of his sorrows, the price of listening in turn is a tremendous infliction. Nor is the character of the scene such as would probably suggest agreeable reflections; had it been the portico to the nameless locality itself, it could not possibly be more dreary and sorrow-stricken. Now, whatever virtues the waters possess, is surely antagonized by all this agency of gloom and depression; and except it be as a preparation for leaving the world without regret, this place seems to be marvellously ill adapted for its object. It appears to me, however, that foreigners run into the greatest extremes in these matters; a sick man must either live in a perpetual Vauxhall of fireworks, music, dancing, dining, and gambling, as at Baden, or be condemned to the worse than penitentiary diet and prison discipline of Pfeffers! Surely there must be some halting-place between the ball-room and the cloister, or some compromise of costume between silk stockings and bare feet! But really, to a thinking, reasonable being, it appears very distressing that you must either dance out of the world to Strauss's

music, or hobble miserably out of life to the sound of the falling waters of Pfeffers.

Does it not sound, also, very oddly to our free-trade notions of malady, that the doctor of these places is appointed by the State; that without his sanction and opinion of your case, you must neither bathe nor drink; that no matter how satisfied you may be with your own physician, nor how little to your liking the Government medico, he has the last word on the subject of your disorder, and without his wand the pool is never to be stirred in your behalf. You don't quite approve of this, Tom, — neither do I. The State has no more a right to choose my doctor than to select a wife for me. If there be anything essentially a man's own prerogative, it is his — what shall I call it? — his caprice about his medical adviser. One man likes a grave, sententious, silently disposed fellow, who feels his pulse, shakes his head, takes his fee, and departs, with scarcely more than a muttered monosyllable; another prefers the sympathetic doctor, that goes half-and-half in all his sufferings, lies awake at night thinking of his case, and seems to rest his own hopes of future bliss in life on curing him. As for myself, I lean to the fellow that, no matter what ails me, is sure to make me pass a pleasant half-hour; that has a lively way of laughing down all my unpleasant symptoms, and is certain to have a droll story about a patient that he has just come from. That's the man for my money; and I wish you could tell me where a man gets as good value as for the guinea he gives to one of these. Now, from what I have seen of the Continent, this is an order of which they have no representative. All the professional classes, but more essentially the medical, are taken from an inferior grade in society, neither brought up in intercourse with the polite world, nor ever admitted to it afterwards. The consequence is, that your doctor comes to visit you as your shoemaker to measure you for shoes, and it would be deemed as great a liberty were he to talk of anything but your complaint, as for Crispin to impart his sentiments about Russia or the policy of Louis Napoleon. I don't like the system, and I am convinced it does n't work well. If I know anything of human nature, too, it is this, — that nobody tells the whole

truth to his physician *till he can't help it*. No, Tom, it only comes out after a long cross-examination, great patience, and a deal of dodging; and for these you must have no vulgarly minded, commonplace, underbred fellow, but a consummate man of the world, who knows when you are bamboozling him and when fencing him off with a sham. He must be able to use all the arts of a priest in the confessional, and an advocate in a trial, with a few more of his own not known to either, to extort your secret from you; and I am sure that a man of vulgar habits and low associations is not the best adapted for this.

I wanted to stop and dine with this lugubrious company. I was curious to see what they ate, and whether their natures attained any social expansion under the genial influences of food and drink; but Mrs. D. would n't hear of it. She had detected, she said, an "impudent hussy with black eyes" bestowing suspicious glances at your humble servant. I thought that she was getting out of these fancies, — I fondly hoped that a little peace on these subjects would in a degree reconcile me to many of the discomforts of old age; but, alas! the gray hairs and the stiff ankles have come, and no writ of ease against conjugal jealousies. Away we came, fresh and fasting, and as there was nothing to be had at Ragatz, we were obliged to go on to Coire before we got supper; and if you only knew what it is to arrive at one of these foreign inns after the hour of the ordinary meals, you'd confess there was little risk of our committing an excess.

I own to you, Tom, that the excursion scarcely deserved to be called a pleasant one. Fatigue, disappointment, and hunger are but ill antagonized by an outbreak of temper; and Mrs. D. lightened the way homeward by a homily on fidelity that would have made Don Juan appear deserving of being canonized as a saint! I must also observe that Tiverton's conduct on this occasion was the very reverse of what I expected from him. A shrewd, keen fellow like him could not but know in his heart that Mrs. D.'s suspicions were only nonsense and absurdity; and yet what did he do but play shocked and horrified, agreed completely with every ridiculous notion of my wife, and actually went

so far as to appeal to me as a father against myself as a profligate. I almost choked with passion; and if it was not that we were under obligations to him about James's business, I'm not certain I should not have thrown him out of the coach. I wish to the saints that the women would take to any other line of suspicion, even for the sake of variety, — fancy me an incurable drunkard, a gambler, an uncertificated bankrupt, or a forger. I'm not certain if I would not accept the charge of a transportable felony rather than be regarded as the sworn enemy of youth and virtue, and the snake in the grass to all unprotected females.

From Coire we travelled on to Reichenau, a pretty village at the foot of the Alps, watered by the Rhine, which is there a very inconsiderable stream, and with as little promise of future greatness as any barrister of six years' standing you please to mention. There is a neat-looking chateau, which stands on a small terrace above the river here, not without a certain interest attached to it. It was here that Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, taught mathematics in the humble capacity of usher to a school. Just fancy that deep politician — the wiliest head in all Europe, with the largest views of statecraft, and the most consummate knowledge of men — instilling angles and triangles into impracticable numskulls, and crossing the Asses' bridge ten times a day with lame and crippled intellects.

It would be curious to know what views of mankind, what studies of life, he made during this period. Such a man was not made to suffer any opportunity, no matter how inconsiderable in itself, to escape him without profiting; and it may be easily believed that in the monarchy of a school he might have meditated over the rule of large masses.

History can scarcely present greater changes of fortune than those that have befallen that family, which is the more singular, since they have been brought about neither by great talents nor great crimes. The Orleans family was more remarkable for the qualities which shine in the middle ranks of life than either for any towering genius or any unscrupulous ambition. Their strength was essentially in this mediocrity, and it was a momentary forgetfulness of that same stronghold — by the Spanish marriage — that cost

the King his throne. The truth was, Tom, that the nation never liked us, — they hated England just as they hated it at Cressy, at Blenheim, and at Waterloo, and will hate it, notwithstanding your great Industrial gatherings, to the end of time. They were much dissatisfied with Louis Philippe's policy of an English alliance; they deemed it disadvantageous, costly, and humiliating; but that it should be broken up and destroyed for an object of mere family, for a piece of dynastic ambition, was a gross outrage and affront to the spirit of national pride. It was the sentiment of insulted honor that leagued the followers of the Orleans branch with the Legitimists and the Republicans, and formed that terrible alliance that extended from St. Antoine to the Faubourg St. Germain, and included every one from the peer to the common laborer.

All this prosing about politics will never take us over the Alps; and, indeed, so far as I can see, there is small prospect of that event just now; for it has been snowing smartly all night, with a strong southerly wind, which they say always leaves heavy drifts in different parts of the mountain.

We are cooped up here in a curious, straggling kind of an inn, that gradually dwindle^s away into a barn, a stable, and a great shed, filled with disabled diligences and smashed old sledges, — an incurable asylum for diseased conveyances. The house stands in a cleft of the hills; but from the windows you can see the zigzag road that ascends for miles in front, and which now is only marked by long poles, already some ten or twelve feet deep in snow. It is snow on every side, — on the mountains, on the roofs, on the horses that stand shaking their bells at the door, on the conducteur that drinks his schnaps, on the postilion as he lights his pipe. The thin flakes are actually plating his whiskers and moustaches, till he looks like one of the "Old Guard," as we see them in a melodrama.

Tiverton, who conducts all our arrangements, has had a row with our vetturino, who says that he never contracted to take us over the mountain in sledges; and as the carriages cannot run on wheels, here we are discussing the question. There have been three stormy debates already, and another is to come off this afternoon; meanwhile, the snow is falling

heavily, and whatever chance there was of getting forward yesterday is now ten times less practicable. The landlord of our inn is to be arbiter, I understand; and as he is the proprietor of the sledges we shall have to hire, if defeated, without impugning in any way the character of Alpine justice, you can possibly anticipate the verdict.

A word upon this vetturino system ere I leave it, — I hope forever. It is a perfect nuisance from beginning to end. From the moment you set off with one of these rascals, till the hour you arrive at your journey's end, it is plague, squabble, insolence, and torment. They start at what hour of the morning they please; they halt where they like, and for as long as they like, invariably, too, at the worst wayside inns, — away from a town and from all chance of accommodation, — since rye-bread and sour wine, with a mess of stewed garlic, will always satisfy *them*. They rarely drive at full five miles the hour, and walk every inch with an ascent of a foot in a hundred yards. If expostulated with by the wretched traveller, they halt in some public place, and appeal to the bystanders in some dialect unknown to you. The result of which is that a ferocious mob surrounds you, and with invectives, insults, and provocative gestures assail and outrage you, till it please your tormentor to drive on; which you do at length amidst hooting and uproar that even convicted felons would feel ashamed of.

On reaching your inn at night, they either give such a representation of you as gets you denied admittance at all, or obtain for you the enviable privilege of paying for everything “en Milor.” Between being a swindler and an idiot the chance alone lies for you. Then they refuse to unstrap your luggage; or if they do so, tie it on again so insecurely that it is sure to drop off next day. I speak not of a running fire of petty annoyances; such as fumigating you with pestilent tobacco, nor the blessed enjoyment of that infernal Spitz dog which stands all day on the roof, and barks every mile of the road from Berne to Naples. As to any redress against their insolence, misconduct, or extortion, it is utterly hopeless, — and for this reason: they are sure to have a hundred petty occasions of rendering small services to the smaller authorities of every village they frequent. They

carry the judge's mother for nothing to a watering-place; or they fetch his aunt to the market town; or they smuggle for him — or thieve for him — something that is only to be had over the frontier. Very probably, too, on the very morning of your appeal, you have kicked the same judge's brother, he being the waiter of your inn, and having given you bad money in change, — at all events, *you* are not likely ever to be met with again; the vetturino is certain to come back within the year; and, finally, you are sure to have money, and be able to pay, — so that, as the Irish foreman said, as the reason for awarding heavy damages against an Englishman, “It is a fine thing to bring so much money into the country.”

Take my word for it, Tom, the system is a perfect disgust from beginning to end, and even its cheapness only a sham; for your economy is more than counterbalanced by police fees, fines, and impositions, delays, remounts, bulls, and starved donkeys, paid for at a price they would not bring if sold at a market. Post, if you can afford it; take the public conveyances, if you must; but for the sake of all that is decent and respectable, — all that consists with comfort and self-respect, — avoid the vetturino! I know that a contrary opinion has a certain prevalence in the world, — I am quite aware that these rascals have their advocates, — and no bad ones either, — since they are women.

I have witnessed more than one Giuseppe, or Antonio, with a beard, whiskers, and general “get up,” that would have passed muster in a comic opera; and on looking at the fellow's book of certificates (for such as these always have a bound volume, smartly enclosed in a neat case), I have found that “Mrs. Miles Dalrymple and daughters made the journey from Milan to Aix-les-Bains with Francesco Birbante, and found him excessively attentive, civil, and obliging; full of varied information about the road, and quite a treasure to ladies travelling alone.” Another of these villains is styled “quite an agreeable companion;” one was called “charming;” and I found that Miss Matilda Somers, of Queen's Road, Old Brompton, pronounces Luigi Balderdasci, “although in the humble rank of a vetturino, an

accomplished gentleman." I know, therefore, how ineffectual would it be for Kenny Dodd to enter the lists against such odds, and it is only under the seal of secrecy that I dare to mutter them. The widows and the fatherless form a strong category in foreign travel; dark dresses and demure looks are very vagrant in their habits, and I am not going to oppose myself single-handed to such a united force. But to you, Tom Purcell, I may tell the truth in all confidence and security. If I was in authority, I'd shave these scoundrels to-morrow. I'd not suffer a moustache, a red sash, nor a hat with a feather amongst them; and take my word for it, the panegyrics would be toned down, and we'd read much more about the horses than the drivers, and learn how many miles a day they could travel, and not how many sonnets of Petrarch the rascal could repeat.

I have lost my "John Murray." I forgot it in our retreat from Pfeffers; so that I don't remember whether he lauds these fellows or the reverse, but the chances are it is the former. It is one of the endless delusions travellers fall into, and many's the time I have had to endure a tiresome description of their delightful vetturino, that "charming Beppo, who, 'however he got them,' had a bouquet for each of us every morning at breakfast." If I ever could accomplish the writing of that book I once spoke to you about upon the Continent and foreign travels, I'd devote a whole chapter to these fellows; and more than that, Tom, I'd have an Appendix—a book of travels is nothing without an Appendix in small print—wherein I'd give a list of all these scoundrels who have been convicted as bandits, thieves, and petty larceners; of all their misdeeds against old gentlemen with palsy, and old ladies with "nerves." I'd show them up, not as heroes but highwaymen; and take my word for it, I'd be doing good service to the writers of those sharply formed little paragraphs now so enthusiastic about Giovanni, and so full of "grateful recollections" of "poor Giuseppe."

I am positively ashamed to say how many of the observations, ay, and of the printed observations of travellers, I have discovered to have their origin in this same class;

and that what the tourist jotted down as his own remark on men and manners, was the stereotyped opinion of these illiterate vagabonds. But as for books of travel, Tom, of all the humbugs of a humbugging age, there is nothing can approach them. I have heard many men TALK admirably about foreign life and customs. I have never chanced upon one who could WRITE about them. It is not only that your really smart fellows do not write; but that, to pronounce authoritatively on a people, one must have a long and intimate acquaintance with them. Now, this very fact alone to a great degree invalidates the freshness of observation; for what we are accustomed to see every day ceases to strike us as worthy of remark. To the raw tourist, all is strange, novel, and surprising; and if he only record what he sees, he will tell much that everybody knows, but also some things that are not quite so familiar to the multitude. Now, your old resident abroad knows the Continent too well and too thoroughly to find any one incident or circumstance peculiar. To take an illustration: A man who had never been at a play in his life would form a far better conception of what a theatre was like from hearing the description of one from an intelligent child, who had been there once, than from the most labored criticism on the acting from an old frequenter of the pit. Hence the majority of these tours have a certain success at home; but for the man who comes abroad, and wishes to know something that may aid to guide his steps, form his opinions, and direct his judgment, believe me they are not worth a brass farthing. There is this also to be taken into account,—that every observer is, more or less, recounting some trait of his own nature, of his habits, his tastes, and his prejudices; so that before you can receive his statement, you have to study his disposition. Take all these adverse and difficult conditions into consideration,—give a large margin for credulity, and a larger for exaggeration,—bethink you of the embarrassments of a foreign tongue, and then I ask you how much real information you have a right to expect from Journals of the Long Vacation, or Winters in Italy, or Tyrol Rambles in Autumn? I say it in no boastfulness, Tom, nor in any mood of vanity,

but if I was some twenty years younger, with a good income and no encumbrances, well versed in languages, and fairly placed as regards social advantages, I myself could make a very readable volume about foreign life and foreign manners. You laugh at the notion of Kenny Dodd on a titlepage; but have n't we one or two of our acquaintances that cut just as ridiculous a figure?

Tiverton has come in to tell me that the judgment of the Court has been given against him, and consequently against us, "*in re Vetturino*;" and the award of the judge is, "That we pay all the expenses for the journey to Milan, the gratuity,— that was only to be given as an evidence of our perfect satisfaction,— and anything more that our sense of honor and justice may suggest, as compensation for the loss of time he has sustained in litigating with us." On these conditions he is to be free to follow his road, and we are to remain here till — I wish I could say the time — but, according to present appearances, it may be spring before we get away. When I tell you that the decision has been given by the landlord of the inn, where we must stop, — as no other exists within twenty miles of us, — you may guess the animus of the judgment-seat. It requires a great degree of self-restraint not to be carried into what the law calls an overt act, by a piece of iniquity like this. I have abstained by a great effort; but the struggle has almost given me a fit of apoplexy. Imagine the effrontery of the rascal, Tom: scarcely had he counted over his Napoleons, and made his grin of farewell, than he mounted his box and drove away over the mountain, which had just been declared impassable, — a feat witnessed by all of us, — in company with the landlord who had pronounced the verdict against us. I stormed — I swore — in short, I worked myself into a sharp fit of the gout, which flew from my ankle to my stomach, and very nigh carried me off. A day of extreme suffering has been succeeded by one of great depression; and here I am now, with the snow still falling fast; the last courier who went by saying "that all the inns at Chiavenna were full of people, none of whom would venture to cross the mountain." It appears that there are just two peculiarly unpropitious seasons for the passage, — when the snow falls

first, and when it begins to melt in spring. It is needless to say that we have hit upon one of these, with our habitual good fortune!

Thursday. THE INN, SPLÜGEN.

Here we are still in this blessed place, this being now our seventh day in a hole you would n't condemn a dog to live in. How long we might have continued our sojourn it is hard to say, when a mere accident has afforded us the prospect of liberation. It turns out that two families arrived and went forward last night, having only halted to sup and change horses. On inquiry why we could n't be supposed capable of the same exertion, you 'll not believe me when I tell you the answer we got. No, Tom! The enormous power of lying abroad is clear and clean beyond your conception. It was this, then. We could go when we pleased, — it was entirely a caprice of our own that we had not gone before. "How so, may I ask?" said I, in the meekest of inquiring voices. "You would n't go like others," was the answer. "In what respect, — how?" asked I again. "Oh, your English notions rejected the idea of a sledge. You insisted upon going on wheels, and as no wheeled carriage could run—" Grant me patience, or I'll explode like a shell. My hand shakes, and my temples are throbbing so that I can scarcely write the lines. I made a great effort at a calm and discretionary tone, but it would n't do; a certain fulness about the throat, a general dizziness, and a noise like the sea in my ears, told me that I 'd have been behaving basely to the "Guardian" and the "Equitable Fire and Life" were I to continue the debate. I sat down, and with a sponge and water and loose cravat, I got better. There was considerable confusion in my faculties on my coming to myself; I had a vague notion of having conducted myself in some most ridiculous and extravagant fashion, — having insisted upon the horses being harnessed in some impossible mode, or made some demand or other totally impracticable. Cary, like a dear kind girl as she is, laughed and quizzed me out of my delusion, and showed me that it was the cursed imputation of that scoundrel of a landlord had given this erratic turn to my thoughts. The

gout has settled in my left foot, and I now, with the exception of an occasional shoot of pain that I relieve by a shout, feel much better, and hope soon to be fit for the road. Poor Cary made me laugh by a story she picked up somewhere of a Scotch gentleman who had contracted with his vetturino to be carried from Genoa to Rome and fed on the road, — a very common arrangement. The journey was to occupy nine days; but wishing to secure a splendid “buona mano,” the vetturino drove at a tremendous pace, and actually arrived in Rome on the eighth day, having almost killed his horses and exhausted himself. When he appeared before his traveller, expecting compliments on his speed, and a handsome recognition for his zeal, guess his astonishment to hear his self-panegyrics cut short by the pithy remark: “You drove very well, my friend; but we are not going to part just yet, — you have still another day to *feed* me.”

Tiverton has at length patched up an arrangement with our landlord for twelve sledges, — each only carries one and the driver, — so that if nothing adverse intervene we are to set forth to-morrow. He says that we may reasonably hope to reach Chiavenna before evening. I'll therefore not detain this longer, but in the prospect that our hour of liberation has at length drawn nigh, conclude my long despatch.

Our villa at Como will be our next address, and I hope to find a letter there from you soon after our arrival. Remember, Tom, all that I have said about the supplies, for though they tell me Italy be cheap, I have not yet discovered a land where the population believes gold to be dross. Adieu!

LETTER VI.

MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

ON THE SPLUGEN ALPS.

DEAREST KITTY,—I write these few lines from the Refuge-house on the Splügen Pass. We are seven thousand feet above the level of something, with fifty feet of snow around us, and the deafening roar of avalanches thundering on the ear. We set out yesterday from the village of Splügen, contrary to the advice of the guides, but papa insisted on going. He declared that if no other means offered, he'd go on foot, so that opposition was really out of the question. Our departure was quite a picture. First came a long, low sledge, with stones and rocks to explore the way, and show where the footing was secure. Then came three others with our luggage; after that mamma, under the guidance of a most careful person, a certain Bernardt something, brother of the man who acted as guide to Napoleon; Cary followed her in another sledge, and I came third, papa bringing up the rear, for Betty and the other servants were tastefully grouped about the luggage. Several additional sledges followed with spade and shovel-folk, ropes, drags, and other implements most suggestive of peril and adventure. We were perfect frights to look at; for, in addition to fur boots and capes, tarpaulins and hoods, we had to wear snow goggles as a precaution against the fine drifting snow, so that really for very shame's sake I was glad that each sledge only held one, and the driver, who is fortunately, also, at your back.

The first few miles of ascent were really pleasurable, for the snow was hard, and the pace occasionally reached a trot, or at least such a resemblance to one as shook the conveniency, and made the bells jingle agreeably on the

harness. The road, too, followed a zigzag course on the steep side of the mountain, so that you saw at moments some of those above and some beneath you, winding along exactly like the elephant procession in Bluebeard. The voices sounded cheerily in the sharp morning air, itself exhilarating to a degree, and this, with the bright snow-peaks, rising one behind the other in the distance, and the little village of Splügen in the valley, made up a scene strikingly picturesque and interesting. There was a kind of adventure, too, about it all, dearest Kitty, that never loses its charm for the soul deeply imbued with a sense of the beautiful and imaginative. I fancied myself at moments carried away by force into the Steppes of Tartary, or that I was Elizabeth crossing the Volga, and I believe I even shed tears at my fancied distress. To another than you, dearest, I might hesitate even if I confessed as much; but you, who know every weakness of a too feeling heart, will forgive me for being what I am.

My guide, a really fine-looking mountaineer, with a magnificent beard, fancied that it was the danger that had appalled me. He hastened to offer his rude but honest consolations; he protested that there was nothing whatever like peril, and that if there were — But why do I go on? even to my dearest friend may not this seem childish? and is it not a silly vanity that owns it can derive pleasure from every homage, even the very humblest?

We gradually lost sight of the little smoke-wreathed village, and reached a wild but grandly desolate region, with snow on every side. The pathway, too, was now lost to us, and the direction only indicated by long poles at great intervals. That all was not perfectly safe in front might be apprehended, for we came frequently to a dead halt, and then the guides and the shovel-men would pass rapidly to and fro, but, muffled as we were, all inquiry was impossible, so that we were left to the horrors of doubt and dread without a chance of relief. At length we grew accustomed to these interruptions, and felt in a measure tranquil. Not so the guides, however; they frequently talked together in knots, and I could see from their upward glances, too, that they apprehended some change in the

weather. Papa had contrived to cut some of the cords with which they had fastened his muffles, and by great patience and exertion succeeded in getting his head out of three horsecloths, with which they had swathed him.

“Are we near the summit?” cried he, in English, — “how far are we from the top?”

His question was of course unintelligible, but his action not; and the consequence was that three of our followers rushed over to him, and after a brief struggle, in which two of them were tumbled over in the snow, his head was again enclosed within its woolly cenotaph; and, indeed, but for a violent jerking motion of it, it might have been feared that even all access to external air was denied him. This little incident was the only break to the monotony of the way, till nigh noon, when a cold, biting wind, with great masses of misty vapor, swept past and around us, and my guide told me that we were somewhere, with a hard name, and that he wished we were somewhere else, with a harder.

I asked why, but my question died away in the folds of my head-gear, and I was left to my own thoughts, when suddenly a loud shout rang through the air. It was a party about to turn back, and the sledges stopped up the road. The halt led to a consultation between the guides, which I could see turned on the question of the weather. The discussion was evidently a warm one, a party being for, and another against it. Hearing what they said was of course out of the question, muffled as I was; but their gestures clearly defined who were in favor of proceeding, and who wished to retrace their steps. One of the former particularly struck me; for, though encumbered with fur boots and an enormous mantle, his action plainly indicated that he was something out of the common. He showed that air of command, too, Kitty, that at once proclaims superiority. His arguments prevailed, and after a considerable time spent, on we went again. I followed the interesting stranger till he was lost to me; but guess my feelings, Kitty, when I heard a voice whisper in my ear, “Don’t be afraid, dearest, I watch over *your* safety.” Oh! fancy the perturbation of my poor heart, for it was Lord George who spoke. He it was whose urgent persuasions had determined the guides to

proceed, and he now had taken the place behind my own sledge, and actually drove instead of the postilion. Can you picture to yourself heroism and devotion like this? And while I imagined that he was borne along with all the appliances of ease and comfort, the poor dear fellow was braving the storm *for me*, and *for me* enduring the perils of the raging tempest.

From that instant, my beloved Kitty, I took little note of the dangers around me. I thought but of him who stood so near to me, — so near, and yet so far off; so close, and yet so severed! I bethought me, too, how unjust the prejudice of the vulgar mind that attributes to our youthful nobility habits of selfish indolence and effeminate ease. Here was one reared in all the voluptuous enjoyment of a splendid household, trained from his cradle to be waited on and served, and yet was he there wilfully encountering perils and hardships from which the very bravest might recoil. Ah, Kitty! it is impossible to deny it, — the highly born have a native superiority in everything. Their nobility is not a thing of crosses and ribbons, but of blood. They feel that they are of earth's purest clay, and they assert the claim to pre-eminence by their own proud and lofty gifts. I told you, too, that he said "dearest." I might have been deceived; the noise was deafening at the moment; but I feel as if my ears could not have betrayed me. At all events, Kitty, his hand sought mine while he spoke, and though in his confusion it was my elbow he caught, he pressed it tenderly. In what a delicious dream did I revel as we slid along over the snow! What cared I for the swooping wind, the thundering avalanche, the drifting snow-wreath, — was he not there, my protector and my guide? Had he not sworn to be my succor and my safety? We had just arrived at a lofty tableland, — some few peaks appeared still above us, but none very near, — when the wind, with a violence beyond all description, bore great masses of drift against us, and effectually barred all farther progress. The stone sledge, too, had partly become embedded in the soft snow, and the horse was standing powerless, when suddenly mamma's horse stumbled and fell. In his efforts to rise he smashed one of the rope traces, so that when he began to pull again, the unequal draught carried the sledge to one

side, and upset it. A loud shriek told me something had happened, and at the instant Lord G. whispered in my ear, "It's nothing, — she has only taken a 'header' in the soft snow, and won't be a bit the worse."

Further questioning was vain; for Cary's sledge-horse shied at the confusion in front, and plunged off the road into the deep snow, where he disappeared all but the head, fortunately flinging her out into the guide's arms. My turn was now to come; for Lord G., with his mad impetuosity, tried to pass on and gain the front, but the animal, by a furious jerk, smashed all the tackle, and set off at a wild, half-swimming pace through the snow, leaving our sledge firmly wedged between two dense walls of drift. Papa sprang out to our rescue; but so helpless was he, from the quantity of his integuments, that he rolled over, and lay there on his back, shouting fearfully.

It appeared as if the violence of the storm had only waited for this moment of general disaster; for now the wind tore along great masses of snow, that rose around us to the height of several feet, covering up the horses to their backs, and embedding the men to their armpits. Loud booming masses announced the fall of avalanches near, and the sky became darkened, like as if night was approaching. Words cannot convey the faintest conception of that scene of terror, dismay, and confusion. Guides shouting and swearing; cries of distress and screams of anguish mingled with the rattling thunder and the whistling wind. Some were for trying to go back; others proclaimed it impossible; each instant a new disaster occurred. The baggage had disappeared altogether, Betty Cobb being saved, as it sank, by almost superhuman efforts of the guide. Paddy Byrne, who had mistaken the kick of a horse on the back of his head for a blow, had pitched into one of the guides, and they were now fighting in four feet of snow, and likely to carry their quarrel out of the world with them. Taddy was "nowhere." To add to this uproar, papa had, in mistake for brandy, drunk two-thirds of a bottle of complexion wash, and screamed out that he was poisoned. Of mamma I could see nothing; but a dense group surrounded her sledge, and showed me she was in trouble.

I could not give you an idea of what followed, for incidents of peril were every moment interrupted by something ludicrous. The very efforts we made to disengage ourselves were constantly attended by some absurd catastrophe, and no one could stir a step without either a fall, or a plunge up to the waist in soft snow. The horses, too, would make no efforts to rise, but lay to be snowed over as if perfectly indifferent to their fate. By good fortune our britschka, from which the wheels had been taken off, was in a sledge to the rear, and mamma, Cary, and myself were crammed into this, to which all the horses, and men also, were speedily harnessed, and by astonishing efforts we were enabled to get on. Papa and Betty were wedged fast into one sledge, and attached to us by a tow-rope, and thus we at length proceeded.

When mamma found herself in comparative safety, she went off into a slight attack of her nerves; but, fortunately, Lord G. found out the bottle papa had been in vain in search of, and she got soon better. Poor fellow, no persuasion could prevail on him to come inside along with us. How he travelled, or how he contrived to brave that fearful day, I never learned! From this moment our journey was at the rate of about a mile in three hours, the shovel and spade men having to clear the way as we went; and what between horses that had to be dug out of holes, harness repaired, men rescued, and frequent accident to papa's sledge, which, on an average, was upset every half-hour, our halts were incessant. It was after midnight that we reached a dreary-looking stone edifice in the midst of the snow. Anything so dismal I never beheld, as it stood there surrounded with drift-snow, its narrow windows strongly barred with iron, and its roof covered with heavy masses of stone to prevent it being carried away by the hurricane. This, we were told, was the Refuge-house on the summit, and here, we were informed, we should stay till a change of weather might enable us to proceed.

But does not the very name "Refuge-house" fill you with thoughts of appalling danger? Do you not instinctively shudder at the perils to which this is the haven of succor?

"I see we are not the first here," cried Caroline; "don't you see lights moving yonder?"

She was right, for as we drew up we perceived a group of guides and drivers in the doorway, and saw various conveyances and sledges within the shed at the side of the building.

A dialogue in the wildest shouts was now conducted between our party and the others, by which we came to learn that the travellers were some of those who had left Splügen the night before ourselves, and whose disasters had been even worse than our own. Indeed, as far as I could ascertain, they had gone through much more than we had.

Our first meeting with papa — in the kitchen, as I suppose I must call the lower room of this fearful place — was quite affecting, for he had taken so much of the guide's brandy as an antidote to the supposed poison, that he was really overcome, and, under the delusion that he was at home in his own house, ran about shaking hands with every one, and welcoming them to Dodsborough. Mamma was so convinced that he had lost his reason permanently, that she was taken with violent hysterics. The scene baffles all description, occurring, as it did, in presence of some twenty guides and spade-folk, who drank their "schnaps," ate their sausages, smoked, and dried their wet garments all the while, with a most well-bred inattention to our sufferings. Though Cary and I were obliged to do everything ourselves, — for Betty was insensible, owing to her having travelled in the vicinity of the same little cordial flask, and my maid was sulky in not being put under the care of a certain good-looking guide, — we really succeeded wonderfully, and contrived to have papa put to bed in a little chamber with a good mattress, and where a cheerful fire was soon lighted. Mamma also rallied, and Lord George made her a cup of tea in a kettle, and poured her out a cup of it into the shaving-dish of his dressing-box, and we all became as happy as possible.

It appeared that the other arrivals, who occupied a separate quarter, were not ill provided for the emergency, for a servant used to pass and repass to their chamber with a very savory odor from the dish he carried, and Lord G. swore

that he heard the pop of a champagne cork. We made great efforts to ascertain who they were, but without success. All we could learn was that it was a gentleman and a lady, with their two servants, travelling in their own carriage, which was unmistakably English.

"I'm determined to run them to earth," exclaimed Lord G. at last. "I'll just mistake my way, and blunder into their apartment."

We endeavored to dissuade him, but he was determined; and when he is so, Kitty, nothing can swerve him. Off he went, and after a pause of a few seconds we heard a heavy door slammed, then another. After that, both Cary and myself were fully persuaded that we heard a hearty burst of laughter; but though we listened long and painfully, we could detect no more. Unhappily, too, at this time mamma fell asleep, and her deep respirations effectually masked everything but the din of the avalanches. After a while Cary followed ma's example, leaving me alone to sit by the "watch-fire's light," and here, in the regions of eternal snow, to commune with her who holds my heart's dearest affections.

It is now nigh three o'clock. The night is of the very blackest, neither moon nor stars to be seen; fearful squalls of wind — gusts strong enough to shake this stronghold to its foundation — tear wildly past, and from the distance comes the booming sound of thundering avalanches. One might fancy, easily, that escape from this was impossible, and that to be cast away here implied a lingering but inevitable fate. No great strain of fancy is needed for such a consummation. We are miles from all human habitation, and three yards beyond the doorway the boldest would not dare to venture! And you, Kitty, at this hour are calmly sleeping to the hum of "the spreading sycamore;" or, perchance, awake, and thinking of her who now pours out her heart before you; and oh, blame me not if it be a tangled web that I present to you, for such will human hopes and emotions ever make it. My poor heart is, indeed, a battle-ground for warring hopes and fears, high-soaring ambitions, and depressing terrors. Would that you were here to guide, console, and direct me!

Lord George has not returned. What can his absence mean? All is silent, too, in the dreary building. My anxieties are fearful, — I dread I know not what. I fancy a thousand ills that even possibility would have rejected. The courier is to pass this at five o'clock, so that I must, perchance, close my letter in the same agony of doubt and uncertainty.

Oh, dearest, only fancy the *mal à propos*. Who do you think our neighbors are? Mr. and Mrs. Gore Hampton, on their way to Italy! Can you imagine anything so unfortunate and so distressing? You may remember all our former intimacy, — I may call it friendship, — and by what an unpropitious incident it was broken up. Lord George has just come to tell me the tidings, but, instead of participating in my distress, he seems to think the affair an admirable joke. I need not tell you that he knows nothing of mamma's temper, nor her manner of acting. What may come of this there is no saying. It seems that there is scarcely a chance of our being able to get on to-day; and here we are all beneath one roof, our mutual passions of jealousy, hatred, revenge, and malice, all snowed up on the top of the Splügen Alps!

I have asked of Lord George, almost with tears, what is to be done? but to all seeming he sees no difficulty in the matter, for his reply is always, "Nothing whatever." When pressed closely, he says, "Oh, the Gore Hamptons are such thoroughly well-bred folk, there is never any awkwardness to be apprehended from *them*. Be quite easy in your mind; *they* have tact enough for any emergency." What this may mean, Kitty, I cannot even guess; for the "situation," as the French would call it, is peculiar. And as to tact, it is, after all, like skill in a game which, however available against a clever adversary, is of little value when opposed to those who neither recognize the rules, nor appreciate the nice points of the encounter.

But I cannot venture to inquire further; it would at once convict me of ignorance, so that I appear to be satisfied with an explanation that explains nothing. And now, Kitty, to conclude; for, though dying to tell you that this knotty question has been fairly solved, I must seal my letter

and despatch it by Lord George, who is this moment about to set out for the Toll-house, three miles away. It appears that two of our guides have refused to go farther, and that we must have recourse to the authorities to compel them. This is the object of Lord George's mission; but the dear fellow braves every hardship and every peril for us, and says that he would willingly encounter far more hazardous dangers for one "kind word, or one kind look," from your distracted, but ever devoted

MARY ANNE.

They begin to fear now that some accident must have befallen the courier with the mails; he should have passed through here at midnight. It is now daybreak, and no sign of him! Our anxieties are terrible, and what fate may yet be ours there is no knowing.

LETTER VII.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. MARY GALLAGHER, PRIEST'S HOUSE,
BRUFF.

COLICO, ITALY.

MY DEAR MOLLY,—After fatigues and distresses that would have worn out the strength of a rhinocerass, here we are, at length, in Italy. If you only saw the places we came through, the mountains upon mountains of snow, the great masses that tumbled down on every side of us, and we lost, as one might call it, in the very midst of eternal dissolution, you'd naturally exclaim that you had got the last lines ever to be traced by your friend Jemima. Two days of this, no less, my dear, with fifteen degrees below "Nero," wherever he is, that's what I call suffering and misery. We were twice given up for lost, and but for Providence and a guide called—I am afraid to write it, but it answers to Barny with us—we'd have soon gone to our long account; and, oh, Molly! what a reckoning will that be for K. I.! If ever there was a heart jet black with iniquity and baseness, it is his; and he knows it; and he knows I know it; and more than that, the whole world shall know it. I'll publish him through what the poet calls the "infamy of space;" and, so long as I'm spared, I'll be a sting in his flesh, and a thorn in his side.

I can't go over our journey—the very thought of it goes far with me—but if you can imagine three females along with the Arctic voyagers, you may form some vague idea of our perils. Bitter winds, piercing snow-drift, pelting showers of powdered ice, starvation, and danger,—dreadful danger,—them was the enjoyments that cost us something over eighteen pounds! Why?—you naturally say,—why? And well may you ask, Mrs. Gallagher. It is nothing

remarkable in your saying that this is singular and almost unintelligible. The answer, however, is easy, and the thing itself no mystery. It's as old as Adam, my dear, and will last as long as his family. The natural baseness and depravity of the human heart! Oh, Molly, what a subject that is! I'm never weary thinking of it; and, strange to say, the more you reflect the more difficult does it become. Father Shea had an elegant remark that I often think over: "Our bad qualities," says he, "are like noxious reptiles. There's no good trying to destroy them, for they're too numerous; nor to reclaim them, for they're too savage; the best thing is to get out of their way." There's a deal of fine philosophy in the observation, Molly; and if, instead of irritating and vexing and worrying our infirmities, we just treated them the way we should a shark or a rattlesnake, depend upon it we'd preserve our unanimity undisturbed, and be happier as well as better. Maybe you'll ask why I don't try this plan with K. I.? But I did, Molly. I did so for fifteen years. I went on never minding his perfidious behavior; I winked at his frailties, and shut my eyes, as you know yourself, to Shusy Connor; but my leniency only made him bolder in wickedness, till at last we came to that elegant business, last summer, in Germany, that got into all the newspapers, and made us the talk of the whole world.

I thought the lesson he got at that time taught him something. I fondly dreamed that the shame and disgrace would be of service to him; at all events, that it would take the conceit out of him. Vain hopes, Molly dear, — vain and foolish hopes! He is n't a bit better; the bad dross is in him; and my silent tears does no more good than my gentle remonstrances.

It was only the other day we went to see a place called Pfeffers, a dirty, dismal hole as ever you looked at. I thought we were going to see a beautiful something like Ems or Baden, with a band and a pump-room, and fine company, and the rest of it. Nothing of the kind, — but a gloomy old building in a cleft between two mountains, that looked as if they were going to swallow it up. The people, too, were just fit for the place, — a miserable set of sickly creatures in flannel dresses, either sitting up to their necks

in water, or drying themselves on the rocks. To any one else the scene would be full of serious reflections about the uncertainty of human life, and the certainty of what was to come after it. Them was n't K. I.'s sentiments, my dear, for he begins at once what naval men call "exchanging signals" with one of the patients. "This is the Bad-house, my dear," says he. "I think so, Mr. D.," said I, with a look that made him tremble. He had just ordered dinner, but I did n't care for that; I told them to bring out the horses at once. "Come, girls," said I, "this is no place for you; your father's proceedings are neither very edifying nor exemplary."

"What's the matter now?" says he. "Where are we going before dinner?"

"Out of this, Mr. Dodd," said I. "Out of this at any rate."

"Where to, — what for?" cried he.

"I think you might guess," said I, with a sneer; "but if not, perhaps that hussy with the spotted gingham could aid you to the explanation."

He was so overwhelmed at my discovering this, Molly, that he was speechless; not a word,—not a syllable could he utter. He sat down on a stone, and wiped his head with a handkerchief.

"Don't make me ill, Mrs. D.," said he, at last. "I've a notion that the gout is threatening me."

"If that's all, K. I.," said I, "it's well for you, — it's well if it is not worse than the gout. Ay, get red in the face, — be as passionate as you please, but you shall hear the truth from *me*, at least; I may n't be long here to tell it. Sufferings such as I've gone through will do their work at last; but I'll fulfil my duty to my family till I'm released —" With that I gave it to him, till we arrived at Coire, eighteen miles, and a good part of it up hill, and you may think what that was. At all events, Molly, he did n't come off with flying colors, for when we reached a place called Splügen he was seized with the gout in earnest. I only wish you saw the hole he pitched upon to be laid up in; but it's like everything else the man does. Every trait of his character shows that he has n't a thought, nor a notion,

but about his own comforts and his own enjoyments. And I told him so. I said to him, "Don't think that your self-indulgence and indolence go down with *me* for easiness of temper: that's an imposture may do very well for the *world*, but your wife can't be taken in by it." In a word, Molly, I did n't spare him; and as his attack was a sharp one, I think it's likely he does n't look back to the Splügen with any very grateful reminiscences.

Little I thought, all the time, what good cause I had for my complaints, nor what was in store for me in the very middle of the snow! You must know that we had to take the wheels off the carriage and put it on something like a pair of big skates, for the snow was mountains high, and as soft as an egg-pudding. You may think what floundering we had through it for twelve hours, sometimes sinking up to the chin, now swimming, now digging, and now again being dragged out of it by ropes, till we came to what they call the "Refuge-house;" a pretty refuge, indeed, with no door, and scarcely a window, and everybody — guides, postboys, diggers, and travellers — all hickledy-pickledy inside! There we were, my dear, without a bed, or even a mattress, and nothing to eat but a bottle of Sir Robert Peel's sauce, that K. I. had in his trunk, with a case of eau-de-Cologne to wash it down. Fortunately for me my feelings got the better of me, and I sobbed and screeched myself to rest. When I awoke in the morning, I heard from Mary Anne that another family, and English too, were in the refuge with us, and, to all appearance, not ill-supplied with the necessaries of life. This much I perceived myself, for the courier lit a big fire on the hearth, and laid a little table beside it, as neat and comfortable as could be. After that he brought out a coffee-pot and boiled the coffee, and made a plate of toast, and fried a dish of ham-rashers and eggs. The very fizzing of them on the fire, Molly, nearly overcame me! But that was n't all; but he put down on the table a case of sardines and a glass bowl of beautiful honey, just as if he wanted to make my suffering unbearable. It was all I could do to stand it. At last, when he had everything ready, he went to a door at the end of the room and knocked. Something was said inside that I

did n't catch, but he answered quickly, "Oui, Madame," and a minute after out they walked. Oh, Molly, there's not words in the language to express even half of my feelings at that moment. Indeed, for a minute or two I would n't credit my senses, but thought it was an optical confusion. In she flounced, my dear, just as if she was walking into the Court of St. James's, with one arm within his, and the other hand gracefully holding up her dress, and *he*, with a glass stuck in his eye, gave us a look as he passed just as if we were the people of the place.

Down they sat in all state, smiling at each other, and settling their napkins as coolly as if they were at the Clar-endon. "Will you try a rasher, my dear?" "Thanks, love; I'll trouble you." It was "love" and "dear" every word with them; and such looks as passed, Molly, I am ashamed even to think of it! Heaven knows I never looked that way at K. I. There I sat watching them; for worlds I could n't take my eyes away; and though Mary Anne whispered and implored, and even tried to force me, I was chained to the spot. To be sure, it's little they minded me! They talked away about Lady Sarah This and Sir Joseph That; wondered if the Marquis had gone down to Scotland, and whether the Duchess would meet them at Milan. As I told you before, Molly, I was n't quite sure my eyes did n't betray me, and while I was thus struggling with my doubts, in came K. I. "I was over the whole place, Jemi," said he, "and there's not a scrap of victuals to be had for love or money. They say, however, that there's an English family—" When he got that far, he stopped short, for his eyes just fell on the pair at breakfast.

"May I never, Mrs. D.," said he, "but that's our friend Mrs. G. H. As sure as I'm here, that's herself and no other."

"And of course quite a surprise to *you*," said I, with a look, Molly, that went through him.

"Faith, I suppose so," said he, trying to laugh. "I was n't exactly thinking of her at this moment. At all events, the meeting is fortunate; for one might die of hunger here."

I need n't tell you, Molly, that I'd rather endure the trials

of Tartary than I 'd touch a morsel belonging to her; but before I could say so, up he goes to the table, bowing, and smiling, and smirking in a way that I 'm sure he thought quite irresistible. She, however, never looked up from her teacup, but her companion stuck his glass in his eye, and stared impudently without speaking.



“If I 'm not greatly mistaken,” said K. I., “I have the honor and the happiness to see before me — ”

“Mistake, — quite a mistake, my good man. Au! au!” said the other, cutting him short. “Never saw you before in my life!”

“Nor are *you*, sir, the object of my recognition. It is this lady, — Mrs. Gore Hampton.”

She lifted her head at this, and stared at K. I. as coldly as if he was a wax image in a hairdresser's window.

“Don't you remember me, ma'am?” says he, in a soft voice; “or must I tell you my name?”

"I'm afraid even that, sir, would not suffice," said she, with a most insulting smile of compassion.

"Ain't you Mrs. Gore Hampton, ma'am?" asked he, trembling all over between passion and astonishment.

"Pray, do send him away, Augustus," said she, sipping her tea.

"Don't you perceive, sir — eh, au — don't you see — that it's a au — au, eh — a misconception — a kind of a demned blunder?"

"I tell you what I see, sir," said K. I., — "I see a lady that travelled day and night in my company, and with no other companion too, for two hundred and seventy miles; that lived in the same hotel, dined at the same table, and, what's more — "

But I could n't bear it any longer, Molly. Human nature is not strong enough for trials like this, — to hear him boasting before my face of his base behavior, and to see her sitting coolly by listening to it. I gave a screech that made the house ring, and went off in the strongest fit of screaming ever I took in my life. I tore my cap to tatters, and pulled down my hair, — and, indeed, if what they say be true, my sufferings must have been dreadful; for I did n't leave a bit of whisker on one of the guides, and held another by the cheek till he was nigh insensible. I was four hours coming to myself; but many of the others were n't in a much better state when it was all over. The girls were completely overcome, and K. I. taken with spasms, that drew him up like a football. Meanwhile she and her friend were off; never till the last minute as much as saying one word to any of us, but going away, as I may say, with colors flying, and all the "horrors of war."

Oh, Molly, was n't that more than mere human fragility is required to bear, not to speak of the starvation and misery in my weak state? Black bread and onions, that was our dinner, washed down with the sourest vinegar, called wine forsooth, I ever tasted. And that's the way we crossed the Alps, my dear, and them the pleasures that accompanied us into the beautiful South.

If I wanted a proof of K. I.'s misconduct, Molly, was n't this scene decisive? Where would be the motive of her

behavior, if it was n't conscious guilt? That was the ground I took in discussing the subject as we came along; and a more lamentable spectacle of confounded iniquity than he exhibited I never beheld. To be sure, I did n't spare him much, and jibed him on the ingratitude his devotion met with, till he grew nearly purple with passion.

"Mrs. D.," said he, at last, "when we lived at home, in



Ireland, we had our quarrels like other people, about the expense of the house, and waste in the kitchen, the time the horses was kept out under the rain, and such-like, — but it never occurred to you to fancy me a gay Lutheran. What the — has put that in your head now? Is it coming abroad? for, if so, that's another grudge I owe this infernal excursion!"

"You've just guessed it, Mr. Dodd, then," said I. "When you were at home in your own place, you were content, like the other old fools of your own time of life, with a knowing glance of the eye, a sly look, and maybe a passing word or two, to a pretty girl; but no sooner did you put

foot on foreign ground than you fancied yourself a lady-killer! You never saw how absurd you were, though I was telling it to you day and night. You would n't believe how the whole world was laughing at you, though I said so to the girls."

I improved on this theme till we came at nightfall to the foot of the Alps, and by that time — take my word for it, Mrs. Gallagher — there was n't much more to be said on the subject.

New troubles awaited us here, Molly. I wonder will they ever end? You may remember that I told you how the wheels was taken off our carriage to put it on a sledge on account of the snow. Well, my dear, what do you think the creatures did, but they sent our wheels over the Great St. Bernardt, — I think they call it, — and when we arrived here we found ourselves on the hard road without any wheels to the coach, but sitting with the axles in the mud! I only ask you where 's the temper can stand that? And worse, too, for K. I. sat down on a stone to look at us, and laughed till the tears run down his wicked old cheeks and made him look downright horrid.

" May I never!" said he, " but I 'd come the whole way from Ireland for one hearty laugh like this! It 's the only thing I 've yet met that requites me for coming! If I live fifty years, I 'll never forget it."

I perceive that I have n't space for the reply I made him, so that I must leave you to fill it up for yourself, and believe me your

Ever attached and suffering

JEMIMA DODD.

LETTER VIII.

JAMES DODD TO LORD GEORGE TIVERTON, M. P., POSTE
RESTANTE, BREGENZ.

HOTEL OF ALL NATIONS, BATHS OF HOMBURG.

MY DEAR TIVERTON, — You often said I was a fellow to make a spoon or spoil a — something which I have forgotten — and I begin to fancy that you were a better prophet than that fellow in “Bell’s Life” who always predicts the horse that does *not* win the Oaks. When we parted a few days ago, my mind was resolutely bent on becoming another Metternich or Palmerston. I imagined a whole life of brilliant diplomatic successes, and thought of myself receiving the freedom of the City of London, dining with the Queen, and making “very pretty running” for the peerage. What will you say, then, when I tell you that I despise the highest honors of the entire career, and would n’t take the seals of the Foreign Office, if pressed on my acceptance this minute?

To save myself from even the momentary accusation of madness, I’ll give you — and in as few words as I can — my explanation. As I have just said, I set out with my head full of Ambassadorial ambitions, and jogged along towards England, scarcely noticing the road or speaking to my fellow-travellers. On arriving at Frankfort, however, I saw nothing on all sides of me but announcements and advertisements of the baths of Homburg, — “The last week of the season, and the most brilliant of all.” Gorgeous descriptions of the voluptuous delights of the place — lists of distinguished visitors, and spicy bits of scandal — alternated with anecdotes of those who had “broke the bank,” and were buying up all the chateaux and parks in the neighborhood. I tried to laugh at these pictorial puffs; I did my

best to treat them as mere humbugs ; but it would n't do. I went to bed so full of them that I dreamed all night of the play-table, and fancied myself once again the terror of croupiers, and the admired of the fashionable circle in the *salon*. To crown all, a waiter called me to say that the carriage I had ordered for the baths was at the door. I attempted to undeceive him ; but even there my effort was a failure ; and, convinced that there was a fate in the matter, I jumped out of bed, dressed, and set off, firmly impressed with the notion that I was not a free agent, but actually impelled and driven by destiny to go and win my millions at Homburg.

Perhaps my ardor was somewhat cooled down by the aspect of the place. It has few of the advantages nature has so lavishly bestowed on Baden, and which really impart to that delightful resort a charm that totally disarms you of all distrust, and make you forget that you are in a land of "legs" and swindlers, and that every second man you meet is a rogue or a runaway. Now, Homburg does not, as the French say, "impose" in this way. You see at once that it is a "Hell," and that the only amusement is to ruin or to be ruined.

"No matter," thought I ; "I have already graduated at the green table ; I have taken my degree in arts at Baden, and am no young hand fresh from Oxford and new to the Continent ; I 'll just go down and try my luck — as a fisherman whips a stream. If they rise to my fly, — well ; if not, pack up the traps, and try some other water." You know that my capital was not a strong one, — about a hundred and thirty in cash, and a bill on Drummond for a hundred more, — and with this, the governor had "cleared me out" for at least six months to come. I was therefore obliged to "come it small ;" and merely dabbled away with a few "Naps.," which, by dint of extraordinary patience and intense application, I succeeded in accumulating to the gross total of sixty. As I foresaw that I could n't loiter above a day longer, I went down in the evening to experimentalize on this fund, and, after a few hours, rose a winner of thirty-two thousand odd hundred francs. The following morning, I more than doubled this ; and in the evening, won

a trifle of twenty thousand francs; when, seeing the game take a capricious turn, I left off, and went to supper.

I was an utter stranger in the place, had not even a passing acquaintance with any one; so that, although dying for a little companionship, I had nothing for it but to order my roast partridge in my own apartment, and hobnob with



myself. It is true, I was in capital spirits, — I had made glorious running, and no mistake, — and I drank my health, and returned thanks for the toast with an eloquence that really astonished me. Egad, I think the waiter must have thought me mad, as he heard me hip, hipping with "one cheer more," to the sentiment.

I suppose I must have felt called on to sing; for sing I did, and, I am afraid, with far more zeal than musical talent;

for I overheard a tittering of voices outside my door, and could plainly perceive that the household had assembled as audience. What cared I for this? The world had gone too well with me of late to make me thin-skinned or peevishly disposed. I could afford to be forgiving and generous: and I revelled in the very thought that I was soaring in an atmosphere to which trifling and petty annoyances never ascended. In this enviable frame of mind was I, when a waiter presented himself with a most obsequious bow, and, in a voice of submissive civility, implored me to moderate my musical transports, since the lady who occupied the adjoining apartment was suffering terribly from headache.

"Certainly, of course," was my reply at once; and as he was leaving the room,— just by way of having something to say,— I asked, "Is she young, waiter?"

"Young and beautiful, sir."

"An angel, eh?"

"Quite handsome enough to be one, sir, I'm certain."

"And her name?"

"The Countess de St. Auber, widow of the celebrated Count de St. Auber, of whom Monsieur must have read in the newspapers."

But Monsieur had not read of him, and was therefore obliged to ask further information; whence it appeared that the Count had accidentally shot himself on the morning of his marriage, when drawing the charge of his pistols, preparatory to putting them in his carriage. The waiter grew quite pathetic in his description of the young bride's agonies, and had to wipe his eyes once or twice during his narrative.

"But she has rallied by this, has n't she?" asked I.

"If Monsieur can call it so," said he, shrugging his shoulders. "She never goes into the world,— knows no one, — receives no one, — lives entirely to herself; and, except her daily ride in the wood, appears to take no pleasure whatever in life."

"And so she rides out every day?"

"Every day, and at the same hour too. The carriage takes her about a league into the forest, far beyond where the usual promenade extends, and there her horses meet her,

and she rides till dusk. Often it is even night ere she returns."

There was something that interested me deeply in all this. You know that a pretty woman on horseback is one of my greatest weaknesses; and so I went on weaving thoughts and fancies about the charming young widow till the champagne was finished, after which I went off to bed, intending to dream of her, but, to my intense disgust, to sleep like a sea-calf till morning.

My first care on waking, however, was to despatch a very humble apology by the waiter for my noisy conduct on the previous evening, and a very sincere hope that the Countess had not suffered on account of it.

He brought me back for answer "that the Countess thanked me for my polite inquiry, and was completely restored."

"Able to ride out as usual?"

"Yes, sir."

"How do you know that?"

"She has just given orders for the carriage, sir."

"I say, waiter, what kind of a hack can be got here? Or, stay, is there such a thing as a good-looking saddle-horse to be sold in the place?"

"There are two at Lagrange's stables, sir, this moment. Prince Guiciatelli has left them and his groom to pay about thirty thousand francs he owes here."

In less than a quarter of an hour I was dressed and at the stables. The nags were a neat pair; the groom, an English fellow, had just brought them over. He had bought them at Anderson's, and paid close upon three hundred for the two. It was evident that they were "too much," as horses, for the Prince, for he had never backed either of them. Before I left I had bought them both for six thousand francs, and taken "Bob" himself, a very pretty specimen of the short-legged, red-whiskered tribe, into my service.

This was on the very morning, mark, when I should have presented myself before the dons of Downing Street, and been admitted a something into her Majesty's service!

"I wish they may catch me at red-tapery!" thought I, as

I shortened my stirrups, and sat down firmly in the saddle. "I'm much more at home here than perched on an office-stool in that pleasant den they call the 'Nursery' at the Foreign Office."

Guided by a groom, with a led horse beside him, I took the road to the forest, and soon afterwards passed a dark-green barouche, with a lady in it, closely veiled, and evidently avoiding observation. The wood is intersected by alleys, so that I found it easy, while diverging from the carriage-road, to keep the equipage within view, and after about half an hour's sharp canter, I saw the carriage stop, and the Countess descend from it.

Even *you* admit that I am a sharp critic about all that pertains to riding-gear; and that as to a woman's hat, collar, gloves, habit, and whip, I am a first-rate opinion. Now, in the present instance, everything was perfect. There was a dash of "costume" in the long drooping feather and the snow-white gauntlets; but then all was strictly toned down to extreme simplicity and quiet elegance. I had just time to notice this much, and catch a glimpse of such a pair of black eyes! when she was in the saddle at once. I only want to see a woman gather up her reins in her hand, shake her habit back with a careless toss of her foot, and square herself well in the saddle, to say, "That's a horsewoman!" Egad, George, her every gesture and movement were admirable, and the graceful bend forwards with which she struck out into a canter was actually captivating. I stood watching her till she disappeared in the wood, perfectly entranced. I own to you I could not understand a Frenchwoman sitting her horse in this fashion. I had always believed the accomplishment to be more or less English, and I felt ashamed at the narrow prejudice into which I had fallen.

"What an unlucky fellow that same Count must have been!" thought I; and with this reflection I spurred my nag into a sharp pace, hoping that fast motion might enable me to turn my thoughts into some other channel. It was to no use. Go how I would, or where I would, I could think of nothing but the pretty widow,—whither she might be travelling,—where she intended to stop,—whether alone,

or with others of her family,—her probable age,—her fortune?—all would rise up before me, to trouble my curiosity or awaken my interest.

I was deep in my speculations, when suddenly a horse bounded past me by a cross path. I had barely time to see the flutter of a habit, when it was lost to view. I waited to see her groom follow, but he did not appear. I listened, but no sound of a horse could be heard approaching. Had her horse run away? Had her servant lost trace of her? were questions that immediately occurred to me; but there was nothing to suggest the answer or dispel the doubt. I could bear my anxiety no longer, and away I dashed after her. It was not till after a quarter of an hour that I came in sight of her, and then she was skimming along over the even turf at a very slapping pace, which, however, I quickly perceived was no run-away gallop.

This fact proclaimed itself in a most unmistakable manner, for she suddenly drew up, and wheeled about, pointing at the same time to the ground, where her whip had just fallen. I dashed up and dismounted, when, in a voice tremulous with agitation, and with a face suffused in blushes, she begged my pardon for her gesture; she believed it was her groom who was following her, and had never noticed his absence before. I cannot repeat her words, but in accent, manner, tone, and utterance, I never heard the like of them before. What would I have given at that moment, George, for your glib facility of French! Hang me if I would not have paid down a thousand pounds to have been able to rattle out even some of those trashy commonplaces I have seen you scatter with such effect in the *coulisses* of the opera! It was all of no avail. "Where there's a will there's a way," says the adage; but it's a sorry maxim where a foreign language is concerned. All the volition in the world won't supply irregular verbs; and the most go-ahead resolution will never help one to genders.

I did, of course, mutter all that I could think of; and, default of elocution, I made my eyes do duty for my tongue, and with tolerable success too, as her blush betrayed. I derived one advantage, too, from my imperfect French, which is worth recording,—I was perfectly obdurate as to

anything she might have replied in opposition to my wishes, and notwithstanding all her scruples to the contrary, persisted in accompanying her back to the town.

If I was delighted with her horsemanship, I was positively enchanted with her conversation; for, the first little novelty of our situation over, she talked away with a frank innocence and artless ease which quite fascinated me. She was, in fact, the very realization of that high-bred manner you have so often told me of as characterizing the best French society. How I wished I could have prolonged that charming ride! I'm not quite sure that she didn't detect me in a purposed mistake of the road, that cost us an additional mile or two; if she did, she was gracious enough to pardon the offence without even showing any consciousness of it. Short as the road was, George, it left me irretrievably in love. I know you'll not stand any raptures about beauty, but this much I must and will say, that she is incomparably handsomer than that Sicilian princess you raved about at Ems, and in the same style too, — brunette, but with a dash of color in the cheek, a faint pink, that gives a sparkling brilliancy to the rich warmth of the southern tint. Besides this, — and let me remark, it is something, — *my* Countess is not two-and-twenty, at most. Indeed, but for the story of the widowhood, I should guess her as something above nineteen.

There's a piece of fortune for you! and all — every bit of it — of my own achieving too! No extraneous aid in the shape of friends, or introductory letters. "Alone I did it," as the fellow says in the play. Now, I do think a man might be pardoned a little boastfulness for such a victory, and I freely own I esteem Jem Dodd a sharper fellow than I ever believed him.

Perhaps you suspect all this while that I am going too fast, and that I have taken a casual success for a regular victory. If so, you're all wrong, my boy. She has struck her flag already, and acknowledged that your humble servant has effected a change in her sentiments that but a few short weeks before she would have pronounced impossible. The truth is, George, "the Tipperary tactics" that win battles in India are just as successful in love. Make no disposi-



and. *W. H. Young*

tions for a general engagement, never trouble your head about cavalry supports, reserves, or the like, but "just go in and win." It is a mighty short "General Order," and cannot possibly be misapprehended. The Countess herself has acknowledged to me, full half a dozen times within the last fortnight, that she was quite unprepared for such warfare. She expected, doubtless, that I'd follow the old rubric, with opera-boxes, bouquets, *marrons glacés*, and so on, for a month or two. Nothing of the kind, George. I frankly told her that she was the most beautiful creature in Europe without knowing it. That it would be little short of a sacrilege she should pass her life in solitude and sorrow, and ten times worse than sacrilege to marry anything but an Irishman. That in all other countries the men are either money-getting, ambitious, or selfish, but that Paddy turns his whole thoughts towards fun and enjoyment. That Napier's Peninsular War and Moore's Melodies might be referred to for evidence of our national tastes; and, in short, such a people for fighting and making love was never recorded in history. She laughed at me for the whole of the first week, grew more serious the second, and now, within the last three days, instead of calling me "Monsieur le Sauvage," "Cosaque Anglais," and so on, she gravely asks my advice about everything, and never ventures on a step without my counsel and approbation. I have been candid with you hitherto, Tiverton, and so I must frankly own that, profiting by the adage that says "stratagem is equally legitimate in love as in war," I have indulged slightly in the strategy of mystification. For instance, I have represented the governor as a great don in his own country, with immense estates, and an ancient title, that he does not assume in consequence of some old act of attainder against the family. My mother I have made a princess in her own right; and here I am on safer ground, for, if called into court, she'll sustain me in every assertion. Of my own self and prospects I have spoken meekly enough, merely hinting that I dislike diplomacy, and would rather live with the woman of my choice in some comparatively less distinguished station, upon a pittance of — say — three or four thousand a year!

This latter assumption, I must observe to you, is the only one ever disputed between us, and many a debate have we had on the subject. She sees, as everybody sees here, that I spend money lavishly, that not only I indulge in everything costly, but that I outbid even the Russians whenever anything is offered for sale; and at this moment my rooms are filled with pictures, china, carved ivory, stained glass, and other such lumber, that I only bought for the *éclat* of the purchase. If you only heard her innocent remonstrances to me about my extravagance, her anxious appeals as to what "le Prince," as she calls my father, will say to all this wastefulness!

It's a great trial to me sometimes not to laugh at all this, and, indeed, if I did n't know in my heart that I'll make her the very best of husbands, I'd be even ashamed of my deceit; but it's only a pious fraud after all, and the good result will more than atone for the roguery.

I have hinted at our marriage, you see, and I may add that it is all but decided on. There is, however, a difficulty which must be got over first. She was betrothed when a child to a young Neapolitan Prince of the blood, — a brother, I take it, of the present King. This ceremony was overlooked on her first marriage; and had her husband lived, very serious consequences — but of what kind I don't know — might have resulted. Now, before contracting a second union, we must get a dispensation of some sort from the Pope, which I fear will take time, although she says that her uncle, the Cardinal, will do his utmost to expedite it.

Indeed, I may mention, incidentally, that she is a great favorite with his Eminence, and we hope to be his heirs! Egad, George, I almost fancy myself "punting" his Eminence's gold pieces at hazard, with his signet-ring on my finger! What a house I'll keep, old fellow! what a stable! what a cellar! — and such cigars! Meanwhile I look to you to aid and abet me in various ways. The Countess, like all foreigners of real rank, knows our peerage and nobility off by heart; and she constantly asks me if I know the Marquis of this, and the Duchess of that, and I'm sorely put to, to show cause why I'm not intimate with them all.

Now, my dear Tiverton, can't you somehow give me the Shibboleth amongst these high-priests of Fashion, and get me into the Tabernacle, if only for a season? I used myself to know some of the swells of London life when I was at Baden, but, to be sure, I lost a deal of money to them at "creps" and "lansquenet" as the price of the intimacy; and when "*I* shut up," so did *they* too. You, I'm sure, however, will hit upon some expedient to gain me at least acceptance and recognition for a week or two. I only want the outward signs of acquaintanceship, mark you, for I honestly own that all I ever saw during my brief intimacy with these fellows gave me anything but a high "taste of their quality."

I'll enclose you the list of the distinguished company now here, and you'll pick out any to whom you can present me. Another, and not a less important service, I also look to at your hands, which is, to break all this to the governor, to whom I'm half ashamed to write myself. In the first place, a recent event, of which I may speak more fully to you hereafter, may have made the old gent somewhat suspectful; and secondly, he'll be fraptious about my not going over to England; although, I'll take my oath, if he wants it, that I'd pitch up the appointment to-morrow, if I had it. At the best, I don't suppose they'd make me more than a Secretary of Legation; and *that*, perhaps, at the Hague, or Stuttgard, or some other confounded capital of fog and flunkeydom; and I need n't say your friend Jem is not going to "enter for such stakes."

You'd like to know our plans; and so far as I can make out, we're not to marry till we reach Italy. At Milan, probably, the dispensation will reach us, and the ceremony will be performed by the Arch B. himself. This she insists upon; for about church matters and dignitaries she stickles to a degree that I'd laugh at if I dare; and that I intend to do later on, when I can *dare* with impunity.

Except this, and a most inordinate amount of prudery, she has n't a fault on earth. Her reserve is, however, awful; and I almost spoiled everything t' other evening by venturing to kiss her hand before she drew her glove on. By Jove, did n't she give me a lecture! If any one had

only overheard her, I 'm not sure they would n't have thought me a lucky fellow to get off with transportation for life! As it was, I had to enter into heavy recognizances for the future, and was even threatened with having Mademoiselle Pauline, her maid, present at all our subsequent meetings! The very menace made me half crazy!

After all, the fault is on the right side; and I suppose the day will come when I shall deem it the very reverse of a failing. You will be curious to know something about her fortune, but not a whit more so than I am. That her means are ample — even splendid — her style of living evidences. The whole "premier" of a fashionable hotel, four saddle-horses, two carriages, and a tribe of servants are a strong security for a well-filled purse; but more than that I can ascertain nothing.

As for myself, my supplies will only carry me through a very short campaign, so that I am driven of necessity to hasten matters as much as possible. Now, my dear Tiverton, you know my whole story; and I beg you to lose no time in giving me your very best and shrewdest counsels. Put me up to everything you can think of about settlements, and so forth; and tell me if marrying a foreigner in any way affects my nationality. In brief, turn the thing over in your mind in all manner of ways, and let me have the result.

She is confoundedly particular about knowing that my family approve of the match; and though I have represented myself as being perfectly independent of them on the score of fortune, — which, so far as not expecting a shilling from them, is strictly true, — I shall probably be obliged to obtain something in the shape of a formal consent and paternal benediction; in which case I reckon implicitly on you to negotiate the matter.

I have been just interrupted by the arrival of a packet from Paris. It is a necklace and some other trumpery I had sent for to "Le Roux." She is in ecstasy with it, but cannot conceal her terror at my extravagance. The twenty thousand francs it cost are a cheap price for the remark the present elicited: "My miserable 'rente' of a hundred thousand francs," said she, "will be nothing to a man of such

wasteful habits." So, then, we have four thousand a year, certain, George; and, as times go, one might do worse.

I have no time for more, as we are going to ride out. Write to me at once, like a good fellow, and give all your spare thoughts to the fortunes of your ever attached friend,

JAMES DODD.

Address me Lucerne, for *she* means to remove from this at once,— the gossips having already taken an interest in us more flattering than agreeable. I shall expect a letter from you at the post-office.

LETTER IX.

MISS MARY ANNE DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE
GRANGE, BRUFF.

VILLA DELLA FONTANA, LAKE OF COMO.

MY DEAR MR. PURCELL, — Poor papa has been so ill since his arrival in Italy, that he could not reply to either of your two last letters, and even now is compelled to employ me as his amanuensis. A misfortune having occurred to our carriage, we were obliged to stop at a small village called Colico, which, as the name implies, was remarkably unhealthy. Here the gout, that had been hovering over him for some days previous, seized him with great violence; no medical aid could be obtained nearer than Milan, a distance of forty miles, and you may imagine the anxiety and terror we all suffered during the interval between despatching the messenger and the arrival of the doctor. As it was, we did not succeed in securing the person we had sent for, he having been that morning sentenced to the galleys for having in his possession some weapon — a surgical instrument, I believe — that was longer or sharper than the law permits; but Dr. Pantuccio came in his stead, and we have every reason to be satisfied with his skill and kindness. He bled papa very largely on Monday, twice on Tuesday, and intends repeating it again to-day, if the strength of the patient allow of it. The debility resulting from all this is, naturally, very great; but papa is able to dictate to me a few particulars in reply to your last. First, as to Crowther's bill of costs: he says, "that he certainly cannot pay it at present," nor does he think he ever will. I do not know how much of this you are to tell Mr. C., but you will be guided by your own discretion in that, as on any other point wherein I may be doubtful. Harris

also must wait for his money — and be thankful when he gets it.

You will make no abatement to Healey, but try and get the farm out of his hands, by any means, before he sublets it and runs away to America. Tom Dunne's house, at the cross-roads, had better be repaired; and if a proper representation was made to the Castle about the disturbed state of the country, papa thinks it might be made a police-station, and probably bring twenty pounds a year. He does not like to let Dodsborough for a "Union;" he says it's time enough when we go back there to make it a poorhouse. As to Paul Davis, he says, "let him foreclose, if he likes; for there are three other claims before his, and he'll only burn his fingers," — whatever that means.

Papa will give nothing to the schoolhouse till he goes back and examines the children himself; but you are to continue his subscription to the dispensary, for he thinks over-population is the real ruin of Ireland. I don't exactly understand what he says about allowance for improvements, and he is not in a state to torment him with questions; but it appears to me that you are not to allow anything to anybody till some Bill passes, or does not pass, and after that it is to be arranged differently. I am afraid poor papa's head was wandering here, for he mumbled something about somebody being on a "raft at sea," and hoped he would n't go adrift, and I don't know what besides.

Your post-bill arrived quite safe; but the sum is totally insufficient, and below what he expected. I am sure, if you knew how much irritation it cost him, you would take measures to make a more suitable remittance. I think, on the whole, till papa is perfectly recovered, it would be better to avoid any irritating or unpleasant topics; and if you would talk encouragingly of home prospects, and send him money frequently, it would greatly contribute to his restoration.

I may add, on mamma's part and my own, the assurance of our being ready to submit to any privation, or even misery if necessary, to bring papa's affairs into a healthier condition. Mamma will consent to anything but living in Ireland, which, indeed, I think is more than could be expected from her. As it is, we keep no carriage here, nor

have any equipage whatever; our table is simply two courses, and some fruit. We are wearing out all our old-fashioned clothes, and see nobody. If you can suggest any additional mode of economizing, mamma begs you will favor us with a line; meanwhile, she desires me to say that any allusion to "returning to Dodsborough," or any plan "for living abroad as we lived at home" will only embitter the intercourse, which, to be satisfactory, should be free from any irritation between us.

Of course, for the present you will write to mamma, as papa is far from being fit for any communication on matters of business, nor does the doctor anticipate his being able for such for some weeks to come. We have not heard from James since he left this, but are anxiously expecting a letter by every post, and even to see his name in the "Gazette." Cary does not forget that she was always your favorite, and desires me to send her very kindest remembrances, with which I beg you to accept those of very truly yours,

MARY ANNE DODD.

P. S. As it is quite uncertain when papa will be equal to any exertion, mamma thinks it would be advisable to make your remittances, for some time, payable to her name.

The doctor of the dispensary has written to papa, asking his support at some approaching contest for some situation, — I believe under the Poor-law. Will you kindly explain the reasons for which his letter has remained un replied to? and if papa should not be able to answer, perhaps you could take upon yourself to give him the assistance he desires, as I know pa always esteemed him a very competent person, and kind to the poor. Of course the suggestion is only thrown out for your own consideration, and in strict confidence besides, for I make it a point never to interfere with any of the small details of pa's property.

LETTER X.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. MARY GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH.

MY DEAR MOLLY, — I received your letter in due course, and if it was n't for crying, I could have laughed heartily over it! I don't know, I'm sure, where you got your elegant description of the Lake of Comus; but I am obliged to tell you it's very unlike the real article; at all events, there's one thing I'm sure of, — it's a very different matter living here like Queen Caroline, and being shut up in the same house with K. I.; and therefore no more balderdash about my "queenly existence," and so on, that your last was full of.

Here we are, in what they call the Villa of the Fountains, as if there was n't water enough before the door but they must have it spouting up out of a creature's nose in one corner, another blowing it out of a shell, and three naked figures — females, Molly — dancing in a pond of it in the garden, that kept me out of the place till I had them covered with an old mackintosh of K. I.'s. We have forty-seven rooms, and there's barely furniture, if it was all put together, for four; and there's a theatre, and a billiard-room, and a chapel; but there's not a chair would n't give you the lumbago, and the stocks at Bruff is pleasant compared to the grand sofa. The lake comes round three sides of the house, and a mountain shuts in the other one, for there's no road whatever to it. You think I'm not in earnest, but it's as true as I'm here; the only approach is by water, so that everything has to come in boats. Of course, as long as the weather keeps fine, we'll manage to send into the town; but when there comes — what we're sure to have in this season — aquinoctial gales, I don't know what's to become of us. The natives of the place don't care, for they can live on figs and olives, and those

great big green pumpkins they call watermelons; but, after K. I.'s experience, I don't think we'll try *them*. It was at a little place on the way here, called Colico, that he insisted on having a slice of one of these steeped in rum for his supper, because he saw a creature eating it outside the door. Well, my dear, he relished it so much that he ate two, and — you know the man — would n't stop till he finished a whole melon as big as one of the big stones over the gate piers at home.

"Jemi," says he, when he'd done, "is this the place the hand-book says you should n't eat any fruit in, or taste the wines of the country?"

"I don't see that," said I; "but Murray says it's notorious for March miasma, which is most fatal in the fall of the year."

"What's the name of it?" said he.

I could n't say the word before he gave a screech out of him that made the house ring.

"I'm a dead man," says he; "that's the very place I was warned about."

From that minute the pains begun, and he spent the whole night in torture. Lord George, the kindest creature that ever breathed, got out of his bed and set off to Milan for a doctor, but it was late in the afternoon when he got back. Half an hour later, Molly, and it would have been past saving him. As it was, he bled him as if he was veal: for that's the new system, my dear, and it's the blood that does us all the harm, and works all the wickedness we suffer from. If it's true, K. I. will get up an altered man, for I don't think a horse could bear what he's gone through. Even now he's as gentle as an infant, Molly, and you would n't know his voice if you heard it. We only go in one at a time to him, except Cary, that never leaves him, and, indeed, he would n't let her quit the room. Sometimes I fancy that he'll never be the same again, and from a remark or two of the doctor's, I suspect it's his head they're afraid of. If it was n't English he raved in, I'd be dreadfully ashamed of the things he says, and the way he talks of the family.

As it is, he makes cruel mistakes; for he took Lord

George the other night for James, and began talking to him, and warning him against his Lordship. "Don't trust him too far, Jemmy," said he. "If he was n't in disgrace with his equals, he'd never condescend to keep company with us. Depend on 't, boy, he's not 'all right,' and I wish we were well rid of him."

Lord George tried to make him believe that he did n't understand him, and said something about the Parliament being prorogued, but K. I. went on: "I suppose, then, our noble friend did n't get his Bill through the Lords?"

"His mind is quite astray to-night," said Lord George, in a whisper, and made a sign for us to creep quietly away, and leave him to Caroline. She understands him best of any of us; and, indeed, one sees her to more advantage when there's trouble and misery in the house than when we're all well and prosperous.

We came here for economy, because K. I. determined we should go somewhere that money could n't be spent in. Now, as there is no road, we cannot have horses; and as there are no shops, we cannot make purchases; but, except for the name of the thing, Molly, might n't we as well be at Bruff? I would n't say so to one of the family, but to you, in confidence between ourselves, I own freely I never spent a more dismal three weeks at Dodsborough. Betty Cobb and myself spend our time crying over it the livelong day. Poor creature, she has her own troubles too! That dirty spalpeen she married ran away with all her earnings, and even her clothes; and Mary Anne's maid says that he has two other wives in his own country. She's made a nice fool of herself, and she sees it now.

How long we're to stay here in this misery, I can't guess, and K. I.'s convalescence may be, the doctor thinks, a matter of months; and even then, Molly, who knows in what state he'll come out of it! Nobody can tell if we won't be obliged to take what they call a Confession of Lunacy against him, and make him allow that he's mad and unfit to manage his affairs. If it was the will of Providence, I'd just as soon be a widow at once; for, after all, it's uncertainty that tries the spirits and destroys the constitution worse than any other affliction.

Indeed, till yesterday afternoon, we all thought he was going off in a placid sleep; but he opened one eye a little, and bade Cary draw the window-curtain, that he might look out. He stared for a while at the water coming up to the steps of the door, and almost entirely round the house, and he gave a little smile. "What's he thinking of?" said I, in a whisper; but he heard me at once, and said, "I'll tell you, Jemi, what it was. I was thinking this was an elegant place against the bailiffs." From that moment I saw that the raving had left him, and he was quite himself again.

Now, my dear Molly, you have a true account of the life we lead, and don't you pity us? If your heart does not bleed for me this minute, I don't know you. Write to me soon, and send me the Limerick papers, that has all the news about the Exhibition in Dublin. By all accounts it's doing wonderfully well, and I often wish I could see it. Cary has just come down to take her half-hour's walk on the terrace,—for K. I. makes her do that every evening, though he never thinks of any of the rest of us, — and I must go and take her place; so I write myself

Yours in haste, but in sorrow,

JEMIMA DODD.

LETTER XI.

MISS MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

VILLA DELLA FONTANA, COMO.

FORGET thee ! No, dearest Kitty. But how could such cruel words have ever escaped your pen ? To cease to retain you in memory would be to avow an oblivion of childhood's joys, and of my youth's fondest recollections ; of those first expansions of the heart, when, " fold after fold to the fainting air," the petals of my young existence opened one by one before you ; when my shadowy fancies grew into bright realities, and the dream-world assumed all the lights and, alas ! all the shadows of the actual. The fact was, dearest, papa was very, very ill ; I may, indeed, say so dangerously, that at one time our greatest fears were excited for his state ; nor was it till within a few days back that I could really throw off all apprehension and revel in that security enjoyed by the others. He is now up for some hours every day, and able to take light sustenance, and even to participate a little in social intercourse, which of course we are most careful to moderate, with every regard to his weak state ; but his convalescence makes progress every hour, and already he begins to talk and laugh, and look somewhat like himself.

So confused is my poor head, and so disturbed by late anxieties, that I quite forget if I have written to you since our arrival here ; at all events, I will venture on the risk of repetition so far, and say that we are living in a beautiful villa, in a promontory of the Lake of Como. It was the property of the Prince Belgiasso, who is now in exile from his share in the late struggle for Italian independence, and who, in addition to banishment, is obliged to pay above a million of livres — about forty thousand pounds

— to the Austrian Government. Lord George, who knew him intimately in his prosperity, arranged to take the villa for us; and it is confessedly one of the handsomest on the whole lake. Imagine, Kitty, a splendid marble façade, with a Doric portico, so close to the water's edge that the whole stands reflected in the crystal flood; an Alpine mountain at the back; while around and above us the orange and the fig, the vine, the olive, the wild cactus, and the cedar wave their rich foliage, and load the soft air with perfume. It is not alone that Nature unfolds a scene of gorgeous richness and beauty before us; that earth, sky, and water show forth their most beautiful of forms and coloring; but there is, as it were, an atmosphere of voluptuous enjoyment, an inward sense of ecstatic delight, that I never knew nor felt in the colder lands of the north. The very names have a magic in their melody; the song of the passing gondolier; the star-like lamp of the "pesca-tore," as night steals over the water; the skimming lateen sail,— all breathe of Italy,— glorious, delightful, divine Italy! — land of song, of poetry, and of love!

Oh, how my dearest Kitty would enjoy those delicious nights upon the terrace, where, watching the falling stars, or listening to the far-off sounds of sweet music, we sit for hours long, scarcely speaking! How responsively would her heart beat to theplash of the lake against her rocky seat! and how would her gentle spirit drink in every soothing influence of that fair and beauteous scene! With Lord George it is a passion; and I scarcely know him to be the same being that he was on the other side of the Alps. Young men of fashion in England assume a certain impulsive, cold, apathetic air, as though nothing could move them to any sentiment of surprise, admiration, or curiosity about anything; and when by an accident these emotions are excited, the very utmost expression in which their feelings find vent is some piece of town slang,— the turf, the mess-room, the universities, and, I believe, even the House of Commons, are the great nurseries of this valuable gift; and as Lord George has graduated in each of these schools, I take it he was no mean proficient. But how different was the real metal that lay buried under the lacquer of convention-

ality! Why, dearest Kitty, he is the very soul of passion, — the wildest, most enthusiastic of creatures; he worships Byron, he adores Shelley. He has told me the whole story of his childhood, — one of the most beautiful romances I ever listened to. He passed his youth at Oxford, vacillating between the wildest dissipations and the most brilliant triumphs. After that he went into the Hussars, and then entered the House, moving the Address, as it is called, at one-and-twenty; a career exactly like the great Mr. Pitt's, only that Lord G. really possesses a range of accomplishments and a vast variety of gifts to which the Minister could lay no claim. Amidst all these revelations, poured forth with a frank and almost reckless impetuosity, it was still strange, Kitty, that he never even alluded to the one great and turning misfortune of his life. He did at one time seem approaching it; I thought it was actually on his lips; but he only heaved a deep sigh, and said, "There is yet another episode to tell you, — the darkest, the saddest of all, — but I cannot do it now." I thought he might have heard my heart beating, as he uttered these words; but he was too deeply buried in his own grief. At last he broke the silence that ensued, by pressing my hand fervently to his lips, and saying, "But when the time comes for this, it will also bring the hour for laying myself and my fortunes at your feet, — for calling you by the dearest of all names, — for —" Only fancy, Kitty, — it was just as he got this far that Cary, who really has not a single particle of delicacy in such cases, came up to ask me where she could find some lemons to make a drink for papa! I know I shall never forgive her — I feel that I never can — for her heartless interruption. What really aggravates her conduct, too, was the kind of apology she subsequently made to me in my own room. Just imagine her saying, —

"I was certain it would be a perfect boon to you to get away from that tiresome creature."

If you only saw him, Kitty! if you only heard him! But all I said was, —

"There is certainly the merit of a discovery in your remark, Cary: for I fancy you are the first who has found out Lord George Tiverton to be tiresome!"

"I only meant," said she, "that his eternal egotism grows wearisome at last, and that the most interesting person in the world would benefit by occasionally discussing something besides himself."

"Captain Morris, for instance," said I, sharply.

"Even so," said she, laughing; "only I half suspect the theme is one he'll not touch upon!" And with this she left the room.

The fact is, Kitty, jealousy of Lord George's rank, his high station, and his aristocratic connections are the real secret of her animosity to him. She feels and sees how small "her poor Captain" appears beside him, and of course the reflection is anything but agreeable. Yet I am sure she might know that I would do everything in my power to diminish the width of that gulf between them, and that I would study to reconcile the discrepancies and assuage the differences of their so very dissimilar stations. She may, it is true, place this beyond my power to effect; but the fault in that case will be purely and solely her own.

You do me no more than justice, Kitty, in saying that you are sure I will feel happy at anything which can conduce to the welfare of Dr. B.; and I unite with you in wishing him every success his new career can bestow. Not but, dearest, I must say that, judging from the knowledge I now possess of life and the world, I should augur more favorably of his prospects had he still remained in that quiet obscurity for which his talents and habits best adapt him than adventure upon the more ambitious but perilous career he has just embarked in. You tell me that, having gone up to Dublin to thank one of his patrons at the late election, he was invited to a dinner, where he made the acquaintance of the Earl of Darewood; and that the noble Lord, now Ambassador at Constantinople, was so struck with his capacity, knowledge, and great modesty that he made him at once an offer of the post of Physician to the Embassy, which with equal promptitude was accepted.

Very flatteringly as this reads, dearest, it is the very climax of improbability; and I have the very strongest conviction that the whole appointment is wholly and solely due to the secret influence of Lord George Tiverton, who is the

Earl's nephew. In the first place, Kitty, supposing that the great Earl and the small Dispensary Doctor did really meet at the same dinner-table, — an incident just as unlikely as need be conceived, — how many and what opportunities would there exist for that degree of intercourse of which you speak?

If the noble Lord did speak at all to the Doctor, it would have been in a passing remark, an easily answered question as to the sanitary state of his neighborhood, or a chance allusion to the march of the cholera in the north of Europe, — so at least Lord G. says; and, moreover, that if the Doctor did, by any accident, evidence any of the qualities for which you give him credit, save the modesty, that the Earl would have just as certainly turned away from him, as a very forward, presuming person, quite forgetful of his station, and where he was then standing. You can perceive from this that I have read the paragraph in yours to Lord G.; but I have done more, Kitty: I have positively taxed him with having obtained the appointment in consequence of a chance allusion I had made to Dr. B. a few weeks ago. He denies it, dearest; but how? He says, "Oh, my worthy uncle never reads *my* letters; he'd throw them aside after a line or two; he's angry with me, besides, for not going into the 'line,' as they call Diplomacy, and would scarcely do me a favor if I pressed him ever so much."

When urged further, he only laughed, and, lighting his cigar, puffed away for a moment or two; after which he said in his careless way: "After all, it mightn't have been a bad dodge of me to send the Doctor off to Turkey. He was an old admirer, was n't he?"

After this, Kitty, to allude to the subject was impossible, and here I had to leave it. But who could possibly have insinuated such a scandal concerning me? or how could it have occurred to malignant ingenuity to couple my name with that of a person in his station? I cried the entire evening in my own room as I thought over the disgrace to which the bare allusion exposed me.

Is there not a fatality, then, I ask you, in everything that ties us to Ireland? Are not the chance references to that country full of low and unhappy associations? and yet you can talk to me of "when we come back again."

We are daily becoming more uneasy about James. He is now several weeks gone, and not a line has reached us to say where he is, or what success has attended him. I know his high-spirited nature so well, and how any reverse or disappointment would inevitably drive him to the wildest excesses, that I am in agony about him. A letter in your brother's hand is now here awaiting him, so that I can perceive that even Robert is as ignorant of his fate as we are.

All these cares, dearest, will have doubtless thrown their shadows over this dreary epistle, the reflex of my darkened spirit. Bear with and pity me, dearest Kitty; and even when calmer reason refuses to follow the more headlong impulses of my feeling, still care for, still love

Your ever heart-attached and devoted

MARY ANNE DODD.

P. S. The post has just arrived, bringing a letter for Lord G. in James's hand. It was addressed Bregenz, and has been several days on the road. How I long to learn its tidings! But I cannot detain this; so again good-bye.

LETTER XII.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE
GRANGE, BRUFF.

LAKE OF COMO.

MY DEAR TOM, — Though I begin this to-day, it may be it will take me to the end of the week to finish it, for I am still very weak, and my ideas come sometimes too quick and sometimes too slow, and, like an ill-ordered procession, stop the road, and make confusion everywhere. Mary Anne has told you how I have been ill, and for both our sakes, I'll say little more about it. One remark, however, I will make, and it is this: that of all the good qualities we ascribe to home, there is one unquestionably pre-eminent, — “it is the very best place to be sick in.” The monotony and sameness so wearisome in health are boons to the sick man. The old familiar faces are all dear to him; the well-known voices do not disturb him; the little gleam of light that steals in between the curtains checkers some accustomed spot in the room that he has watched on many a former sick-bed. The stray words he catches are of home and homely topics. In a word, he is the centre of a little world, all anxious and eager about him, and even the old watchdog subdues his growl out of deference to his comfort.

Now, though I am all gratitude for the affection and kindness of every one around me, I missed twenty things I could have had at Dodsborough, not one of them worth a brass farthing in reality, but priceless in the estimation of that peevish, fretful habit that grows out of a sick-bed. It was such a comfort to me to know how Miles Dogherty passed the night, and to learn whether he got a little sleep towards morning, as I did, and what the doctor thought of him. Then I liked to hear all the adventures of Joe Bar-

ret, when he "went in" for the leeches, how the mare threw him, and left him to scramble home on his feet. Then I revelled in all that petty tyranny illness admits of, but which is only practicable amongst one's own people, refusing this, and insisting on that, just to exercise the little despotism that none rebel against, but which declines into a mixed monarchy on the first day you eat chicken-broth, and from which you are utterly deposed when you can dine at table. In good truth, Tom, I don't wonder at men becoming *mâlades imaginaires*, seeing the unnatural importance they attain to by a life of complaining, and days passed in self-commiseration and sorrow.

In place of all this, think of a foreign country and a foreign doctor; fancy yourself interrogated about your feelings in a language of which you scarcely know a word, and are conscious that a wrong tense in your verb may be your death-warrant. Imagine yourself endeavoring, through the flighty visions of a wandering intellect, to find out the subjunctive mood or the past participle, and almost forgetting the torment of your gout in the terrors of your grammar!

This is a tiresome theme, and let us change it. Like all home-grown people, I see you expect me to send you a full account of Italy and the Italians within a month after my crossing the Alps. It is, after all, a pardonable blunder on your part, since the very titles we read to books of travels in the newspapers show that for sketchy books there are always to be found "skipping" readers. Hence that host of surface-description that finds its way into print from men who have the impudence to introduce themselves as writers of "Jottings from my Note-Book," "Loose Leaves from my Log," "Smoke Puffs from Germany," and "A Canter over the Caucasus." Cannot these worthy folk see that the very names of their books are exactly the apologies they should offer for not having written them, had any kind but indiscreet friend urged them into letterpress? "I was only three weeks in Sweden, and therefore I wrote about it," seems to me as ugly a *non sequitur* as need be. And now, Tom, that I have inveighed against the custom, I am quite ready to follow the example, and if you could only.

find me a publisher, I am open to an offer for a tight little octavo, to be called "Italy from my Bedroom Window."

Most writers set out by bespeaking your attention on the ground of their greater opportunities, their influential acquaintances, position, and so forth. To this end, therefore, must I tell you that my bedroom window, besides a half-view of the lake, has a full look-out over a very picturesque landscape of undulating surface, dotted with villas and cottages, and backed by a high mountain, which forms the frontier towards Switzerland. At the first glance it seems to be a dense wood, with foliage of various shades of green, but gradually you detect little patches of maize and rice, and occasionally, too, a green crop of wurzel or turnips, which would be creditable even in England; but the vine and the olive surround these so completely, or the great mulberry-trees enshadow them so thoroughly, that at a distance they quite escape view. The soil is intersected everywhere by canals for irrigation, and water is treasured up in tanks, and conveyed in wooden troughs for miles and miles of distance, with a care that shows the just value they ascribe to it. Their husbandry is all spade work, and I must say neatly and efficiently done. Of course, I am here speaking of what falls under my own observation; and it is, besides, a little pet spot of rich proprietors, with tasteful villas, and handsomely laid-out gardens on every side; but as the system is the same generally, I conclude that the results are tolerably alike also. The system is this: that the landlord contributes the soil, and the peasant the labor, the produce being fairly divided afterwards in equal portions between them. It reads simple enough, and it does not sound unreasonable either; while, with certain drawbacks, it unquestionably contains some great advantages. To the landlord it affords a fair and a certain remuneration, subject only to the vicissitudes of seasons and the rate of prices. It attaches him to the soil, and to those who till it, by the very strongest of all interests, and, even on selfish grounds, enforces a degree of regard for the well-being of those beneath him. The peasant, on the other hand, is neither a rack-rented tenant nor a hirerling, but an independent man, profiting by every exercise of

his own industry, and deriving direct and positive benefit from every hour of his labor. It is not alone his character that is served by the care he bestows on the culture of the land, but every comfort of himself and his family are the consequences of it; and lastly, he is not obliged to convert his produce into money to meet the rent-day. I am no political economist, but it strikes me that it is a great burden on a poor man, that he must buy a certain commodity in the shape of a legal tender, to satisfy the claim of a landlord. Now, here the peasant has no such charge. The day of reckoning divides the produce, and the "state of the currency" never enters into the question. He has neither to hunt fairs nor markets, look out for "dealers" to dispose of his stock, nor solicit a banker to discount his small bill. All these are benefits, Tom, and some of them great ones too. The disadvantages are that the capabilities of the soil are not developed by the skilful employment of capital. The landlord will not lay out money of which he is only to receive one-half the profit. The peasant has the same motive, and has not the money besides. The result is that Italy makes no other progress in agriculture than the skill of an individual husbandman can bestow. Here are no Smiths of Deanstown, — no Sinclairs, — no Mechis. The grape ripens and the olive grows as it did centuries ago; and so will both doubtless continue to do for ages to come. Again, there is another, and in some respects a greater, grievance, since it is one which saps the very essence of all that is good in the system. The contract is rarely a direct one between landlord and tenant, but is made by the intervention of a third party, who employs the laborers, and really occupies the place of our middlemen at home. The fellow is usually a hard taskmaster to the poor man, and a rogue to the rich one; and it is a common thing, I am told, for a fine estate to find itself at last in the hands of the *fattore*. This is a sore complication, and very difficult to avoid, for there are so many different modes of culture, and such varied ways of treating the crops on an Italian farm, that the overseer must be sought for in some rank above that of the peasant.

We have a notion in Ireland that the Italian lives on maccaroni; depend upon it, Tom, he seasons it with some-

thing better. In the little village beside me, there are three butchers' shops, and as the wealthy of the neighborhood all market at Como, these are the recourse of the poorer classes. Of wine he has abundance; and as to vegetables and fruits, the soil teems with them in a rich luxuriance of which I cannot give you a notion. Great barges pass my window every morning, with melons, cucumbers, and cauliflowers, piled up half-mast high. How a Dutch painter would revel in the picturesque profusion of grapes, peaches, figs, and apricots, heaped up amidst huge pumpkins of bursting ripeness, and those brilliant "love apples," the allusion to which was so costly to Mr. Pickwick. You are smacking your lips already at the bare idea of such an existence. Yes, Tom, you are reproaching Fate for not having "raised" you, as Jonathan says, on the right side of the Alps, and left you to the enjoyments of an easy life, with lax principles, little garments, and a fine climate. But let me tell you, IDLENESS IS ONLY A LUXURY WHERE OTHER PEOPLE ARE OBLIGED TO WORK; where every one indulges in it, it is worth nothing. I remember, when sitting listlessly on a river's bank, of a sunny day, listening to the hum of the bees, or watching the splash of a trout in the water, I used to hug myself in the notion of all the fellows that were screaming away their lungs in the Law Courts, or sitting upon tall stools in dark counting-houses, or poring over Blue-books in a committee-room, or maybe broiling on the banks of the Ganges; and then bethink me of the easy, careless, happy flow of my own existence. I was quite a philosopher in this way,—I despised riches, and smiled at all ambition.

Now there is no such resources for me here. There are eight or nine fellows that pass the day—and the night also, I believe—under my window, that would beat me hollow in the art of doing nothing, and seem to understand it as a science besides. There they lie—and a nice group they are—on their backs, in the broiling sun; their red nightcaps drawn a little over their faces for shade; their brawny chests and sinewy limbs displayed, as if in derision of their laziness. The very squalor of their rags seems heightened by the tawdry pretension of a scarlet

sash round the waist, or a gay flower stuck jauntily in a filthy bonnet. The very knife that stands half buried in the water-melon beside them has its significance, — you have but to glance at the shape to see that, like its owner, its purpose is an evil one. What do these fellows know of labor? Nothing; nor will they, ever, till condemned to it at the galleys. And what a contrast to all around them, — ragged, dirty, and wretched, in the midst of a teeming and glorious abundance; barbarous, in a land that breathes of the very highest civilization, and sunk in brutal ignorance, beside the greatest triumphs of human genius.

What a deal of balderdash people talk about Italian liberty, and the cause of constitutional freedom! There are — and these only in the cities — some twenty or thirty highly cultivated, well-thinking men — lawyers, professors, or physicians, usually — who have taken pains to study the institutions of other countries, and aspire to see some of the benefits that attend them applied to their own; but there ends the party. The nobles are a wretched set, satisfied with the second-hand vices of France and England grafted upon some native rascalities of even less merit. They neither read nor think: their lives are spent in intrigue and play. Now and then a brilliant exception stands forth, distinguished by intellect as well as station; but the little influence he wields is the evidence of what estimation such qualities are held in. My doctor is a Liberal, and a very clever fellow too; and I only wish you heard him describe the men who have assumed the part of "Italian Regenerators."

Their "antecedents" show that in Italy, as elsewhere, patriotism is too often but the last refuge of a scoundrel. I know how all this will grate and jar upon your very Irish ears; and, to say truth, I don't like saying it myself; but still I cannot help feeling that the "Cause of Liberty" in the peninsula is remarkably like the process of grape-gathering that now goes on beneath my window, — there is no care, no selection, — good, bad, ripe, and unripe, — the clean, the filthy, the ruddy, and the sapless, are all huddled together, pressed and squeezed down into a common vat, to ferment into bad wine or — a revolution, as the case may be. It does not require much chemistry to foresee that it is

the crude, the acrid, the unhealthy, and the bad that will give the flavor to the liquor. The small element of what is really good is utterly overborne in the vast Maëlstrom of the noxious; and so we see in the late Italian struggle. Who are the men that exercise the widest influence in affairs? Not the calm and reasoning minds that gave the first impulse to wise measures of Reform, and guided their sovereigns to concessions that would have formed the strong foundations of future freedom. No; it was the advocate of the wildest doctrines of Socialism,—the true disciple of the old guillotine school, that ravaged the earth at the close of the last century. These are the fellows who scream “Blood! blood!” till they are hoarse; but, in justice to their discretion, it must be said, they always do it from a good distance off.

Don't fancy from this that I am upholding the Austrian rule in Italy. I believe it to be as bad as need be, and exactly the kind of government likely to debase and degrade a people whom it should have been their object to elevate and enlighten. Just fancy a system of administration where there were all penalties and no rewards,—a school with no premiums but plenty of flogging. That was precisely what they did. They put a “ban” upon the natives of the country; they appointed them to no places of trust or confidence, insulted their feelings, outraged their sense of nationality; and whenever the system had goaded them into a passionate burst of indignation, they proclaimed martial law, and hanged them.

Now, the question is not whether any kind of resistance would not be pardonable against such a state of things, but it is this: what species of resistance is most likely to succeed? This is the real inquiry; and I don't think it demands much knowledge of mankind and the world to say that stabbing a cadet in the back as he leaves a *café*, shooting a solitary sentinel on his post, or even assassinating his corporal as he walks home of an evening, are exactly the appropriate methods for reforming a state or remodelling a constitution. Had the Lombards devoted themselves heart and hand to the material prosperity of their country,—educated their people, employed them in useful works, fostered

their rising and most prosperous silk manufactories, -- they would have attained to a weight and consideration in the Austrian Empire which would have enabled them not to solicit, but dictate the terms of their administration.

A few years back, as late as '47, Milan, I am told, was more than the rival of Vienna in all that constitutes the pride and splendor of a capital city; and the growing influence of her higher classes was already regarded with jealousy by the Austrian nobility. Look what a revolution has made her now! Her palaces are barracks; her squares are encampments; artillery bivouac in her public gardens; and the rigors of a state of siege penetrate into every private house, and poison all social intercourse.

You may rely upon one thing, Tom, and it is this: that no government ever persisted in a policy of oppression towards a country that was advancing on the road of prosperity. It is to the disaffected, dispirited, bankrupt people — idle and cantankerous, wasting their resources, and squandering their means of wealth — that cabinets play the bully. They grind them the way a cruel colonel flogs a condemned regiment. Let industry and its consequences flow in; let the laborer be well fed, and housed, and clothed; and the spirit of independence in him will be a far stronger and more dangerous element to deal with than the momentary burst of passion that comes from a fevered heart in a famished frame! Ask a Cabinet Minister if he would n't be more frightened by a deputation from the City, than if the telegraph told him a Chartist mob was moving on London? We live in an age of a very peculiar kind, and where real power and real strength are more respected than ever they were before.

Don't you think I have given you a dose of politics? Well, happily for you, I must desist now, for Cary has come to order me off to bed. It is only two P.M., but the siesta is now one of my habits, and so pleasant a one that I intend to keep it when I get well again.

Nine o'clock, Evening.

Here I am again at my desk for you, though Cary has only given me leave to devote half an hour to your edification.

What a good girl it is,— so watchful in all her attention, and with that kind of devotion that shows that her whole heart is engaged in what she is doing! The doctor may fight the malady, Tom, but, take my word for it, it is the nurse that saves the patient. If ever I raised my eyelids, there she was beside me! I could n't make a sign that I was thirsty till she had the drink to my lips. She had, too, that noiseless, quiet way with her, so soothing to a sick man; and, above all, she never bothered with questions, but learned to guess what I wanted, and sat patiently watching at her post.

It is a strange confession to make, but the very best thing I know of this foreign tour of ours is that it has not spoiled that girl; she has contracted no taste for extra finery in dress, nor extra liberty in morals; her good sense is not overlaid by the pretentious tone of those mock nobles that run about calling each other count and marquis, and fancying they are the great world. There she is, as warm-hearted, as natural, and as simple—in all that makes the real excellence of simplicity—as when she left home. And now, with all this, I'd wager a crown that nineteen young fellows out of twenty would prefer Mary Anne to her. She is, to be sure, a fine, showy girl, and has taken to a stylish line of character so naturally that she never abandons it.

I assure you, Tom, the way she used to come in of a morning to ask me how I was, and how I passed the night; her graceful stoop to kiss me; her tender little caressing twaddle, as if I was a small child to be bribed into black-bottle by sugar-candy,— were as good as a play. The little extracts, too, that she made from the newspapers to amuse me were all from that interesting column called fashionable intelligence, and the movements in fashionable life, as if it amused me to hear who Lady Jemima married, and who gave away the bride. Cary knew better what I cared for, and told me about the harvest and the crops, and the state of the potatoes, with now and then a spice of the foreign news, whenever there was anything remarkable. To all appearance, we are not far from a war; but where it's to be, and with whom, is hard to say. There's no doubt but fighting is a costly amusement; and I believe no country

pays so heavily for her fun in that shape as England; but, nevertheless, there is nothing would so much tend to revive her drooping and declining influence on the Continent as a little brush at sea. She is, I take it, as good as certain to be victorious; and the very fervor of the enthusiasm success would evoke in England would go far to disabuse the foreigner of his notion that we are only eager about printing calicoes, and sharpening Sheffield ware. Believe me, it is vital to us to eradicate this fallacy; and until the world sees a British fleet reeling up the Downs with some half-dozen dismasted line-of-battle ships in their wake, they 'll not be convinced of what you and I know well, — that we are just the same people that fought the Nile and Trafalgar. Those Industrial Exhibitions, I think, brought out a great deal of trashy sentimentality about universal brotherhood, peace, and the rest of it. I suppose the Crystal Palace rage was a kind of allegory to show that they who live in glass houses should n't throw stones; but our ships, Tom, — our ships, as the song says, are "hearts of oak"! Here 's Cary again, and with a confounded cupful of something green at top and muddy below! Apothecaries are filthy distillers all the world over, and one never knows the real blessing of health till one has escaped from their beastly brewings. Good-night.

Saturday Morning.

A regular Italian morning, Tom, and such a view! The mists are swooping down the Alps, and showing cliffs and crags in every tint of sunlit verdure. The lake is blue as a dark turquoise, reflecting the banks and their hundred villas in the calm water. The odor of the orange-flower and the oleander load the air, and, except my vagabonds under the window, there is not an element of the picture devoid of interest and beauty. There they are as usual; one of them has his arm in a bloody rag, I perceive, the consequence of a row last night, — at least, Paddy Byrne saw a fellow wiping his knife and washing his hands in the lake — very suspicious circumstances — just as he was going to bed.

I have been hearing all about our neighbors, — at least,

Cary has been interrogating the gardener, and "reporting progress" to me as well as she could make him out. This Lake of Como seems the paradise of *ci-devant* theatrical folk; all the prima donnas who have amassed millions, and all the dancers that have pirouetted into great wealth, appear to have fixed their ambition on retiring to this spot. Of a truth, it is the very antithesis to a stage existence. The silent and almost solemn grandeur of the scene, the massive Alps, the deep dense woods, the calm unbroken stillness, are strong contrasts to the crash and tumult, the unreality and uproar of a theatre. I wonder, do they enjoy the change? I am curious to know if they yearn for the blaze of the dress-circle and the waving pit? Do they long at heart for the stormy crash of the orchestra and the maddening torrent of applause; and does the actual world of real flowers and trees and terraces and fountains seem in their eyes a poor counterfeit of the dramatic one? It would not be unnatural if it were so. There is the same narrowing tendency in every professional career. The doctor, the lawyer, the priest, the soldier,—ay, and even your Parliament man, if he be an old member, has got to take a House of Commons standard for everything and everybody. It is only your true idler, your genuine good-for-nothing vagabond, that ever takes wide or liberal views of life; one like myself, in short, whose prejudices have not been fostered by any kind of education, and who, whatever he knows of mankind, is sure to be his own.

They 've carried away my ink-bottle, to write acknowledgments and apologies for certain invitations the womenkind have received to go and see fireworks somewhere on the lake; for these exhibitions seem to be a passion with Italians! I wish they were fonder of burning powder to more purpose! I 'm to dine below to-day, so it is likely that I 'll not be able to add anything to this before to-morrow, when I mean to despatch it. A neighbor, I hear, has sent us a fine trout; and another has forwarded a magnificent present of fruit and vegetables,—very graceful civilities these to a stranger, and worthy of record and remembrance. Lord George tells me that these Lombard lords are fine fellows,—that is, they keep splendid houses and capital horses,

have first-rate cooks, and London-built carriages, — and, as he adds, will bet you what you like at piquet or *écarté*. Egad, such qualities have great success in the world, despite all that moralists may say of them!

The ink has come back, but it is *I* am dry now! The fact is, Tom, that very little exertion goes far with a man in this climate! It is scarcely noon, but the sultry heat is most oppressive; and I half agree with my friends under the window, that the dorsal attitude is the true one for Italy. In any other country you want to be up and doing: there are snipe or woodcocks to be shot, a salmon to kill, or a fox to hunt; you have to look at the potatoes or the poorhouse; there 's a row, or a road session, or something or other to employ you; but here, it 's a snug spot in the shade you look for, — six feet of even ground under a tree; and with that the hours go glibly over, in a manner that is quite miraculous.

It ought to be the best place under the sun for men of small fortune. The climate alone is an immense economy in furs and firing; and there is scarcely a luxury that is not, somehow or other, the growth of the soil: on this head — the expense I mean — I can tell you nothing, for, of course, I have not served on any committee of the estimates since my illness; but I intend to audit the accounts to-morrow, and then you shall hear all. Tiverton, I understand, has taken the management of everything; and Mrs. D. and Mary Anne tell me, so excellent is his system, that a rebellion has broken out below stairs. and three of our household have resigned, carrying away various articles of wardrobe, and other property, as an indemnity, doubtless, for the treatment they had met with. I half suspect that any economy in dinners is more than compensated for in broken crockery; for every time that a fellow is scolded in the drawing-room, there is sure to be a smash in the plate department immediately afterwards, showing that the national custom of the "vendetta" can be carried into the "willow pattern." This is one of my window observations. I wish there were no worse ones to record.

"Not a line, not another word, till you take your broth, papa," says my kind nurse; and as after my broth I take

my sleep, I 'll just take leave of you for to-day. I wish I may remember even half of what I wanted to say to you to-morrow, but I have a strong moral conviction that I shall not. It is not that the oblivion will be any loss to you, Tom; but when I think of it, after the letter is gone, I 'm fit to be tied with impatience. Depend upon it, a condition of hopeless repining for the past is a more terrible torture than all that the most glowing imagination of coming evil could ever compass or conceive.

Sunday Afternoon.

I told you yesterday I had not much faith in my memory retaining even a tithe of what I wished to say to you. The case is far worse than that, — I can really recollect nothing. I know that I had questions to ask, doubts to resolve, and directions to give, but they are all so commingled and blended together in my distracted brain that I can make nothing out of the disorder. The fact is, Tom, the fellow has bled me too far, and it is not at my time of life — 58° in the shade, by old Time's thermometer — that one rallies quickly out of the hands of the doctor.

I thought myself well enough this morning to look over my accounts; indeed, I felt certain that the inquiry could not be prudently delayed, so I sent for Mary Anne after breakfast, and proceeded in state to a grand audit. I have already informed you that all the material of life here is the very cheapest, — meat about fourpence a pound; bread and butter and milk and vegetables still more reasonable; wine, such as it is, twopence a bottle; fruit for half nothing. It was not, therefore, any inordinate expectation on my part that we should be economizing in rare style, and making up for past extravagance by real retrenchment. I actually looked forward to the day of reckoning as a kind of holiday from all care, and for once in my life revel in the satisfaction of having done a prudent thing.

Conceive my misery and disappointment — I was too weak for rage — to find that our daily expenses here, with a most moderate household, and no company, amounted to a fraction over five pounds English a day. The broad fact so overwhelmed me that it was only with camphor-julep

and ether that I got over it, and could proceed to details. Proceed to details, do I say! Much good did it do me! for what between a new coinage, new weights and measures, and a new language, I got soon into a confusion and embarrassment that would have been too much for my brain in its best days. Now and then I began to hope that I had grappled with a fact, even a small one; but, alas! it was only a delusion, for though the prices were strictly as I told you, there was no means of even approximating to the quantities ordered in. On a rough calculation, however, it appears that *my* mutton broth took half a sheep *per diem*. The family consumed about two cows a week in beef; besides hares, pheasants, hams, and capons at will. The servants — with a fourth of the wine set down to me — could never have been sober an hour; while our vegetable and fruit supply would have rivalled Covent Garden Market.

“Do you understand this, Mary Anne?” said I.

“No, papa,” said she.

“Does your mother?” said I.

“No, papa.”

“Does Lord George understand it?”

“No, papa; but he says he is sure Giacomo can explain everything,—for he is a capital fellow, and honest as the sun!”

“And who is Giacomo?” said I.

“The Maestro di Casa, papa. He is over all the other servants, pays all the bills, keeps the keys of everything, and, in fact, takes charge of the household.”

“Where did he come from?”

“The Prince Belgiasso had him in his service, and strongly recommended him to Lord George as the most trustworthy and best of servants. His discharge says that he was always regarded rather in the light of a friend than a domestic!”

Shall I own to you, Tom, that I shuddered as I heard this? It may be a most unfair and ungenerous prejudice; but if there be any class in life of whose good qualities I entertain a weak opinion, it is of the servant tribe, and especially of those who enter into the confidential category. They are, to my thinking, a pestilent race, either tyranniz-

ing over the weakness, or fawning to the vices, of their employers. I have known a score of them, and I rejoice to think that a very large proportion of that number have been since transported for life.

“Does Giacomo speak English?” asked I.

“Perfectly, papa; as well as French, Spanish, German, and a little Russian.”

“Send him to me, then,” said I, “and let us have a talk together.

“You can’t see him to-day, papa, for he is performing St. Barnabas in a grand procession that is to take place this evening.”

This piece of information shows me that it is a “Festa,” and the post will consequently close early, so that I now conclude this, promising that you shall have an account of my interview with Giacomo by to-morrow or the day after.

Not a line from James yet, and I am beginning to feel very uncomfortable about him.

Yours ever faithfully,

KENNY I. DODD.

LETTER XIII.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE
GRANGE, BRUFF.

Como.

MY DEAR TOM, — This may perchance be a lengthy despatch, for I have just received a polite invitation from the authorities here to pack off, bag and baggage, over the frontier; and as it is doubtful where our next move may take us, I write this "in extenso," and to clear off all arrears up to the present date.

At the conclusion of my last, if I remember aright, I was in anxious expectation of a visit from Signor Giacomo Lamporeccho. That accomplished gentleman, however, had been so fatigued by his labors in the procession, and so ill from a determination of blood to the head, brought on by being tied for two hours to a tree, with his legs uppermost, to represent the saint's martyrdom, that he could not wait upon me till the third day after the Festa; and then his streaked eyeballs and flushed face attested that even mock holiness is a costly performance.

"You are Giacomo?" said I, as he entered; and I ought to mention that in air and appearance he was a large, full, fine-looking man, of about eight-and-thirty or forty, dressed in very accurate black, and with a splendid chain of mosaic gold twined and festooned across his ample chest; opal shirt-studs and waistcoat buttons, and a very gorgeous-looking signet-ring on his forefinger aided to show off a stylish look, rendered still more imposing by a beard a Grand Vizier might have envied, and a voice a semi-tone deeper than Lablache's.

"Giacomo Lamporeccho," said he; and though he uttered the words like a human bassoon, they really sounded as if

he preferred not to be himself, but somebody else, in case I desired it.

“Well, Giacomo,” said I, easily, and trying to assume as much familiarity as I could with so imposing a personage, “I want you to afford me some information about these accounts of mine.”

“Ah! the house accounts!” said he, with a very slight elevation of the eyebrows, but quite sufficient to convey to me an expression of contemptuous meaning.

“Just so, Giacomo; they appear to me high, — enormously, extravagantly high!”

“His Excellency paid, at least, the double in London,” said he, bowing.

“That’s not the question. We are in Lombardy, — a land where the price of everything is of the cheapest. How comes it, then, that we are maintaining our house at greater cost than even Paris would require?”

With a volubility that I can make no pretension to follow, the fellow ran over the prices of bread, meat, fowls, and fish, showing that they were for half their cost elsewhere; that his Excellency’s table was actually a mean one; that sea-fish from Venice, and ortolans, seldom figured at it above once or twice a week; that it was rare to see a second flask of champagne opened at dinner; that our Bordeaux was bad, and our Burgundy bitter; in short, he thought his Excellency had come expressly for economy, as great “milors” will occasionally do, and that if so, he must have had ample reason to be satisfied with the experiment.

Though every sentiment the fellow uttered was an impertinence, he bowed and smiled, and demeaned himself with such an air of humility throughout, that I stood puzzled between the matter and the manner of his address. Meanwhile he was not idle, but running over with glib volubility the names of all the “illistrissimi Inglesi” he had been cheating and robbing for a dozen years back. To nail him to the fact of the difference between the cost of the article and the gross sum expended, was downright impossible, though he clearly gave to understand that any inquiry into the matter showed his Excellency to be the shabbiest of men, — mean, grasping, and avaricious, and, in fact, very

likely to be no "milor" at all, but some poor pretender to rank and station.

I felt myself waxing wroth with a weak frame, — about as unpleasant a situation as can be fancied; for let me observe to you, Tom, that the brawny proportions of Signor Lamporeccho would not have prevented my trying conclusion with him, had I been what you last saw me; but, alas! the Italian doctor had bled me down so low that I was not even a match for one of his countrymen. I was therefore obliged to inform my friend that, being alone with him, and our interview having taken the form of a privileged communication, he was a thief and a robber!

The words were not uttered, when he drew a long and glistening knife from behind his back, under his coat, and made a rush at me. I seized the butt-end of James's fishing-rod, — fortunately beside me, — and held him at bay, shouting wildly, "Murder!" all the while. The room was filled in an instant; Tiverton and the girls, followed by all the servants and several peasants, rushing in pell-mell. Before, however, I could speak, for I was almost choked with passion, Signor Giacomo had gained Lord George's ear, and evidently made him his partisan.

Tiverton cleared the room as fast as he could, mumbling out something to the girls that seemed to satisfy them and allay their fears, and then, closing the door, took his seat beside me.

"It will not signify," said he to me, in a kind voice; "the thing is only a scratch, and will be well in a day or two."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Egad! you 'll have to be cautious, though," said he, laughing. "It was in a very awkward place; and that too is n't the handiest for minute anatomy."

"Do you want to drive me mad, my Lord; for, if not, just take the trouble to explain yourself."

"Pooh, pooh!" said he; "don't fuss yourself about nothing. I understand how to deal with these fellows. You 'll see, five-and-twenty Naps. will set it all right."

"I see," said I, "your intention is to outrage me; and I beg that I may be left alone."

"Come, don't be angry with *me*, Dodd," cried he, in one of his good-tempered, coaxing ways. "I know well you'd never have done it—"

"Done what, — done what?" screamed I, in an agony of rage.

He made a gesture with the fishing-rod, and burst out a-laughing for reply.

"Do you mean that I stuck that scoundrel that has just gone out?" cried I.

"And no great harm, either!" said he.

"Do you mean that I stuck him? — answer me that."

"Well, I'd be just as much pleased if you had not," said he; "for, though they are always punching holes into each other, they don't like an Englishman to do it. Still, keep quiet, and I'll set it all straight before to-morrow. The doctor shall give a certificate, setting forth mental excitement, and so forth. We'll show that you are not quite responsible for your actions just now."

"Egad, you'll have a proof of your theory, if you go on much longer at this rate," said I, grinding my teeth with passion.

"And then we'll get up a provocation of some kind or other. Of course, the thing will cost money, — that can't be helped; but we'll try to escape imprisonment."

"Send Cary to me, — send my daughter here!" said I, for I was growing weak.

"But had n't you better let us concert —"

"Send Cary to me, my Lord, and leave me!" and I said the words in a way that he could n't misunderstand. He had scarcely quitted the room when Cary entered it.

"There, dearest papa," said she, caressingly, "don't fret. It's a mere trifle; and if he was n't a wretchedly cowardly creature, he'd think nothing of it!"

"Are you in the conspiracy against me too?" cried I; "have *you* also joined the enemy?"

"That I have n't," said she, putting an arm round my neck; "and I know well, if the fellow had not grossly outraged, or perhaps menaced you, you'd never have done it! I'm certain of that, pappy!"

Egad, Tom, I don't like to own it, but the truth is — I

burst out a-crying ; that's what all this bleeding and lowering has brought me to, that I haven't the nerve of a kitten! It was the inability to rebut all this balderdash — to show that it was a lie from beginning to end — confounded me ; and when I saw my poor Cary, that never believed ill of me before, that, no matter what I said or did, always took my part, and if she could n't defend at least excused me, — when, I say, I saw that *she* gave in to this infernal delusion, I just felt as if my heart was going to break, and I sincerely wished it might.

I tried very hard to summon strength to set her right ; I suppose that a drowning man never struggled harder to reach a plank than did I to grasp one thought well and vigorously ; but to no use. My ideas danced about like the phantoms in a magic lantern, and none would remain long enough to be recognized.

"I think I 'll take a sleep, my dear," said I.

"The very wisest thing you could do, pappy," said she, closing the shutters noiselessly, and sitting down in her old place beside my bed.

Though I pretended slumber, I never slept a wink. I went over all this affair in my mind, and, summing up the evidence against me, I began to wonder if a man ever committed a homicide without knowing it, — I mean, if, when his thoughts were very much occupied, he could stick a fellow-creature and not be aware of it. I could n't exactly call any case in point to mind, but I did n't see why it might not be possible. If stabbing people was a common and daily habit of an individual, doubtless he might do it, just as he would wind his watch or wipe his spectacles, while thinking of something else ; but as it was not a customary process, at least where I came from, there was the difficulty. I would have given more than I had to give, just to ask Cary a few questions, — as, for instance, how did it happen ? where is the wound ? how deep is it ? and so on, — but I was so terrified lest I should compromise my innocence that I would not venture on a syllable. One sees constantly in the police reports how the prisoner, when driving off to jail with Inspector Potts, invariably betrays himself by some expression of anxiety or uneasiness, such as " Well, nobody can

say I did it! I was in Houndsditch till eleven o'clock;" or, "Poor Molly, I didn't mean her any harm, but it was she begun it." Warned by these indiscreet admissions, I was guarded not to utter a word. I preserved my resolution with such firmness that I fell into a sound sleep, and never awoke till the next morning.

Before I acknowledged myself to be awake,—don't you know that state, Tom, in which a man vibrates between consciousness and indolence, and when he has not fully made up his mind whether he'll not skulk his load of daily cares a little longer?—I could perceive that there was a certain stir and movement about me that betokened extraordinary preparation, and I could overhear little scraps of discussions as to whether "he ought to be awakened," and "what he should wear," Cary's voice being strongly marked in opposition to everything that portended any disturbance of me. Patience, I believe, is not my forte, though long-suffering may be my fortune, for I sharply asked, "What the — was in the wind now?"

"We'll leave him to Cary," said Mrs. D., retiring precipitately, followed by the rest, while Cary came up to my bedside, and kindly began her inquiries about my health; but I stopped her, by a very abrupt repetition of my former question.

"Oh! it's a mere nothing, pappy,—a formality, and nothing more. That creature, Giacomo, has been making a fuss over the affair of last night; and though Lord George endeavored to settle it, he refused, and went off to the Tribunal to lodge a complaint."

"Well, go on."

"The Judge, or Prefect, or whatever he is, took his depositions, and issued a warrant—"

"To apprehend me?"

"Don't flurry yourself, dearest pappy; these are simply formalities, for the Brigadier has just told me—"

"He is here, then,—in the house?"

"Why will you excite yourself in this way, when I tell you that all will most easily be arranged? The Brigadier only asks to see you,—to ascertain, in fact, that you are really ill, and unable to be removed—"

"To jail — to the common prison, eh?"

"Oh, I must not talk to you, if it irritates you in this fashion; indeed, there is now little more to say, and if you will just permit the Brigadier to come in for a second, everything is done."

"I'm ready for him," said I, in a tone that showed I needed no further information; and Cary left the room.

After about five minutes' waiting, in an almost intolerable impatience, the Brigadier, stooping his enormous bear-skin to fully three feet, entered with four others, armed cap-à-pie, who drew up in a line behind him, and grounded their carbines with a clank that made the room shake. The Brigadier, I must tell you, was a very fine soldierlike fellow, and with fully half a dozen decorations hanging to his coat. It struck me that he was rather disappointed; he probably expected to see a man of colossal proportions and herculean strength, instead of the poor remnant of humanity that chicken broth and the lancet have left me. The room, too, seemed to fall below his expectations; for he threw his eyes around him without detecting any armory or offensive weapons, or, indeed, any means of resistance whatever.

"This is his Excellency?" said he at last, addressing Cary; and she nodded.

"Ask him his own name, Cary," said I. "I'm curious about it."

"My name," said he, sonorously, to her question, — "my name is Alessandro Lamporecchio;" and with that he gave the word to his people to face about, and away they marched with all the solemnity of a military movement. As the door closed behind them, however, I heard a few words uttered in whispers, and immediately afterwards the measured tread of a sentry slowly parading the lobby outside my room.

"That's another *formality*, Cary," said I, "is n't it?" She nodded for reply. "Tell them I detest ceremony, my dear," said I; "and — and" — I could n't keep down my passion — "and if they don't take that fellow away, I'll pitch him head and crop over the banisters." I tried to spring up, but back I fell, weak, and almost fainting. The sad truth came home to me at once that I had n't strength to face a baby; so I just turned my face to the wall, and

sulked away to my heart's content. If I tell you how I spent that day, the same story will do for the rest of the week. I saw that they were all watching and waiting for some outbreak, of either my temper or my curiosity. They tried every means to tempt me into an inquiry of one kind or other. They dropped hints, in half-whispers, before me. They said twenty things to arouse anxiety, and even alarm, in me; but I resolved that if I passed my days there, I'd starve them out: and so I did.

On the ninth day, when I was eating my breakfast, just as I had finished my mutton-chop, and was going to attack the eggs, Cary, in a half-laughing way, said, "Well, pappy, do you never intend to take the air again? The weather is now delightful, — that second season they call the summer of St. Joseph."

"Ain't I a prisoner?" said I. "I thought I had murdered somebody, and was sentenced for life to this chamber."

"How can you be so silly!" said she. "You know perfectly well how these foreigners make a fuss about everything, and exaggerate every trifle into a mock importance. Now, we are not in Ireland —"

"No," said I, "would to Heaven we were!"

"Well, perhaps I might echo the prayer without doing any great violence to my sincerity; but as we are not there, nor can we change the venue — is n't that the phrase? — to our own country, what if we just were to make the best of it, and suffer this matter to take its course here?"

"As how, Cary?"

"Simply by dressing yourself, and driving into Cómo. Your case will be heard on any morning you present yourself; and I am so convinced that the whole affair will be settled in five minutes that I am quite impatient it should be over."

I will not repeat all her arguments, some good and some bad, but every one of them dictated by that kind and affectionate spirit which, however her judgment incline, never deserts her. The end of it was, I got up, shaved, and dressed, and within an hour was skimming over the calm clear water towards the little city of Como.

Cary was with me, — she would come, — she said she knew she did me good; and it was true: but the scene itself — those grand, great mountains; those leafy glens, opening to the glassy lake, waveless and still; that glorious reach of blue sky, spanning from peak to peak of those Alpine ridges — all soothed and calmed me; and in the midst of such gigantic elements, I could not help feeling shame that such a reptile as I should mar the influence of this picture on my heart by petty passions and little fractious discontents unworthy of a sick schoolboy.

“Is n’t it enough for you, K. I.,” says I, “ay, and more than you deserve, just to live, and breathe, and have your being in such a bright and glorious world? If you were a poet, with what images would not these swooping mists, these fleeting shadows, people your imagination? What voices would you hear in the wind sighing through the olive groves, and dying in many a soft cadence along the grottoed shore? If a painter, what effects of sunlight and shadow are there to study? what tints of color, that, without nature to guarantee, you would never dare to venture on? But being neither, having neither gift nor talent, being simply one of those ‘fruit consumers,’ who bring back nothing to the common stock of mankind, and who can no more make my fellow-man wiser or better than I make myself taller or younger, is it not a matter of deep thankfulness that, in all my common-place of mind and thought, I too — even K. I. that I am — have an intense feeling of enjoyment in the contemplation of this scene? I could n’t describe it like Shelley, nor paint it like Stanfield, but I’ll back myself for a five-pound note to feel it with either of them.” And there, let me tell you, Tom, is the real superiority of Nature over all her counterfeits. You need no study, no cultivation, no connoisseurship to appreciate her: her glorious works come home to the heart of the peasant, as, mist-begirt, he waits for sunrise on some highland waste, as well as to the Prince, who gazes on the swelling landscape of his own dominions. I could n’t tell a Claude from a Canaletti, — I’m not sure that I don’t like H. B. better than Albert Durer, — but I’d not surrender the heartfelt delight, the calm, intense, deep-souled gratitude I experience from

the contemplation of a lovely landscape, to possess the Stafford gallery.

I was, then, in a far more peaceful and practicable frame of mind as we entered Como than when I quitted the villa.

I should like to have lingered a little in the old town itself, with its quaint little arched passages and curious architecture; but Cary advised me to nurse all my strength for the "Tribunal." I suppose it must be with some moral hope of discountenancing litigation that foreign Governments always make the Law Courts as dirty and disgusting as possible, pitch them in a filthy quarter, and surround them with every squalor. This one was a paragon of its kind, and for rags and ruffianly looks I never saw the equal of the company there assembled. I am not yet quite sure that the fellow who showed us the way did n't purposely mislead us; for we traversed a dozen dark corridors, and went up and went down more staircases than I have accomplished for the last six months. Now and then we stopped for a minute to interrogate somebody through a sliding pane in a kind of glass cage, and off we went again. At last we came to a densely crowded passage, making way through which, we entered a large hall with a vaulted roof, crammed with people, but who made room at the instance of a red-eyed, red-bearded little man in a black gown, that I now, to my horror and disgust, found out was my counsel, being already engaged by Lord George to defend me.

"This is treachery, Cary," whispered I, angrily.

"I know it is," said she, "and I'm one of the traitors; but anything is better than to see you pine away your life in a sick-room."

This was neither the time nor place for much colloquy, as we now had to fight our way vigorously through the mob till we reached a row of seats where the bar were placed, and where we were politely told to be seated. Directly in front of us sat three ill-favored old fellows in black gowns and square black caps, modelled after those brown-paper helmets so popular with plasterers and stucco men in our country. I found it a great trial not to laugh every time I looked at them !

There was no case "on" at the moment, but a kind of wrangle was going forward about whose was to be the next hearing, in which I could hear my own name mingled. My lawyer, Signor Mastuccio, seemed to make a successful appeal in my favor; for the three old "plasterers" put up their eyeglasses, and stared earnestly at Cary, after which the chief of them nodded benignly, and said that the case of Giacomo Lamporeccho might be called; and accordingly, with a voice that might have raised the echoes of the Alps, a fellow screamed out that the "homicidio" — I have no need to translate the word — was then before the Court. If I only were to tell you, Tom, of the tiresome, tedious, and unmeaning formalities that followed, your case in listening would be scarcely more enviable than was my own while enduring them. All the preliminary proceedings were in writing, and a dirty little dog, with a vile odor of garlic about him, read some seventy pages of a manuscript which I was informed was the accusation against me. Then appeared another creature, — his twin brother in meanness and poverty, — who proved to be a doctor, the same who had professionally attended the wounded man, and who also read a memoir of the patient's sufferings and peril. These occupied the Court till it was nigh three o'clock, when, being concluded, Giacomo himself was called. I assure you, Tom, I gave a start when, instead of the large, fine, burly, well-bearded rascal with the Lablache voice, I beheld a pale, thin, weakly creature, with a miserable treble, inform the Court that he was Giacomo Lamporeccho.

Cary, who translated for me as he spoke, told me that he gave an account of our interview together, in which it would appear that my conduct was that of an outrageous maniac. He described me as accusing everybody of roguery and cheating, — calling the whole country a den of thieves, and the authorities their accomplices. He detailed his own mild remonstrances against my hasty judgment, and his calm appeals to my better reason. He dwelt long upon his wounded honor, and, what he felt still more deeply, the wounded honor of his nation; and at last he actually began to cry when his feelings got too much for him, at which the Court sobbed, and the bar sobbed, and the general audience,

in a mixture of grief and menace, muttered the most signal vengeance against your humble servant.

I happened to be — a rare thing for me, latterly — in one of my old moods, when the ludicrous and absurd carry away all my sympathies; and faith, Tom, I laughed as heartily as ever I did in my life at the whole scene. “Are we coming to the wound yet, Cary,” said I, “tell me that,” for the fellow had now begun again.

“Yes, papa, he is describing it, and, by his account, it ought to have killed him.”

“Egad,” said I, “it will be the death of *me* with laughing;” and I shook till my sides ached.

“Does his Excellency know that he is in a Court of Justice?” said Plasterer No. 1.

“Tell him, my dear, that I quite forgot it. I fancied I was at a play, and enjoyed it much.”

I believe Cary did n’t translate me honestly, for the old fellow seemed appeased, and the case continued. I could now perceive that my atrocious conduct had evoked a very strong sentiment in the auditory, for there was a great rush forward to get a look at me, and they who were fortunate enough to succeed complimented me by a string of the most abusive and insulting epithets.

My advocate was now called on, and, seeing him rise, I just whispered to Cary, “Ask the judge if we may see the wound?”

“What does that question mean?” said the chief judge, imperiously. “Would the prisoner dare to insinuate that the wound has no existence?”

“You’ve hit it,” said I. “Tell him, Cary, that’s exactly what I mean.”

“Has not the prisoner sworn to his sufferings,” repeated he, “and the doctor made oath to the treatment?”

“They’re both a pair of lying scoundrels. Tell him so, Cary.”

“You see him now. There is the man himself in his true colors, most illustrious and most ornate judges,” exclaimed Giacomo, pointing to me with his finger, as I nearly burst with rage.

“Ah! che diavolo! che demonio infernale!” rang out

amidst the waving crowd; and the looks bestowed on me from the bench seemed to give hearty concurrence to the opinion.

Now, Tom, a court of justice, be its locale ever so humble, and its procedure ever so simple, has always struck me as the very finest evidence of homage to civilization. There is something in the fact of men submitting, not only their worldly interests and their characters, but even their very passions, to the arbitration of their fellow-men, that is indescribably fine and noble, and shows—if we even wanted such a proof—that this corrupt nature of ours, in the midst of all its worst influences, has still some of that divine essence within, unsullied and untarnished. And just as I reverence this, do I execrate, with all my heart's indignation, a corrupt judicature. The governments who employ, and the people who tolerate them, are well worthy of each other.

Take all the vices that degrade a nation, “bray them in a mortar,” and they’ll not eat so deep into the moral feeling of a people as a tainted administration of the law.

You may fancy that, in my passionate warmth, I have forgotten all about my individual case: no such thing. I have, however, rescued myself from the danger of an apoplexy by opening this safety-valve to my indignation. And now I cannot resume my narrative. No, Tom, “I have lost the scent,” and all I can do is to bring you “in at the death.” I was sentenced to pay seven hundred zwanzigers,—eight-pences,—all the costs of the procedure, the doctor’s bill, and the maintenance of Giacomo till his convalescence was completed. I appealed on the spot to an upper court, and the judgment was confirmed! I nearly burst with indignant anger, and asked my advocate if he had ever heard of such iniquity. He shrugged his shoulders, smiled slightly, and said, “The law is precarious in all countries.”

“Yes,—but,” said I, “the judges are not always corrupt. Now, that old president of the first court suggested every answer to the witness—”

“Vincenzo Lamporecchio is a shrewd man—”

“What! How do you call him? Is he anything to our friend Giacomo?”

“ He is his father ! ”

“ And the Brigadier who arrested me ? ”

“ Is his brother. The junior judge of the Appeal Court, Luigi Lamporecchio, is his first cousin.”

I didn’t ask more questions, Tom. Fancy a country where your butler is brother to the chief baron, and sues you for wages in the Court of Exchequer !

“ And you, Signor Mastuccio,” said I. “ I hope I have not exposed you to the vengeance of this powerful family by your zeal in my behalf ? ”

“ Not in the least,” said he ; “ my mother was a Lamporecchio herself.”

Now, Tom, I think I need not take any more pains to explain the issue of my lawsuit ; and here I’ll leave it.

My parting benediction to the Court was brief : “ Good-bye, old gentlemen. I’m glad you have the Austrians here to bully you ; and not sorry that *you* are here to assassinate *them*.” This speech was overheard by some learned linguist in court, and on the same evening I received an intimation to quit the Imperial dominions within twenty-four hours. Tiverton was for going up to Milan to Radetzky, or somebody else, and having it all “ put straight,” as he calls it ; but I would not hear of this.

“ We ’ll write to the Ambassador at Vienna ? ” said he.

“ Nor that either,” said I.

“ To the ‘ Times,’ then.”

“ Not a word of it.”

“ You don’t mean to say,” said he, “ that you ’ll put up with this treatment, and that you ’ll lower the name of Briton before these foreigners by such a tame submission ? ”

“ My view of the case is a very simple one, my Lord,” said I ; “ and it is this. We travelling English are very prone to two faults ; one is, a bullying effort to oppose ourselves to the laws of the countries we visit ; and then, when we fail, a whining appeal to some minister or consul to take up our battle. The first is stupid, the latter is contemptible. The same feeling that would prevent me trespassing on the hospitality of an unwilling host will rescue me from the indignity of remaining in a country where my presence is distasteful to the rulers of it.”

"Such a line of conduct," said he, "would expose us to insult from one end of Europe to the other."

"And if it teach us to stay at home, and live under laws that we understand, the price is not too high for the benefit."

He blustered away about what he would n't do in the Press, and in his "place" in Parliament; but what's the use of all that? Will England go to war for Kenny James Dodd? No. Well, then, by no other argument is the foreigner assailable. Tell the Austrian or the Russian Government that the company at the "Freemasons'" dinner were shocked, and the ladies at Exeter Hall were outraged at their cruelty, and they 'll only laugh at you. We can't send a fleet to Vienna; nor — we would n't if we could.

I did n't tell Lord George, but to you, in confidence, Tom, I will say, I think we have — if we liked it — a grand remedy for all these cases. Do you know that it was thinking of Tim Ryan, the rat-catcher at Kelly's mills, suggested it to me. Whenever Tim came up to a house with his traps and contrivances, if the family said they did n't need him, "for they had no rats," he'd just loiter about the place till evening, — and, whatever he did, or how he did it, one thing was quite sure, they had never to make the same complaint again! Now, my notion is, whenever we have any grudge with a foreign State, don't begin to fit out fleets or armaments, but just send a steamer off to the nearest port with one of the refugees aboard. I'd keep Kossuth at Malta, always ready; Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin at Jersey; Don Miguel and Don Carlos at Gibraltar; and have Mazzini and some of the rest cruising about for any service they may be wanted on. In that way, Tom, we'd keep these Governments in order, and, like Tim Ryan, be turning our vermin to a good account besides!

I thought that Mrs. D. and Mary Anne displayed a degree of attachment to this place rather surprising, considering that I have heard of nothing but its inconvenience till this moment, when we are ordered to quit it. Now, however, they suddenly discover it to be healthful, charming, and economical. I have questioned Cary as to the secret of this change, but she does not understand it. She knows that Lord George

received a large packet by the post this morning, and instantly hurried off to communicate its contents to Mary Anne. By George! Tom, I have come to the notion that to rule a family of four people, one ought to have a "detective officer" attached to the household. Every day or so, something puzzling and inexplicable occurs, the meaning of which never turns up till you find yourself duped, and then it is too late to complain. Now, this same letter Cary speaks of is at this very instant exercising a degree of influence here, and I am to remain in ignorance of the cause till I can pick it out from the effect. This, too, is another blessed result of foreign travel! When we lived at home the incidents of our daily life were few, and not very eventful; they were circumscribed within narrow limits, and addressed themselves to the feelings of every one amongst us. Concealment would have been absurd, even were it possible; but the truth was, we were all so engaged with the same topics and the same spirit, that we talked of them constantly, and grew to think that outside the little circle of ourselves the world was a mere wilderness. To be sure, all this sounds very narrow-minded, and all that. So it does; but let me tell you, it conduces greatly to happiness and contentment.

Now, here, we have so many irons in the fire, some one or other of us is always burning his fingers!

I continue to be very uneasy about James. Not a line have we had from him, and he's now several weeks gone! I wrote to Vickars, but have not yet heard from him in reply. Cary endeavors to persuade me that it is only his indolent, careless habit is in fault; but I can see that she is just as uncomfortable and anxious as myself.

You will collect from the length of this document that I am quite myself again; and, indeed, except a little dizziness in my head after dinner, and a tendency to sleep, I'm all right. Not that I complain of the latter, — far from it, Tom. Sancho Panza himself never blessed the inventor of it more fervently than I do.

Sometimes, however, I think that it is the newspapers are not so amusing as they used to be. The racy old bitterness of party spirit is dying out, and all the spicy drollery and

epigrammatic fun of former days gone with it. It strikes me, too, Tom, that "Party," in the strong sense, never can exist again amongst us. Party is essentially the submission of the many to the few; and so long as the few were pre-eminent in ability and tactical skill, nothing was more salutary. Walpole, Pelham, Pitt, and Fox stood immeasurably above the men and the intelligence of their time. Their statecraft was a science of which the mass of their followers were totally ignorant, and the crew never dreamt of questioning the pilot as to the course he was about to take. Whereas now—although by no means deficient in able and competent men to rule us—the body of the House is filled by others very little their inferiors. Old Babington used to say "that between a good physician and a bad one, there was only the difference between a pound and a guinea." In the same way, there is not a wider interval now between the Right Honorable Secretary on the Treasury Bench and the Honorable Member below him. Education is widely disseminated,—the intercourse of club life is immense,—opportunities of knowledge abound on every hand,—the Press is a great popular instructor; and, above all, the temper and tendency of the age favors labor of every kind. Idleness is not in vogue with any class of the whole community. What chance, then, of any man, no matter how great and gifted he be, imposing, his opinions—*as such*—upon the world of politics! A minister, or his opponent, may get together a number of supporters for a particular measure, just as you or I could muster a mob at an election or a fair; but there would be no more discipline in the one case than in the other. They'd come now, and go when they liked; and any chance of reducing such "irregulars" to the habits of an army would be downright impossible!

There is another cause of dulness, too, in the newspapers. All the accidents—a most amusing column it used to be—are now entirely caused by railroads; and there is a shocking sameness about them. They were "shunting" wagons across the line when the express came up, or the pointsman didn't turn the switch, or the fog obscured the danger signal. With these three explanations, some hundreds of human beings are annually smashed, smothered,

and scalded, and the survivors not a whit more provident than before.

Cruel assaults upon women — usually the wives of the ruffians themselves — are, I perceive, becoming a species of popular custom in England. Every “Times” I see has its catalogue of these atrocities; and I don’t perceive that five shilling fines nor even three weeks at the treadmill diminishes the number. One of the railroad companies announces that it will not hold itself responsible for casualties, nor indemnify the sufferers. Don’t you think that we might borrow a hint from them, and insert some cause of the same kind into the marriage ceremony, and that the woman should know all her “liabilities” without any hope of appeal? Ah! Tom Purcell, all our naval reviews, and industrial exhibitions, and boastful “leading” articles about our national greatness come with a very ill grace in the same broad sheet with these degrading police histories. Must savage ferocity accompany us as we grow in wealth and power? If so, then I’d rather see us a third-rate power to-morrow than rule the world at the cost of such disgrace!

Ireland, I see, jogs on just as usual, wrangling away. They can’t even agree whether the potatoes have got the rot or not. Some of the papers, too, are taking up the English cry of triumph over the downfall of our old squirearchy; but it does not sound well from *them*. To be sure, some of the new proprietors would seem not only to have taken our estates, but tasted the Blarney-stone besides; and one, a great man too, has been making a fine speech with his “respected friend, the Reverend Mr. O’Shea,” on his right hand, and vowing that he’ll never turn out anybody that pays the rent, nor dispossess a good tenant! The stupid infatuation of these English makes me sick, Tom. Why, with all their self-sufficiency, can’t they see that we understand our own people better than they do? We know the causes of bad seasons and short harvests better; we know the soil better, and the climate better, and if we have n’t been good landlords, it is simply because we could n’t afford it. Now, they are rich, and can afford it; and if they have bought up Irish estates to get the rents out of them, I’d like to know what’s to be the great benefit of

the change. "Pay up the arrears," says I; but if my Lord Somebody from England says the same, I think there's no use in selling *me* out, and taking *him* in my place. And this brings me to asking when I'm to get another remittance? I am thinking seriously of retrenchment; but first, Tom, one must have something to retrench upon. You must possess a salary before you can stand "stoppages." Of course we mean "to come home again." I have n't heard that the Government have selected me for a snug berth in the Colonies; so be assured that you'll see us all back in Dodsborough before—

Mrs. D. had been looking over my shoulder, Tom, while I was writing the last line, and we have just had what she calls an "explanation," but what ordinary grammarians would style — a row. She frankly and firmly declares that I may try Timbuctoo or the Gambia if I like, but back to Ireland she positively will not go! She informs me, besides, that she is quite open to an arrangement about a separate maintenance. But my property, Tom, is like poor Jack Heffernan's goose, — it would n't bear carving, so he just helped himself to it all! And, as I said to Mrs. D., two people may get some kind of shelter under one umbrella, but they'll infallibly be wet through if they cut it in two, and each walk off with his half. "If you were a bit of a gentleman," said she, "you'd give it all to the lady." That's what I got for my illustration.

But now that I'm safe once more, I repeat, you shall certainly see us back in our old house again, and which, for more reasons than I choose to detail here, we ought never to have quitted.

I have been just sent for to a cabinet council of the family, who are curious to know whither we are going from this; and as I wish to appear prepared with a plan, and am not strong in geography, I'll take a look at the map before I go. I've hit it, Tom, — Parma. Parma will do admirably. It's near, and it's never visited by strangers. There's a gallery of pictures to look at, and, at the worst, plenty of cheese to eat. Tourists may talk and grumble as they will about the dreary aspect of these small capitals, without trade and commerce, with a beggarly Court and

a ruined nobility, — to me they are a boon from Heaven. You can always live in them for a fourth of the cost of elsewhere. The head inn is your own, just as the Piazza is, and the park at the back of the palace. It goes hard but you can amuse yourself poking about into old churches, and peeping into shrines and down wells, pottering into the market-place, and watching the bargaining for eggs and onions; and when these fail, it's good fun to mark the discomfiture of your womankind at being shut up in a place where there's neither opera nor playhouse, — no promenade, no regimental band, and not even a milliner's shop.

From all I can learn, Parma will suit me perfectly; and now I'm off to announce my resolve to the family. Address me there, Tom, and with a sufficiency of cash to move further when necessary.

I'm this moment come back, and not quite satisfied with what I've done. Mrs. D. and Mary Anne approve highly of my choice. They say nothing could be better. Some of us must be mistaken, and I fervently trust that it may not be

Your sincere friend,

KENNY JAMES DODD.

LETTER XIV.

JAMES DODD TO LORD GEORGE TIVERTON, M.P.

COUR DE VIENNE, MANTUA.

MY DEAR GEORGE, — I 've only five minutes to give you; for the horses are at the door, and we 're to start at once. I have a great budget for you when we meet; for we 've been over the Tyrol and Styria, spent ten days at Venice, and "done" Verona and the rest of them, — John Murray in hand.

We 're now bound for Milan, where I want you to meet us on our arrival, with an invitation from my mother, asking Josephine to the villa. I 've told her that the note is already there awaiting her, and for mercy' sake let there be no disappointment.

This dispensation is a horrible tedious affair; but I hope we shall have it now within the present month. The interval *she* desires to spend in perfect retirement, so that the villa is exactly the place, and the attention will be well timed.

Of course they ought to receive her as well as possible. Mary Anne, I know, requires no hint; but try and persuade the governor to trim himself up a little, and if you could make away with that old flea-bitten robe he calls his dressing-gown, you 'd do the State some service. Look to the servants, too, and smarten them up; a cold perspiration breaks over me when I think of Betty Cobb!

I rely on you to think of and provide for everything, and am ever your attached friend,

JAMES DODD.

I changed my last five-hundred-pound note at Venice, so that I must bring the campaign to a close immediately.

LETTER XV.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. MARY GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH.

PARMA, THE "COUR DE PARME."

MY DEAR MOLLY, — When I wrote to you last, we were living, quietly, it is true, and unostentiously, but happily, on the Lake of Comus, and there we might have passed the whole autumn, had not K. I., with his usual thoughtfulness for the comfort of his family, got into a row with the police, and had us sent out of the country.

No less, my dear! Over the frontier in twenty-four hours was the word; and when Lord George wanted to see some of the great people about it, or even make a stir in the newspapers, he would n't let him. "No," said he, "the world is getting tired of Englishmen that are wronged by foreign governments. They say, naturally enough, that there must be some fault in ourselves, if we are always in trouble, this way; and, besides, I would not take fifty pounds, and have somebody get up in the House and move for all the correspondence in the case of Mr. Dodd, so infamously used by the authorities in Lombardy." Them 's his words, Molly; and when we told him that it was a fine way of getting known and talked about in the world, what was his answer do you think? "I don't want notoriety; and if I did, I 'd write a letter to the 'Times,' and say it was I that defended Hougoumont, in the battle of Waterloo. There seems to be a great dispute about it, and I don't see why I could n't put in my claim."

I suppose after that, Molly, there will be very little doubt that his head is n't quite right, for he was no more at Waterloo than you or me.

It was a great shock to us when we got the order to march; for on that same morning the post brought us a

letter from James, or, at least, it came to Lord George, and with news that made me cry with sheer happiness for full two hours after. I was n't far wrong, Molly, when I told you that it 's little need he 'd have of learning or a profession. Launch him out well in life was my words to K. I. Give him ample means to mix in society and make friends, and see if he won't turn it to good account. I know the boy well; and that 's what K. I. never did, — never could.

See if I 'm not right, Mary Gallagher. He went down to the baths of — I 'm afraid of the name, but it sounds like "Humbug," as well as I can make out — and what does he do but make acquaintance with a beautiful young creature, a widow of nineteen, rolling in wealth, and one of the first families in France!

How he did it, I can't tell; no more than where he got all the money he spent there on horses and carriages and dinners, and elegant things that he ordered for her from Paris. He passed five weeks there, courting her, I suppose; and then away they went, rambling through Germany, and over the mountains, down to Venice. She in her own travelling-carriage, and James driving a team of four beautiful grays of his own; and then meeting when they stopped at a town, but all with as much discretion as if it was only politeness between them. At last he pops the question, Molly; and it turns out that she has no objection in life, only that she must get a dispensation from the Pope, because she was promised and betrothed to the King of Naples, or one of his brothers; and though she married another, she never got what they call a Bull of release.

This is the hardest thing in the world to obtain; and if it was n't that she has a Cardinal an uncle, she might never get it. At all events, it will take time, and meanwhile she ought to live in the strictest retirement. To enable her to do this properly, and also by way of showing her every attention, James wrote to have an invitation ready for her to come down to the villa and stay with us on a visit.

By bad luck, my dear, it was the very morning this letter came, K. I. had got us all ordered away! What was to be done, was now the question; we dare n't trust him with the secret till she was in the house, for we knew well he 'd

refuse to ask her,— say he could n't afford the expense, and that we were all sworn to ruin him. We left it to Lord George to manage; and he, at last, got K. I. to fix on Parma for a week or two, one of the quietest towns in Italy, and where you never see a coach in the streets, nor even a well-dressed creature out on Sunday. K. I. was delighted with it all; saving money is the soul of him, and he never thinks of anything but when he can make a hard bargain. What he does with his income, Molly, the saints alone can tell; but I suspect that there 's some sinners, too, know a trifle about it; and the day will come when I 'll have the proof! Lord G. sent for the landlord's tariff, and it was reasonable enough. Rooms were to be two zwanzigers — one-and-fourpence — apiece; breakfast, one; dinner, two zwanzigers; tea, half a one; no charge for wine of the place; and if we stayed any time, we were to have the key of a box at the opera.

K. I. was in ecstasy. "If I was to live here five or six years," says he, "and pay nobody, my affairs would n't be so much embarrassed as they are now!"

"If you 'd cut off your encumbrances, Mr. Dodd," says I, "that would save something."

"My what?" said he, flaring up, with a face like a turkey-cock.

But I was n't going to dispute with him, Molly; so I swept out of the room, and threw down a little china flower-pot just to stop him.

The same day we started, and arrived here at the hotel, the "Cour de Parme," by midnight; it was a tiresome journey, and K. I. made it worse, for he was fighting with somebody or other the whole time; and Lord George was not with us, for he had gone off to Milan to meet James; and Mr. D. was therefore free to get into as many scrapes as he pleased. I must say, he did n't neglect the opportunity, for he insulted the passport people and the custom-house officers, and the man at the bridge of boats, and the postmasters and postillions everywhere. "I did n't come here to be robbed," said he everywhere; and he got a few Italian words for "thief," "rogue," "villain," and so on; and if I saw one, I saw ten knives drawn on him that

blessed day. He would n't let Cary translate for him, but sat on the box himself, and screamed out his directions like a madman. This went on till we came to a place called San Donino, and there — it was the last stage from Parma — they told him he could n't have any horses, though he saw ten of them standing all ready harnessed and saddled in the stable. I suppose they explained to him the reason, and that he did n't understand it, for they all got to words together, and it was soon who 'd scream loudest amongst them.

At last K. I. cried out, "Come down, Paddy, and see if we can't get four of these beasts to the carriage, and we 'll not ask for a postilion." .

Down jumps Paddy out of the rumble, and rushes after him into the stable. A terrible uproar followed this, and soon after the stable people, helpers, ostlers, and postboys, were seen running out of the door for their lives, and K. I. and Paddy after them, with two rack-staves they had torn out of the manger. "Leave them to me," says K. I.; "leave them to me, Paddy, and do you go in for the horses; put them to, and get a pair of reins if you can; if not, jump up on one of the leaders, and drive away."

If he was bred and born in the place, he could not have known it better, for he came out the next minute with a pair of horses, that he fastened to the carriage in a trice, and then hurried back for two more, that he quickly brought out and put to also. "There 's no whip to be found," says he, "but this wattle will do for the leaders; and if your honor will stir up the wheelers, here 's a nice little handy stable fork to do it with." With this Paddy sprung into the saddle, K. I. jumped up to the box, and off they set, tearing down the street like mad. It was pitch dark, and of course neither of them knew the road; but K. I. screamed out, "Keep in the middle, Paddy, and don't pull up for any one." We went through the village at a full gallop, the people all yelling and shouting after us; but at the end of the street there were two roads, and Paddy cried out, "Which way now?" "Take the widest, if you can see it," screamed out K. I.; and away he went, at a pace that made the big travelling-carriage bump and swing like a boat at sea.

We soon felt we were going down a dreadful steep, for the carriage was all but on top of the horses, and K. I. kept screaming out, "Keep up the pace, Paddy. Make them go, or we'll all be smashed." Just as he said that I heard a noise, like the sea in a storm, — a terrible sound of



rushing, dashing, roaring water; then a frightful yell from Paddy, followed by a plunge. "In a river, by —!" roared out K. I. ; and as he said it, the coach gave a swing over to one side, then righted, then swung back again, and with a crash that I thought smashed it to atoms, fell over on one side into the water.

"All right," said K. I.; "I turned the leaders short round and saved us!" and with that he began tearing and dragging us out. I fell into a swoon after this, and know no more of what happened. When I came to myself, I was in a small hut, lying on a bed of chestnut leaves, and the place crowded with peasants and postilions.

"There's no mischief done, mamma," said Cary. "Paddy swam the leaders across beautifully, for the traces snapped at once, and, except the fright, we're nothing the worse."

"Where's Mary Anne?" said I.

"Talking to the gentleman who assisted us — outside — some friend of Lord George's, I believe, for he is with him."

Just as she said this, in comes Mary Anne with Lord George and his friend.

"Oh, mamma," says she, in a whisper, "you don't know who it is, — the Prince himself."

"Ah, been and done it, marm," said he, addressing me with his glass in his eye.

"What, sir?" said I.

"Taken a 'header,' they tell me, eh? Glad there's no harm done."

"His Serene Highness hopes you'll not mind it, mamma," said Mary Anne.

"Oh, is *that* it?" said I.

"Yes, mamma. Is n't he delightful, — so easy, so familiar, and so truly kind also."

"He has just ordered up two of his own carriages to take us on."

By this time his Serene Highness had lighted his cigar, and, seating himself on a log of wood in the corner of the hut, began smoking. In the intervals of the puffs he said, —

"Old gent took a wrong turning — should have gone left — water very high, besides, from the late rains — regular smash — wish I'd seen it."

K. I. now joined us, all dripping, and hung round with weeds and water-lilies, — as Lord George said, like an ancient river-god. "In any other part of the globe," said he, "there would have been a warning of some kind or other

stuck up here to show there was n't a bridge; but exactly as I said yesterday, these little beggarly States, with their petty governments, are the curse of Europe."

"Hush, papa, for mercy' sake," whispered Mary Anne; "this is the Prince himself; it is his Serene Highness—".

"Oh, the devil!" said he.

"My friend, Mr. Dodd, Prince," said Lord George, presenting him with a sly look, as much as to say, "the same as I told you about."

"Dodd — Dodd — fellow of that name hanged, was n't there?" said the Prince.

"Yes, your Highness; he was a Dr. Dodd, who committed forgery, and for whom the very greatest public sympathy was felt at the time," said K. I.

"Your father, eh?"

"No, your Highness, no relation whatever."

"Won't have him at any price, George," said the Prince, with a wink. "Never draw a weed, miss?" said he, turning to Mary Anne.

I don't know what she said, but it must have been smart, for his Serene Highness laughed heartily and said, —

"Egad, I got it there, Tiverton!"

In due time a royal carriage arrived. The Prince himself handed us in, and we drove off with one of the Court servants on the box. To be sure, we forgot that we had left K. I. behind; but Mary Anne said he'd have no difficulty in finding a conveyance, and the distance was only a few miles.

"I wish his Serene Highness had not taken away Lord George," said Mary Anne; "he insists upon his going with him to Venice."

"For my part," said Cary, "though greatly obliged to the Prince for his opportune kindness to ourselves, I am still more grateful to him for this service."

On that, my dear, we had a dispute that lasted till we got to our journey's end; for though the girls never knew what it was to disagree at home in Dodsborough, here, abroad, Cary's jealousy is such that she cannot control herself, and says at times the most cruel and unfeeling things to her sister.

At last we got to the end of this wearisome day, and found ourselves at the door of the inn. The Court servant said something to the landlord, and immediately the whole household turned out to receive us; and the order was given to prepare the "Ambassador's suite of apartments for us."

"This is the Prince's doing," whispered Mary Anne in my ear. "Did you ever know such a piece of good fortune?"

The rooms were splendid, Molly; though a little gloomy when we first got in, for all the hangings were of purple velvet, and the pictures on the walls were dark and black, so that, though we had two lamps in our saloon and above a dozen candles, you could not see more than one-half the length of it.

I never saw Mary Anne in such spirits in my life. She walked up and down, admiring everything, praising everything; then she'd sit down to the piano and play for a few minutes, and then spring up and waltz about the room like a mad thing. As for Cary, I didn't know what became of her till I found that she had been downstairs with the landlord, getting him to send a conveyance back for her father, quite forgetting, as Mary Anne said, that any fuss about the mistake would only serve to expose us. And there, Molly, once for all, is the difference between the two girls! The one has such a knowledge of life and the world, that she never makes a blunder; and the other, with the best intentions, is always doing something wrong!

We waited supper for K. I. till past one o'clock; but, with his usual selfishness and disregard of others, he never came till it was nigh three, and then made such a noise as to wake up the whole house. It appeared, too, that he missed the coach that was sent to meet him, and he and Paddy Byrne came the whole way on foot! Let him do what he will, he has a knack of bringing disgrace on his family! The fatigue and wet feet, and his temper more than either, brought back the gout on him, and he did n't get up till late in the afternoon. We were in the greatest anxiety to tell him about James; but there was no saying what humor he'd be in, and how he'd take it. Indeed, his first appearance did not augur well. He was cross with

everything and everybody. He said that sleeping on that grand bed with the satin hangings was like lying in state after death, and that our elegant drawing-room was about as comfortable as a cathedral.

He got into a little better temper when the landlord came up with the bill of fare, and to consult him about the dinner.

“Egad!” said he, “I’ve ordered fourteen dishes; so I don’t think they’ll make much out of the two zwanzigers a head!” Out of decency he had to order champagne, and a couple of bottles of Italian wine of a very high quality. “It’s like all my economy,” says he; “five shillings for a horse, and a pound to get him shod!”

We saw it was best to wait till dinner was over before we spoke to him; and, indeed, we were right, for he dined very heartily, finished the two bottles every glass, and got so happy and comfortable that Mary Anne sat down to the piano to sing for him.

“Thank you, my darling,” said he, when she was done. “I’ve no doubt that the song is a fine one, and that you sung it well, but I can’t follow the words, nor appreciate the air. I like something that touches me either with an old recollection, or by some suggestion for the future; and if you’d try and remember the ‘Meeting of the Waters,’ or ‘Where’s the Slave so lowly’ — ”

“I’m afraid, sir, I cannot gratify you,” said she; and it was all she could do to get out of the room before he heard her sobbing.

“What’s the matter, Jemi,” said he, “did I say anything wrong? Is Molly angry with me?”

“Will you tell me,” said I, “when you ever said anything right? Or do you do anything from morning till night but hurt the feelings and dance upon the tenderest emotions of your whole family? I’ve submitted to it so long,” said I, “that I have no heart left in me to complain; but now that you drive me to it, I’ll tell you my mind;” and so I did, Molly, till he jumped up at last, put on his hat, and rushed downstairs into the street. After which I went to my room, and cried till bedtime! As poor Mary Anne said to me, “There was a refined cruelty in that request

of papa's I can never forget;" nor is it to be expected she should!

The next morning at breakfast he was in a better humor, for the table was covered with delicacies of every kind, fruit and liqueurs besides. "Not dear at eightpence, Jemi," he'd say, at every time he filled his plate. "Just think the way one is robbed by servants, when you see what can be had for a 'zwanziger;'" and he made Cary take down a list of the things, just to send to the "Times," and show how the English hotels were cheating the public.

We saw that this was a fine opportunity to tell him about James, and so Mary Anne undertook the task. "And so he never went to London at all," he kept repeating all the while. No matter what she said about the Countess, and her fortune, and her great connections; nothing came out of his lips but the same words.

"Don't you perceive," said I, at last, for I could n't bear it any longer, "that he did better, — that the boy took a shorter and surer road in life than a shabby place under the Crown!"

"May be so," said he, with a deep sigh, — "may be so! but I ought to be excused if I don't see at a glance how any man makes his fortune by marriage!"

I knew that he meant that for a provocation, Molly, but I bit my lips and said nothing.

We then explained to him that we had sent off a note to the Countess, asking her to pass a few weeks with us, and were in hourly expectation of her arrival.

He gave another heavy sigh, and drank off a glass of Curaçoa.

Mary Anne went on about our good luck in finding such a capital hotel, so cheap and in such a sweet retired spot, — just the very thing the Countess would like.

"Never went to London at all!" muttered K. I., for he could n't get his thoughts out of the old track. And, indeed, though we were all talking to him for more than an hour afterwards, it was easy to see that he was just standing still on the same spot as before. I don't ever remember passing a day of such anxiety as that, for every distant noise of wheels, every crack of a postilion's whip, brought

us to the window to see if they were coming. We delayed dinner till seven o'clock, and put K. I.'s watch back, to persuade him it was only five; we loitered and lingered over it as long as we could, but no sight nor sound was there of their coming.

"Tell Paddy to fetch my slippers, Molly," said K. I., as we got into the drawing-room.

"Oh, papa! impossible," said she; "the Countess may arrive at any moment."

"Think of his never going to London at all," said he, with a groan.

I almost cried with spite, to see a man so lost to every sentiment of proper pride, and even dead to the prospects of his own children!

"Don't you think I might have a cigar?" said he.

"Is it here, papa?" said Mary Anne. "The smell of tobacco would certainly disgust the Countess."

"He thinks it would be more flattering to receive her into all the intimacy of the family," said I, "and see us without any disguise."

"Egad, then," said he, bitterly, "she's come too late for that; she should have made our acquaintance before we began vagabondizing over Europe, and pretending to fifty things we've no right to!"

"Here she is,—here they are!" screamed Mary Anne at this moment; and, with a loud noise like thunder, the heavy carriage rolled under the arched gateway, while crack—crack—crack went the whips, and the big bell of the hall began ringing away furiously.

"I'm off, at all events," said K. I.; and snatching one of the candles off the table, he rushed out of the room as hard as he could go.

I hadn't more than time to put my cap straight on my head, when I heard them on the stairs; and then, with a loud bang of the folding-doors, the landlord himself ushered them into the room. She was leaning on James's arm, but the minute she saw me, she rushed forward and kissed my hand! I never was so ashamed in my life, Molly. It was making me out such a great personage at once, that I thought I'd have fainted at the very notion. As to Mary

Anne, they were in each other's arms in a second, and kissed a dozen times. Cary, however, with a coldness that I'll never forgive her for, just shook hands with her, and then turned to embrace James a second time.

While Mary Anne was taking off her shawl and her bonnet, I saw that she was looking anxiously about the room.

"What is it?" said I to Mary Anne, — "what does she want?" "She's asking where's the Prince; she means papa," whispered Mary Anne to me; and then, in a flash, I saw the way James represented us. "Tell her, my dear," said I, "that the Prince was n't very well, and has gone to bed." But she was too much engaged with us all to ask more about him, and we all sat down to tea, the happiest party ever you looked at. I had time now to look at her; and really, Molly, I must allow, she was the handsomest creature I ever beheld. She was a kind of a Spanish beauty, brown, and with jet-black eyes and hair, but a little vermillion on her cheeks, and eyelashes that threw a shadow over the upper part of her face. As to her teeth, when she smiled, — I thought Mary Anne's good, but they were nothing in comparison. When she caught me looking at her, she seemed to guess what was passing in my mind, for she stooped down and kissed my hand twice or thrice with rapture.

It was a great loss to me, as you may suppose, that I could n't speak to her, nor understand what she said to me; but I saw that Mary Anne was charmed with her, and even Cary — cold and distant as she was at first — seemed very much taken with her afterwards.

When tea was over, James sat down beside me, and told me everything. "If the governor will only behave handsomely for a week or two," said he, — "I ask no more, — that lovely creature and four thousand a year are all my own." He went on to show me that we ought to live in a certain style — not looking too narrowly into the cost of it — while she was with us. "She can't stay after the fourteenth," said he, "for her uncle the Cardinal is to be at Pisa that day, and she must be there to meet him; so that, after all, it's only three weeks I'm asking for, and a couple of hundred pounds will do it all. As for me," said he,

"I'm regularly aground, — have n't a ten-pound note remaining, and had to sell my 'drag' and my four grays at Milan, to get money to come on here."

He then informed me that her saddle-horses would arrive in a day or two, and that we should immediately provide others, to enable him and the girls to ride out with her. "She is used to every imaginable luxury," said he, "and has no conception that want of means could be the impediment to having anything one wished for."

I promised him to do my best with his father, Molly: but you may guess what a task that was; for, say what I could, the only remark I could get out of him was, "It's very strange that he never went to London."

After all, Molly, I might have spared myself all my fatigue and all my labor, if I had only had the common-sense to remember what he was, — what he is, — ay, and what he will be — to the end of the chapter. He was n't well in the room with her the next morning, when I saw the old fool looking as soft and as sheepish at her as if he was making love himself. I own to you, Molly, I think she encouraged it. She had that French way with her, that seems to say, "Look as long as you like, and I don't mind it;" and so he did, — and even after breakfast I caught him peeping under the "Times" at her foot, which, I must say, was beautifully shaped and small; not but that the shoe had a great deal to say to it.

"I hope you're pleased, Mr. Dodd?" said I, as I passed behind his chair.

"Yes," said he; "the funds is rising."

"I mean with the prospect," said I.

"Yes," said he; "we'll be all looking up presently."

"Better than looking down," said I, "you old fool!"

I could n't help it, Molly, if it was to have spoiled everything, — the words would come out.

He got very red in the face, Molly, but said nothing, and so I left him to his own reflections. And it is what I'm now going to do with yourself, seeing that I've come to the end of all my news, and carefully jotted down everything that has occurred here for your benefit. Four days have

now passed over, and they don't seem like as many hours, though the place itself has not got many amusements.

The young people ride out every morning on horseback, and rarely come back until time to dress for dinner. Then we all meet; and I must say a more elegant display I never witnessed! The table covered with plate, and beautiful colored glass globes filled with flowers. The girls in full dress,—for the Countess comes down as if she was going to a Court, and wears diamond combs in her head, and a brooch of the same, as large as a cheese-plate. I too do my best to make a suitable appearance,—in crimson velvet and a spangled turban, with a deep fall of gold fringe,—and, except the “Prince,”—as we call K. I.,—we are all fit to receive the Emperor of Russia.

In the evening we have music and a game of cards, except on the opera nights, which we never miss; and then, with a nice warm supper at twelve o'clock, Molly, we close as pleasant a day as you could wish. Of course I can't tell you much more about the Countess, for I'm unable to talk to her, but she and Mary Anne are never asunder; and, though Cary still plays cold and retired, she can't help calling her a lovely creature.

It seems there is some new difficulty about the dispensation; and the Cardinal requires her to do “some meritorious works,” I think they call them, before he'll ask for it. But if ever there was a saintly young creature, it is herself; and I hear she's up at five o'clock every morning just to attend first mass.

Here they are now, coming up the stairs, and I have n't more than time to seal this, and write myself

Your attached friend,

JEMIMA DODD.

Mary Anne begs you will tell Kitty Doolan that she has not been able to write to her, with all the occupation she has lately had, but will take the very first moment to send her at least a few lines. As James's good luck will soon be no secret, you may tell it to Kitty, and I think it won't be thrown away on her, as I suspect she was making eyes at him herself, though she might be his mother!

LETTER XVI.

MISS MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

PARMA.

DEAREST KITTY,— It is but seldom I have to bespeak your indulgence on the score of my brevity, but I must do so now, overwhelmed as I am with occupation, and scarcely a moment left me that I can really call my own. Mamma's letter to old Molly will have explained to you the great fortune which has befallen James, and, I might add also, all who belong to him. And really, dearest, with all the assurance the evidence of my own senses can convey, I still find it difficult to credit such unparalleled luck. Fancy beauty — and such beauty,— youth, genius, mind, rank, and a large fortune, thrown, I may say, at his feet! She is Spanish, by the mother's side; “Las Caldenhas,” I think the name, whose father was a grandee of the first class. Her own father was the General Count de St. Amand, who commanded in the celebrated battle of Austerlitz in the retreat from Moscow. I'm sure, dearest, you'll be amazed at my familiarity with these historical events; but the truth is, she is a perfect treasury of such knowledge, and I must needs gain some little by the contact.

I am at a loss how to give you any correct notion of one whose universality seems to impart to her character all the semblance of contradictory qualities. She is, for instance, proud and haughty, to a degree little short of insolence. She exacts from men a species of deference little less than a slavish submission. As she herself says, “Let them do homage.” All her ideas of life and society are formed on the very grandest scale. She has known, in fact, but one “set,” and that has been one where royalties moved as private individuals. Her very trinkets recall such memories;

and I have passed more than one morning admiring pearl ear-rings, with the cipher of the Czarawitsch; bracelets with the initials of an Austrian Archduke, and a diamond cross, which she forgot whether it was given her by Prince Metternich or Mehemet Ali. If you only heard her, too, how she talks of that "dear old thing, the ex-King of Bavaria," and with what affectionate regard she alludes to "her second self, — the Queen of Spain," you'd feel at once, dearest Kitty, that you were moving amidst crowns and sceptres, with the rustle of royal purple beside, and the shadow of a thronely canopy over you. In one sense, this has been for us the very rarest piece of good fortune; for, accustomed as she has been to only one sphere, — and that the very highest, — she does not detect many little peculiarities in papa's and mamma's habits, and censure them as vulgar, but rather accepts them as the ways and customs among ordinary nobility. In fact, she thinks the Prince, as she calls papa, the very image of "Pozzo di Borgo;" and mamma she can scarcely see without saying, "Your Majesty," she is so like the Queen Dowager of Piedmont.

As to James, if it were not that I knew her real sentiments, and that she loves him to distraction, — merely judging from what goes on in society, — I should say he had not a chance of success. She takes pleasure, I almost think, in decrying the very qualities he has most pretension to. She even laughs at his horsemanship; and yesterday went so far as to say that activity was not amongst his perfections, — James, who really is the very type of agility! One of her amusements is to propose to him some impossible feat or other, and the poor boy has nearly broken his back and dislocated his limbs by contortions that nothing but a fish could accomplish. But the contrarieties of her nature do not end here! She, so grave, so dignified, so imperious, I might even call it, before others, once alone with me becomes the wildest creature in existence. The very moment she makes her escape to her own room, she can scarcely control her delight at throwing off the "Countess," as she says herself, and being once again free, joyous, and unconstrained.

I have told her, over and over again, that if James only knew her in these moods, that he would adore her even more

than he does now; but she only laughs, and says, "Well, time enough; he shall see me so one of these days." It was not till after ten or twelve days that she admitted me to her real confidence. The manner of it was itself curious. "Are you sleepy?" said she to me, one evening as we went upstairs to bed; "for, if not, come and pay me a visit in my room."



I accepted the invitation; and after exchanging my evening robe for a dressing-gown, hastened to the chamber. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I entered! She was seated on a richly embroidered cushion on the floor, dressed in Turkish fashion, loose trousers of gold-sprigged muslin, with a small fez of scarlet cloth on her head, and a jacket of the same colored velvet almost concealed beneath its golden

embroidery; a splendid scimitar lay beside her, and a most costly pipe, in pure Turkish taste, which, however, she did not make use of, but smoked a small paper cigarette instead.

"Come, dearest," said she, "turn the key in the door, and light your cigar; here we are at length free and happy." It was in vain that I assured her I never had tried to smoke. At first she would n't believe, and then she actually screamed with laughter at me. "One would fancy," said she, "that you had only left England yesterday. Why, child, where have you lived and with whom?" I cannot go over all she said; nor need I repeat the efforts I made to palliate my want of knowledge of life, which she really appeared to grieve over. "I should never think of asking your sister here," said she; "there is a frivolity in all her gayety—a light-heartedness, without sentiment—that I cannot abide; but you, *ma chère*, you have a nature akin to my own. You ought, and, indeed, must be one of us."

So far as I could collect, Kitty, — for remember, I was smoking my first cigarette all this time, and not particularly clear of head, — there is a set in Parisian society, the most exclusive and refined of all, who have voted the emancipation of women from all the slavery and degradation to which the social usages of the world at large would condemn them. Rightly judging that the expansion of intelligence is to be acquired only in greater liberty of action, they have admitted them to a freer community and participation in the themes which occupy men's thoughts, and the habits which accompany their moods of reflection.

Gifted, as we confessedly are, with nicer and more acute perceptions, finer powers of discrimination and judgment, greater delicacy of feeling, and more apt appreciation of the beautiful and the true, why should we descend to an intellectual bondage? As dearest Josephine says, "Our influence, to be beneficial, should be candidly and openly exercised, not furtively practised, and cunningly insinuated. Let us leave these arts to women who want to rule their husbands; our destiny be it — to sway mankind!" Her theory, so far as I understand it, is that men will not endure petty

rivalries, but succumb at once to superior attainments. Thus, your masculine young lady, Kitty, — your creature of boisterous manners, slang, and slap-dash, — is invariably a disgust; but your true “lionne,” gifted yet graceful, possessing every manly accomplishment and yet employing her knowledge to enhance the charms of her society and render herself more truly companionable, the equal of men in culture, their superior in taste and refinement, exercises a despotic influence around her.

Men will quit the *salon* for the play-table. Let us, then, be gamblers for the nonce, and we shall not be deserted. They smoke, that they may get together and talk with a freedom and a license not used before us. Let us adopt the custom, and we are no longer debarred from their intimacy and the power of infusing the refining influences of our sex through their barbarism! As Josephine says, “We are the martyrs now, that we may be the masters hereafter!”

I grew very faint, once or twice, while she was talking; and, indeed, at last was obliged to lie down, and have my temples bathed with eau-de-Cologne, so that I unluckily lost many of her strongest arguments and happiest illustrations; but, from frequent conversations since, and from reading some of the beautiful romances of “Georges Sand,” I have attained to, if not a full appreciation, at least an unbounded admiration of this beautiful system.

Have I forgotten to tell you that we met the Prince of Pontremoli on our way here? — a Serene Highness, Kitty! but as easy and as familiar as my brother James. The drollest thing is that he has lived while in England with all the “fast people,” and only talks a species of conventional slang in vogue amongst them; but for all that he is delightful, — full of gayety and good spirits, and has the wickedest dark eyes you ever beheld.

Dear Josephine’s caprices are boundless! Yesterday she read of a black Arabian that the Imaum of somewhere was sending as a present to General Lamoricière, and she immediately said, “Oh, the General is exiled now, he can’t want a charger, — send and get him for me.” Poor James is out all the morning in search of some one to despatch on this difficult service; but how it is to be accomplished — not to

speak of where the money is to come from — is an unreadable riddle to

Your affectionate and devoted
MARY ANNE DODD.

You will doubtless be dissatisfied, dearest Kitty, if I seal this without inserting one word about myself and my own prospects. But what can I say, save that all is mist-wreathed and shadowy in the dim future before me? *He* has said nothing since. I see — it is but too plain to see — the anguish that is tearing his very heart-strings; but he buries his sorrow within his soul, and I am not free even to weep beside the sepulchre! Oh, dearest, when you read what Georges Sand has written, — when you come to ponder over the miseries the fatal institution of marriage has wrought in the world, — the fond hearts broken, the noble natures crushed, and the proud spirits degraded, — you will only wonder why the tyranny has been borne so long! and exclaim with me, “When — oh, when shall we be free!”

LETTER XVII.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE
GRANGE BRUFF.

PARMA.

MY DEAR TOM, — The little gleam of sunshine that shone upon us for the last week or so has turned out to be but the prelude of a regular hurricane, and all our feasting and merriment have ended in gloom, darkness, and disunion. Mrs. D.'s letter to old Molly has made known to you the circumstances under which James returned home to us, without ever having gone to London. You, of course, know all about the lovely young widow, with her immense jointure and splendid connections. If you do not, I must say that from my heart and soul I envy you, for I have heard of nothing else for the last fortnight! At all events, you have heard enough to satisfy you that the house of Dodd was about to garnish its escutcheon with some very famous quarterings, — illustrious enough even to satisfy the pride of the M'Carthys. A Cardinal's daughter — niece I mean — with four thousand a year, had deigned to ally herself with us, and we were all running breast-high in the blaze of our great success.

She came here on a visit to us while some negotiations were being concluded with the Papal Court, for we were great folk, Tom, let me tell you, and have been performing, so to say, in the same piece with popes, kings, and cardinals for the last month; and I myself, under the style and title of the "Prince," have narrowly escaped going mad from the unceasing influences of delusions, shams, and impositions in which we have been living and moving.

Of our extravagant mode of life, I'll only say that I don't think there was anything omitted which could con-

tribute to ruin a moderate income. Splendid apartments, grand dinners, horses, carriages, servants, opera-boxes, bouquets, were all put in requisition to satisfy the young Countess that she was about to make a suitable alliance, and that any deficiencies observable in either our manners or breeding were fully compensated for by our taste in cookery and our tact in wine. To be plain, Tom, to obtain this young widow with four thousand a year, we had to pretend to be possessed of about four times as much. It was a regular game of "brag" we were playing, and with a very bad hand of cards!

Hope led me on from day to day, trusting that each post would bring us the wished-for consent, and that at least a private marriage would ratify the compact. Popes and cardinals, however, are too stately for fast movements, and at the end of five weeks we had n't, so far as I could see, gained an inch of ground!

At one time his Holiness had gone off to Albano to bless somebody's bones, or the bones were coming to bless *him*, I forget which. At another, the King of Naples, fatigued with signing warrants for death and the galleys, desired to enjoy a little repose from public business. Cardinal Antonelli, hearing that we were Irish, got in a rage, and said that Ireland gave them no peace at all. And so it came to pass that the old thief — procrastination — was at his usual knavery; and for want of better, set to work to ruin poor Kenny Dodd!

It is only fair to observe that, except Cary and myself, nobody manifested any great impatience at this delay; and even she, I believe, merely felt it out of regard to me. The others seemed satisfied to fare sumptuously every day; and assuredly the course of true love ran most smoothly along in rivulets of "mock turtle" and "potages à la fiancée." At last, Tom, I brought myself to book with the simple question, "How long can this continue? Will your capital stand it for a month, or even a week?" Before I attempted the answer, I sent for Mrs. D., to give her the honor of solving the riddle if she could.

Our interview took place in a little crib they call my dressing-room, but which, I must remark to you, is a dark

corner under a staircase, where the rats hold a parliament every night of the season. Mrs. D. was so shocked with the locality that she proposed our adjourning to her own apartment; and thither we at once repaired to hold our council.

I have too often wearied you with our domestic differences to make any addition to such recitals pleasant to either of us. You know us both thoroughly, besides, and can have no difficulty in filling up the debate which ensued. Enough that I say Mrs. D. was more than usually herself. She was grandly eloquent on the prospect of the great alliance; contemptuously indifferent about the petty sacrifice it was to cost us; caustically criticised the narrow-mindedness by which I measured such grandeur; winding up all with the stereotyped comparison between Dodds and M'Carthys, with which she usually concludes an engagement, just as they play "God save the Queen" at Vauxhall to show that the fireworks are over.

"And now," said I, "that we have got over preliminaries, when is this marriage to come off?"

"Ask the Pope when he'll sign the Bull," said she, tartly.

"Do you know," said I, "I think the 'Bull is a mistake'?" but she didn't take the joke, and I went on. "After that, what delays are there?"

"I suppose the settlement will take some time. You'll have to make suitable provision for James, to give him a handsome allowance out of the estate."

"Egad, Mrs. D.," said I, "it must be *out* of it with a vengeance, for there's no man living will advance five hundred *upon* it."

"And who wants them?" said she, angrily. "You know what I mean, well enough!"

"Upon my conscience, ma'am, I do not," said I. "You must just take pity on my stupidity and enlighten me."

"Is n't it clear, Mr. D.," said she, "that when marrying a woman with a large fortune he ought to have something himself?"

"It would be better he had; no doubt of it!"

"And if he has n't? if what should have come to him was

squandered and made away with by a life of — No matter, I'll restrain my feelings."

"Don't, then," said I, "for I find that *mine* would like a little expansion."

It took her five minutes, and a hard struggle besides, before she could resume. She had, so to say, "taken off the gloves," Tom, and it went hard with her not to have a few "rounds" for her pains. By degrees, however, she calmed down to explain that by a settlement on James she never contemplated actual value, but an inconvertible medium, a mere parchmentary figment to represent lands and tenements, — just, in fact, what we had done before, and with such memorable success, in Mary Anne's case.

"No," said I, aloud, and at once, — "no more of that humbug! You got me into that mess before I knew where I was. You involved me in such a maze of embarrassments that I was glad to take any, even a bad road, to get away from them. But you'll not catch me in the same scrape again; and rather than deliberately sit down to sign, seal, and deliver myself a swindler, James must die a bachelor, that's all!"

If I had told her, Tom, that I was going into holy orders, and intended to be Bishop of Madagascar, she could not have stared at me with more surprise.

"What's come over you?" said she, at last; "what's the meaning of all these elegant fine sentiments and scruples? Are you going to die, Mr. D.? Is it making your soul you are?"

"However unmannerly the confession, Mrs. D.," said I, "I'm afraid I'm not going to die; but the simple truth is that I can't be a rogue in cold blood; maybe, if I had the luck to be born a M'Carthy, I might have had better ideas on the subject." This was a poke at Morgan James M'Carthy that was transported for altering a will.

She could n't speak with passion; she was struck dumb with rage, and so, finding the enemy's artillery spiked, I opened a brisk fire at musket-range; in other words, I told her that all we had been hitherto doing abroad rarely went beyond making ourselves ridiculous, but that, though I liked fun, I could n't push a joke as far as a felony. And,

finally, I declared, in a loud and very unmistakable manner, that as I had n't a sixpence to settle on James, I 'd not go through the mockery of engrossing a lie on parchment; that I thought very meanly of the whole farce we were carrying on; and that if I was only sure I could make myself intelligible in my French, I 'd just go straight to the Countess and say, — I 'm afraid to write the words as I spoke them, lest my spelling should be even worse than my pronunciation, for they were in French, but the meaning was, — "I 'm no more a Prince than I 'm Primate of Ireland. I 'm a small country gentleman, with an embarrassed estate and a rascally tenantry. I came abroad for economy, and it has almost ruined me. If you like my son, there he is for you; but don't flatter yourself that we possess either nobility or fortune."

"You 've done it now, you old — " The epithet was lost in a scream, Tom, for she went off in strong hysterics; so I just rang the bell for Mary Anne, and slipped quietly away to my own room. I trust it is a good conscience does it for me, but I find that I can almost always sleep soundly when I go to bed; and it is a great blessing, Tom,— for let me tell you, that after five or six and fifty, one's waking hours have more annoyances than pleasures about them; but the world is just like a man's mistress: he cares most for it when it is least fond of him!

I slept like a humming-top, and, indeed, there 's no saying when I should have awoke, if it had n't been for the knocking they kept up at my door.

It was Cary at last got admittance, and I had only to look in her face to see that a misfortune had befallen us.

"What is it, my dear?" said I.

"All kinds of worry and confusion, pappy," said she, taking my hand in both of hers. "The Countess is gone."

"Gone? — how? — where?"

"Gone. Started this morning, — indeed, before day-break, — I believe for Genoa; but there 's no knowing, for the people have been evidently bribed to secrecy."

"What for? — with what object?"

"The short of the matter is this, pappy. She appears to have overheard some conversation — evidently intended to

be of a private nature—that passed between you and mamma last night. How she understood it does not appear, for, of course, you did n't talk French."

"Let that pass. Proceed."

"Whatever it was that she gathered, or fancied she gathered, one thing is certain: she immediately summoned her maid, and gave orders to pack up; post-horses were also ordered, but all with the greatest secrecy. Meanwhile she indited a short note to Mary Anne, in which, after apologizing for a very unceremonious departure, she refers her to you and to mamma for the explanation, with a half-sarcastic remark 'that family confidences had much better be conducted in a measured tone of voice, and confined to the vernacular of the speakers.' With a very formal adieu to James, whom she styles 'votre estimable frère,' the letter concludes with an assurance of deep and sincere consideration on the part of Josephine de St. A."

"What does all this mean?" exclaimed I, with a terrible misgiving, Tom, that I knew only too well how the mischief originated.

"That is exactly what I want you to explain, pappy," said she, "for the letter distinctly refers to something within your knowledge."

"I must see the document itself," said I, cautiously; "fetch me the letter."

"James carried it off with him."

"Off with him, — why, is he gone too?"

"Yes, pappy, he started with post-horses after her, — at least, so far as he could make out the road she travelled. Poor fellow! he seemed almost out of his mind when he left this."

"And your mother, how is she?"

Cary shook her head mournfully.

Ah, Tom, I needed but the gesture to show me what was in store for me. My fertile imagination daguerreotyped a great family picture, in which I was shortly to fill a most lamentable part. My prophetic soul—as a novelist would call it—depicted me once more in the dock, arraigned for the ruin of my children, the wreck of their prospects, and the downfall of the Dodds. I fancied that even Cary would

turn against me, and almost thought I could hear her muttering, "Ah, it was papa did it all!"

While I was thus communing with myself, I received a message from Mrs. D. that she wished to see me. I take shame to myself for the confession, Tom, but I own that I felt it like an order to come up for sentence. There could be no longer any question of my guilt,—my trial was over; there remained nothing but to hear the last words of the law, which seemed to say, "Kenny Dodd, you have been convicted of a great offence. By your blundering stupidity — your unbridled temper, and your gratuitous folly — you have destroyed your son's chance of worldly fortune, blasted his affections, and — and lost him four thousand a year. But your iniquity does not end even here. You have also —." As I reached this, the door opened, and Mrs. D., in her "buff coat," as I used to call a certain flannel dressing-gown that she usually donned for battle, slowly entered, followed by Mary Anne, with a whole pharmacopœia of restoratives,—an "ambulance" that plainly predicted hot work before us. Resolving that our duel should have no witnesses, I turned the girls out of the room, and for the same reason do I preserve a rigid secrecy as to all the details of our engagement; enough when I say that the sun went down upon our wrath, and it was near nightfall when we drew off our forces. Though I fought vigorously, and with the courage of despair, I could n't get over the fact that it was my unhappy explosion in French that did all the mischief. I tried hard to make it appear that her sudden departure was rather a boon than otherwise; that our expenses were terrific, and, moreover, that, as I was determined against any fictitious settlement, her flight had only anticipated a certain catastrophe; but all these devices availed me little against my real culpability, which no casuistry could get over.

"Well, ma'am," said I, at last, "one thing is quite clear, — the Continent does not suit us. All our experience of foreign life and manners neither guides us in difficulty nor warns us when in danger. Let us go back to where we are, at least, as wise as our neighbors, — where we are familiar with the customs, and where, whatever our shortcomings, we

meet with the indulgent judgment that comes of old acquaintance."

"Where's that?" said she. "I'm curious to know where is this elegant garden of paradise?"

"Bruff, ma'am, — our own neighborhood."

"Where we were always in hot water with every one. Were you ever out of a squabble on the Bench or at the poorhouse? Were n't you always disputing about land with the tenants, and about water with the miller? Had n't you a row at every assizes, and a skirmish at every road session? Bruff, indeed; it's a new thing to hear it called the Happy Valley!"

"Faith, I know I'm not Rasselas," said I.

"You're restless enough," said she, mistaking the word; "but it's your own temper that does it. No, Mr. D., if you want to go back to Ireland, I won't be selfish enough to oppose it; but as for myself, I'll never set a foot in it."

"You are determined on that?" said I.

"I am," said she.

"In that case, ma'am," said I, "I'm only losing valuable time waiting for you to change your mind; so I'll start at once."

"A pleasant journey to you, Mr. D.," said she, flouncing out of the room, and leaving me the field of battle, but scarcely the victory. Now, Tom, I've too much to do and to think about to discuss the point that I know you're eager for, — which of us was more in the wrong. Such debates are only casuistry from beginning to end. Besides, at all events, *my* mind is made up. I'll go back at once. The little there ever was of anything good about me is fast oozing away in this life of empty parade and vanity. Mary Anne and James are both the worse of it; who knows how long Cary will resist its evil influence? I'll go down to Genoa, and take the *Peninsular* steamer straight for Southampton. I'm a bad sailor, but it will save me a few pounds, and some patience besides, in escaping the lying and cheating scoundrels I should meet in a land journey.

To any of the neighbors, you may say that I'm coming home for a few weeks to look after the tenants; and to

any whom you think would believe it, just hint that the Government has sent for me.

I conclude that I'll be very short of cash when I reach Genoa, so send me anything you can lay hands on, and believe me,

Ever yours faithfully,

KENNY JAMES DODD.

P. S. I told you this was a cheap place. The bill has just come up, and it beats the "Clarendon"! It appears that his Serene Highness told them to treat us like princes, and we must pay in the same style. I'm going to settle part of our debt by parting with our travelling-carriage, which, besides assisting the exchequer, will be a great shock to Mrs. D., and a foretaste of what she has to come down to when I'm gone. It is seldom that a man can combine the double excellence of a great financier and a great moralist!

LETTER XVIII.

MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

"COUR DE PARME," PARMA.

DEAREST KITTY, — So varied have been my emotions of late, and with such whirlwind rapidity have they succeeded each other in my distracted brain, that I am really at a loss to know where I left off in my last epistle to you, and at what particular crisis in our adventures I closed my narrative. Forgive me, dearest, if I impose on you the tiresome task of listening twice to the same tale, or the almost equally unpleasant duty of trying to follow me through gaps of unexplained events.

Have I told you of the Countess's departure, — that most mysterious flight, which has thrown poor James into, I fear, a hopeless melancholy, and made shipwreck of his heart forever? I feel as if I had revealed it to my dearest Kitty; my soul whispers to me that she bears her share in my sorrows, and minglest her tears with mine. Yes, dearest, she is gone! Some indiscreet revelations papa made to mamma in his room would appear to have disclosed more of our private affairs than ought to have obtained publicity, were overheard by her, and she immediately gave orders to her servants to pack up, leaving a very vague note behind her, plainly intimating, however, that papa might, if he pleased, satisfactorily account for the step she had taken. This, and a few almost flippant acknowledgments of our attentions, concluded an epistle that fell in the midst of us like a rocket.

If I feel deeply wounded at the slight thus shown us, and the still heavier injury inflicted on poor dear James, yet am I constrained to confess that Josephine was quite justified in what she did. Born in the very highest class, all

her habits, her ways, her very instincts aristocratic, the bare thought of an alliance with a family struggling with dubious circumstances must have been too shocking! I did not ever believe that she returned James's affection; she liked him, perhaps, well enough, — that is, well enough to marry! She deemed him her equal in rank and fortune, and in that respect regarded the match as a fair one. To learn that we were neither titled nor rich, neither great by station nor rolling in wealth, was of course to feel that she had been deceived and imposed upon, and might reasonably warrant even the half-sarcastic spirit of her farewell note.

To tell what misery this has cost us all is quite beyond me; scorned affection, — blasted hopes, — ambitions scattered to the winds, — a glorious future annihilated! Conceive all of these that you can, and then couple them with meaner and more vulgar regrets, as to what enormous extravagance the pursuit has involved us in, the expense of a style of living that even a prince could scarcely have maintained, and all at a little secluded capital where nobody comes, nobody lives; so that we do not reap even the secondary advantage of that notoriety for which we have to pay so dearly. Mamma and I, who think precisely alike on these subjects, are overwhelmed with misery as we reflect over what the money thus squandered would have done at Rome, Florence, or Vienna!

James is distracted, and papa sits poring all day long over papers and accounts, by way of arranging his affairs before his death. Cary alone maintains her equanimity, for which she may thank the heartlessness of a nature insensible to all feeling.

Imagine a family circle of such ingredients! Think of us as you saw us last, even in all the darkness of Dodsborough, and you will find it difficult to believe we are the same! Yet, dearest, it might all have been different, — how different! But papa — there is no use trying to conceal it — has a talent for ruining the prospects of his family, that no individual advantages, no combination of events, however felicitous, can avail against! An absurd and most preposterous notion of being what he calls “honest and aboveboard” leads him to excesses of every kind, and condemns us to daily sorrows and humiliations. It is in vain that we tell

him nobody parades his debts no more than his infirmities ; that people wear their best faces for the world, and that credit is the same principle in morals as in mercantile affairs. His reply is, “ No. I’m tired of all that. I never perform a great part without longing for the time when I shall be Kenny Dodd again ! ”

This one confession will explain to you the hopelessness of all our efforts to rise in life, and our last resource is in the prospect of his going back to Ireland. Mamma has already proposed to accept a thousand a year for herself and me ; while Cary should return with papa to Dodsborough. It is possible that this arrangement might have been concluded ere this, but that papa has got a relapse of his gout, and been laid up for the last eight days. He refuses to see any doctor, saying that they all drive the malady in by depletion, and has taken to drinking port wine all day long, by way of confining the attack to his foot. What is to be the success of this treatment has yet to be seen, but up to this time its only palpable effect has been to make him like a chained tiger. He roars and shouts fearfully, and has smashed all the more portable articles of furniture in the room, — throwing them at the waiters. He insists, besides, on having his bill made up every night, so that instead of one grand engagement once a week, we have now a smart skirmish every evening, which usually lasts till bedtime.

For economy, too, we have gone up to the second story, and come down to a very meagre dinner. No carriage, — no saddle-horses, — no theatre. The courier dismissed, and a strict order at the bar against all “ extras.”

James lies all day abed ; Cary plays nurse to papa ; mamma and I sit moping beside a little miserable stove till evening, when we receive our one solitary visitor, — a certain Father M’Grail, an Irish priest, who has been resident here for thirty years, and is known as the Padre Giacomo ! He is a spare, thin, pock-marked little man, with a pair of downcast, I was going to say dishonest-looking, eyes, who talks with an accent as rich as though he only left Kilrush yesterday. We have only known him ten days, but he has already got an immense influence over mamma, and induced her to read innumerable little books, and to practise

a variety of small penances besides. I suspect he is rather afraid of *me*, — at least we maintain towards each other a kind of armed neutrality; but mamma will not suffer me to breathe a word against him.

It is not unlikely that he owes much of the esteem mamma feels for him to his own deprecatory estimate of papa, whom he pronounces to be, in many respects, almost as infamous as a Protestant. Cary he only alludes to by throwing up hands and eyes, and seeming to infer that she is irrecoverably lost.

I own to you, Kitty, I don't like him, — I scarcely trust him, — but it is, after all, such a resource to have any one to talk to, anything to break the dull monotony of this dreary life, that I hail his coming with pleasure, and am actually working a rochet, or an alb, or a something else for him to wear on Saint Nicolo of Treviso's "festa," — an occasion on which the little man desires to appear with extraordinary splendor. Mamma, too, is making a canopy to hold over his honored head; and I sincerely hope that our *œuvres méritoires* will redound to our future advantage! I am half afraid that I have shocked you with an apparent irreverence in speaking of these things, but I must confess to you, dearest Kitty, that I am occasionally provoked beyond all bounds by the degree of influence this small saint exercises in our family, and by no means devoid of apprehension lest his dominion should become absolute. Even already he has persuaded mamma that papa's illness will resist all medical skill to the end of time, and will only yield to the intervention of a certain Saint Agatha of Orsaro, a newly discovered miracle-worker, of whose fame you will doubtless hear much ere long.

To my infinite astonishment, papa is quite converted to this opinion, and Cary tells me is most impatient to set out for Orsaro, a little village at the foot of the mountain of that name, and about thirty miles from this. As the only approach is by a bridle-path, we are to travel on mules or asses; and I look forward to the excursion, if not exactly with pleasure, with some interest. Father Giacomo — I can't call him anything else — has already written to secure rooms for us at the little inn; and we are meanwhile

basely employed in the manufacture of certain pilgrim costumes, which are indispensable to all frequenting the holy shrine. The dress is far from unbecoming, I assure you; a loose robe of white stuff—ours are Cashmere—with wide sleeves, and a large hood lined with sky-blue; a cord of the same color round the waist; no shoes or stockings, but light sandals, which show the foot to perfection. An amber rosary is the only ornament permitted; but the whole is charming.

Saint Agatha of Orsaro will unquestionably make a great noise in the world; and it will therefore be interesting to you to know something of her history,—or, what Fra Giacomo more properly calls, her manifestation—which was in this wise: The priest of Orsaro—a very devout and excellent man—had occasion to go into the church late at night on the eve of Saint Agatha's festival. He was anxious, I believe, to see that all the decorations to do honor to the day were in proper order, and, taking a lamp from the sacristy, he walked down the aisle till he came to the shrine, where the saint's image stood. He knelt for a moment to address her in prayer, when, with a sudden sneeze, she extinguished his light, and left him fainting and in darkness on the floor of the church. In this fashion was he discovered the following morning, when, after coming to himself, he made the revelation I have just given you. Since that she has been known to sneeze three times, and on each occasion a miracle has followed. The fame of this wonderful occurrence has now traversed Italy, and will doubtless soon extend to the faithful in every part of Europe. Orsaro is becoming crowded with penitents; among whom I am gratified to see the names of many of the English aristocracy; and it has become quite a fashionable thing to pass a week or ten days there.

Now, dearest Kitty, from you, with whom I have no concealments, I will not disguise the confession that I look forward to this excursion with considerable hope and expectation. You cannot but have perceived latterly how our faith, instead of being, as it once was, the symbol of low birth and ignoble connections, has become the very bond of aristocratic society. The church has become the

salon wherein we make our most valued acquaintances; and devout observances are equivalent to letters of introduction. If I wanted a proof of this, I'd give it in the number of those who have become converts to our religion, from the manifest social benefits the change of faith has conferred. How otherwise would third and fourth-rate Protestants obtain access to Princely *soirées* and Ducal receptions? By what other road could they arrive at recognition in the society of Rome and Naples, frequent Cardinals' levees, and be even seen lounging in the ante-chambers of the Vatican!

Hence it is clear that the true faith has its benefits in *this* world also, and that piety is a passport to high places even on earth. I have no doubt, if we manage properly, our sojourn at Orsaro may be made very profitable, and that, even without miracles, the excursion may pay us well.

I have been interrupted by a message to attend mamma in her own room,—a summons I rightly guessed to imply something of importance. Only fancy, Kitty, it was a letter which had arrived addressed to papa,—but of course not given to him to read in his present highly agitated state,—from Captain Morris, with a proposal for Caroline!

He very properly sets out by acknowledging the great difference of age between them, but he might certainly have added something as to the discrepancy between their stations. He talks, too, of his small means, “sufficient for those who can limit their ambitions and wants within a narrow circle,”—I wonder who they are?—and professes a deal of that cold kind of respectful love which all old men affect to think a woman ought to feel flattered by. In fact, the whole reads far more like a law paper than a love-letter, and is rather a rough draft of an Act of Parliament against celibacy than a proposal for a pretty girl!

Mamma had shown the letter to Fra Giacomo before I entered, and I had very little trouble to guess the effect produced by his counsels. The Captain, as a heretic, was at once denounced by him; and the little man grew actually enthusiastic in inveighing against the insulting presumption of the offer. He insisted on a peremptory, flat rejection of the proposal, without any reference whatever

to papa. He said that to hesitate in such a question was in itself a sin; and he even hinted that he was n't quite sure what reception Saint Agatha might vouchsafe us after so much of intercourse with an outcast and a disbeliever.

This last argument was decisive, and I accordingly sat down and wrote, in mamma's name, a very stiff acknowledgment of the receipt of his letter, and an equally cold refusal of the honor it tendered for our acceptance. We all agreed that Cary should hear nothing whatever of the matter, but, as Fra Giacomo said, "we 'd keep the disgrace for our own hearts."

I own to you, Kitty, that if the religious question could be got over, I do not think the thing so inadmissible. Cary is evidently not destined to advance our family interests; had she even the capacity, she lacks the ambition. Her tastes are humble, commonplace, and — shall I say it? — vulgar.

It gives her no pleasure to move in high society, and she esteems the stupid humdrum of domestic life as the very supreme of happiness. With such tastes this old Captain — he is five-and-thirty at least — would perhaps have suited her perfectly, and his intolerable mother been quite a companion. Their small fortune, too, would have consigned them to some cheap, out-of-the-way place, where we should not have met; and, in fact, the arrangement might have combined a very fair share of advantage. Fra G., however, had decided the matter on higher grounds, and there is no more to be said about it.

There is another letter come by this post, too, from Lord George, dearest! He is to arrive to-night, if he can get horses. He is full of some wonderful tournament about to be held at Genoa, — a spectacle to be given by the city to the King, which is to attract all the world thither; and Lord G. writes to say that we have n't a moment to lose in securing accommodation at the hotel. Little suspecting the frame of mind his communication is to find us in, and that, in place of doughty deeds and chivalrous exploits, our thoughts are turned to fastings, mortifications, and whipcord! Oh, how I shudder at the ridicule with which he will assail us, and tremble for my own constancy under the

raillery he will shower on us! I never dreaded his coming before, and would give worlds now that anything could prevent his arrival.

How reconcile his presence with that of Fra Giacomo? How protect the priest from the overt quizzings of my Lord? and how rescue his Lordship from the secret machinations of the "father"? are difficulties that I know not how to face. Mamma, besides, is now so totally under priestly guidance that she would sacrifice the whole peerage for a shaving of a saint's shin-bone! There will not be even time left me to concert measures with Lord G. The moment he enters the house he'll see the "altered temper of our ways" in a thousand instances. Relics, missals, beads, and rosaries have replaced Gavarni's etchings, — "Punch," and the "Illustration." Charms and amulets blessed by popes occupy the places of cigar-holders, pipe-sticks, and gutta-percha drolleries. The "Stabat Mater" has usurped the seat of "Casta Diva" on the piano, and a number of other unmistakable signs point to our reformed condition.

I hear post-horses approaching — they come nearer and nearer! Yes, Kitty, it must be — it is he! James has met him — they are already on the stairs — how they laugh! James must be telling him everything. I knew he would. Another burst of that unfeeling laughter! They are at the door. Good-bye!

MOUNT ORSARO, "LA PACE."

Here we are, dearest, at the end of our pilgrimage. Such a delightful excursion I never remember to have taken. I told you all about my fears of Lord George. Would that I had never written the ungracious lines! — never so foully wronged him! Instead of the levity I apprehended, he is actually reverential, — I might say, devout! The moment he reached Parma, he ordered a dress to be made for him exactly like James's, and decided immediately on accompanying us. Fra Giacomo, I need scarcely observe, was in ecstasies. The prospect of such a noble convert would be an immense piece of success, and he did not hesitate to avow, would materially advance his own interests at Rome.

As for the journey, Kitty, I have no words to describe the scenery through which we travelled: deep glens between lofty mountains, wooded to the very summits with cork and chestnut trees, over which, towering aloft, were seen the peaks of the great Apennines, glistening in snow, or golden in the glow of sunset. Wending along through these our little procession went, in itself no unpicturesque feature, for we were obliged to advance in single file along the narrow pathway, and thus our mules, with their scarlet trapplings and tasselled bridles, and our floating costumes, made up an effect which will remain painted on my heart forever. In reality, I made a sketch of the scene; but Lord George, who for the convenience of talking to me always rode with his face to the mule's tail, made me laugh so often that my drawing is quite spoiled.

At last we arrived at our little inn called "La Pace," — how beautifully it sounds, dearest! and really stands so, too, beside a gushing mountain-stream, and perfectly embowered in olives. We could only obtain two rooms, however, — one, adjoining the kitchen, for papa and mamma; the other, under the tiles, for Cary and myself. Fra Giacomo quarters himself on the priest of the village; and Lord George and James are what the Italians call "*a spasso*." Betty Cobb is furious at being consigned to the kitchen, in company with some thirty others, many of whom, I may remark, are English people of rank and condition. In fact, dearest, the whole place is so crowded that a miserable room, in all its native dirt and disgust, costs the price of a splendid apartment in Paris. Many of the first people of Europe are here: ministers, ambassadors, generals; and an English earl also, who is getting a drawing made of the shrine and the Virgin, and intends sending a narrative of her miracles to the "Tablet." You have no idea, my dearest Kitty, of the tone of affectionate kindness and cordiality inspired by such a scene. Dukes, Princes, even Royalties, accost you as their equals. As Fra G. says, "The holy influences level distinctions." The Duke of San Pietrino placed his own cushion for mamma to kneel on yesterday. The Graf von Dummerslungen gave me a relic to kiss as I passed this morning. Lord Tollington, one of the proudest

peers in England, stopped to ask papa how he was, and regretted we had not arrived last Saturday, when the Virgin sneezed twice!

As we begin our Novena to-morrow, I shall probably not have a moment to continue this rambling epistle; but you may confidently trust that my first thoughts, when again at liberty, shall be given to you. Till then, darling Kitty, believe me,

Your devoted and ever affectionate

MARY ANNE DODD.

P. S. More arrivals, Kitty, — three carriages and eleven donkeys! Where they are to put up I can't conceive. Lord G. says, "It's as full as the 'Diggins,' and quite as dear." The excitement and novelty of the whole are charming!

LETTER XIX.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. MARY GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH.

ORSARO, FEAST OF SAINT GINGO.

MY DEAR MOLLY, — The Earl of Guzeberry, that leaves this to-day for England, kindly offers to take charge of my letters to you; and so I write "Favored by his Lordship" on the outside, just that you may show the neighbors, and teach them Davises the respect they ought to show us, if it's ever our misfortune to meet.

The noble Lord was here doing his penances with us for the last three weeks, and is now my most intimate friend on earth. He's the kindest-hearted creature I ever met, and always doing good works, of one sort or other; and whenever not sticking nails in his own flesh, or pulling hairs out of his beard or eyelashes, always ready to chastise a friend!

We came here to see the wonderful Virgin of Orsaro, and beg her intercession for us all, but more especially for K. I., whose temper proves clearly that there's what Father James calls a "possession of him;" that is to say, "he has devils inside of him." The whole account of the saint herself — her first manifestation and miraculous doings — you'll find in the little volume that accompanies this, written, as you will see, by your humble servant. Lord G. gave me every assistance in his power; and, indeed, but for him and Father James, it might have taken years to finish it; for I must tell you, Molly, bad as Berlin-work is, it's nothing compared to writing a book; for when you have the wool and the frame, it's only stitching it in, but with a book you have to arrange your thoughts, and then put them down; after that, there's the grammar to be minded, and the spelling, and the stops; and many times, where you think it's only a comma, you have come to your full period! I assure you I went through more with that book — little as it is — than in all my "ob-

servances," some of them very severe ones. First of all, we had to be so particular about the miracles, knowing well what Protestant bigotry would do when the account came out. We had to give names and dates and places, with witnesses to substantiate, and all that could corroborate the facts. Then we had a difficulty of another kind, — how to call the Virgin. You may remember how those Exeter Hall wretches spoke of Our Lady of Rimini, — as the "Winking Virgin." We could n't say sneezing after that, so we just called her "La Madonna dei Sospiri," — "Our Lady of Sighs." To be sure, we can't get the people here to adopt this title; but that's no consequence as regards England.

By the time the volume reaches you, all Europe will be ringing with the wonderful tidings; for there are three bishops here, and they have all signed the "Mémoire," recommending special services in honor of the Virgin, and strongly urging a subscription to build a suitable shrine for her in this her native village.

You have no idea, dear Molly, of what a blessed frame of mind these spiritual duties have enabled me to enjoy. How peaceful is my spirit! — how humble my heart! I turn my thoughts away from earth as easily as I could renounce rope-dancing; and when I sit of an evening, in a state of what Lord Guzeberry calls "beatitude," K. I. might have the cholera without my caring for it.

The season is now far advanced, however, and, to my infinite grief, we must leave this holy spot, where we have made a numerous and most valuable acquaintance; for, besides several of the first people of England, we have formed intimacy with the Duchessa di Sangue Nero, first lady to the Queen of Naples; the Marquesa di Villa Guasta, a great leader of fashion in Turin; the "Noncio" at the court of Modena; and a variety of distinguished Florentines and Romans, who all assure us that our devotions are the best passports for admission in all the select houses of Italy.

Mary Anne predicts a brilliant winter before us, and even Cary is all delight at the prospect of picture galleries and works of art. Is n't it paying the Protestants off for their insulting treatment of us at home, Molly, to see all the honor and respect we receive abroad? The tables are com-

pletely turned, my dear; for not one of them ever gets his nose into the really high society of this country, while we are welcomed to it with open arms. But if there 's anything sure to get you well received in the first houses, it is having a convert of rank in your train. To be the means of bringing a lord over to the true fold is to be taken up at once by cardinals and princes of all kinds.

As Mary Anne says, "Let us only induce Lord George to enter the Catholic Church and our fortune is made." And oh, Molly, putting all the pomps and vanities of this world aside, never heeding the grandeur of this life, nor caring what men may do to us, is n't it an elegant reflection to save one poor creature from the dreadful road of destruction and ruin! I 'm sure it would be the happiest day of my life when I could read in the "Tablet," "We have great satisfaction in announcing to our readers that Lord George Tiverton, member for" — I forget where — "and son of the Marquis" — I forget whom, — "yesterday renounced the errors of the Protestant Church to embrace those of the Church of Rome."

Maybe, now, you 'd like to hear something about ourselves; but I 've little to tell that is either pleasant or entertaining. You know — or, at least, you will know from Kitty Doolan — the way K. I. destroyed poor James, and lost him a beautiful creature and four thousand a year. That was a blow there 's no getting over; and, indeed, I 'd have sunk under it if it was n't for Father James, and the consolation he has been able to give me. There was an offer came for Caroline. Captain Morris, that you 've heard me speak of, wrote and proposed, which I opened during K. I.'s illness, and sent him a flat refusal, Molly, with a bit of advice in the end, about keeping in his own rank of life, and marrying into his own creed.

Maybe I might n't have been so stout about rejecting him, for it 's the hardest thing in life to marry a daughter nowadays, but that Father Giacomo said his Holiness would never forgive me for taking a heretic into the family, and that it was one of the nine deadly sins.

You may perceive from this, that Father G. is of great use to me when I need advice and guidance, and, indeed, I

consulted him as to whether I ought to separate from K. I., or not. There are cases of conscience, he tells me, and cases of convenience. The first are matters for the cardinals and the Holy College! but the others any ordinary priest can settle; and this is one of them. "Don't leave him," says he, "for your means of doing good will only be more limited; and as to your trials, take out some of your mortifications that way; and, above all, don't be too lenient to *him*." Ay, Molly, he saw my weak point, do what I would to hide it; he knew my failing was an easy disposition, and a patient, submissive turn of mind. But I'll do my endeavor to conquer it, if it was only for the poor children's sake; for I know he'd marry again, and I sometimes suspect I've hit the one he has his eyes on.

On Friday next we are to leave this for Genoa. It's the end of our Novena, and we would n't have time for another before the snow sets in; for though we're in Italy, Molly, the mountains all round us are tipped with snow, and it's as cold now, when you're in the shade, as I ever felt it in Ireland. It's a great tournament at Genoa is taking us there. There's to be the King of Saxony, and the King of Bohemia, too, I believe; for whenever you begin to live in fashionable life, you must run after royal people from place to place, be seen wherever they are, and be quite satisfied whenever your name is put down among the "distinguished company."

I was near forgetting that I want you to get Father John to have my little book read by the children in our National School; for, as K. I. is the patron, we have, of course, the right. At all events *I'll* withdraw if they refuse; and they can't accuse me of illiberality or bigotry, for I never said a word against the taking away the Bible. Let them just remember *that*!

Lord Guzeberry is just going, so that I have only time to seal, and sign myself as ever yours,

JEMIMA DODD.

I send you two dozen of the tracts to distribute among our friends. The one bound in red silk is for Dean O'Dowd, "with the author's devotions and duties."

LETTER XX.

BETTY COBB TO MISTRESS SHUSAN O'SHEA.

MOUNT ORSARO.

MY DEAR SHUSAN,—It's five months and two days since I wrote to you last, and it's like five years in regard to the way time has worn and distressed me. The mistress tould Mrs. Gallagher how I was deserted by that deceatfull blaguard, taking off with him my peace of mind, two petticoats, and a blue cloth cloak, that I thought would last me for life! so that I need n't go over my miseries again to yourself. We heard since that he had another wife in Switzerland, not to say two more wandering about, so that the master says, if we ever meet him, we can hang him for "bigotry." And, to tell you the truth, Shusy, I feel as if it would be a great relief to me to do it! if it was only to save other craytures from the samefeat that he did to your poor friend Betty Cobb; besides that, until something of the kind is done, I can't enter the holy state again with any other deceaver.

Such a life as we're leadin', Shusy, at one minute all eatin' and drinkin' and caressin' from morning till night; at another, my dear, it's all fastin' and mortification, for the mistress has no modderation at all; but, as the master says, she's always in her extremities! If ye seen the dress of her last week, she was Satan from head to foot, and now she's, by way of a saint, in white Cashmar, with a little scurge at her waist, and hard pegs in her shoes!

We have nothin' to eat but roots, like the beasts of the field; and them, too, mostly raw! That's to make us good soldiers of the Church, Father James says; but in my heart and soul, Shusy, I'm sick of the regiment. Shure, when we've a station in Ireland, it only lasts a day or two at

most; and if your knees is sore with the pittance, shure you have the satisfaction of the pleasant evenings after; with, maybe, a dance, or, at all events, tellin' stories over a jug of punch; but here it's prayers and stripes, stripes and offices, starvation and more stripes, till, savin' your presence, I never sit down without a screech!

Why we came here I don't know; the mistress says it was to cure the master; but did n't I hear her tell him a thousand times that the bad drop was in him, and he'd never be better to his dyin' day? so that it can't be for that. Sometimes I think it's to get Mary Anne married, and they want Saint Agatha to help them; but faith, Shusy, one sinner is worth two saints for the like of that. Lord George tould me in confidence — the other day it was — that the mistress wanted an increase to her family. Faith, you may well open your eyes, my dear, but them's his words! And tho' I did n't believe him at first, I'm more persuaded of it now, that I see how she's goin' on.

If the master only suspected it, he'd be off to-morrow, for he's always groanin' and moanin' over the expense of the family; and, between you and me, I believe I ought to go and tell him. Maybe you'd give me advice what to do, for it's a nice point.

You would n't know Paddy Byrne, how much he's grown, and the wonderful whiskers he has all over his face; but he's as bowld as brass, and has the impediment of the devil in him. He never ceases tormentin' me about Taddy, and says I ought to take out a few florins in curses on him, just as if I could n't do it cheaper myself than payin' a priest for it. As for Paddy himself, — do what the mistress will, — she can get no good of him, in regard to his duties. He does all his stations on his knees, to be sure, but with a cigar in his mouth; and when he comes to the holy well, it's a pull at a dram bottle he takes instead of the blessed water. I wondered myself at his givin' a crown-piece to the Virgin on Tuesday last, but he soon showed me what he was at by sayin', "If she does n't get my wages riz for that, the devil receave the farthin' she'll ever receave of mine again!"

After all, Shusy, it's an elegant sight to see all them great people that thinks so much of themselves, crawling about

on their hands and knees, kissin' a relict here, huggin' a stone there, just as much frightened about the way the saint looks at them as one of us! It does one's heart good to know that, for all their fine livin' and fine clothes, ould Nick has the same hould of them that he has of you and me!

I had a great deal to tell you about the family and their goin's on, but I must conclude in haste, for tho' it's only five o'clock, there's the bell ringing for mattins, and I have a station to take before first mass. I suppose it's part of my mortifications, but the mistress and Mary Anne never gives me a stitch of clothes till they're spoiled; and I'm drivin to my wits' end, tearin' and destroyin' things in such a way as not to ruin them when they come to me! Miss Caroline never has a gown much better than my own; and, indeed, she said the other day, "When I want to be smart, Betty, you must lend me your black bombaseen."

There's the mistress gone out already, so no more from

Your sincear friend,

BETTY COBB.

I think Lord G. is right about the mistress. The saints forgive her, at her time of life! More in my next.

LETTER XXI.

JAMES DODD TO ROBERT DOOLAN, ESQ. TRINITY COLLEGE,
DUBLIN.

THE INN, ORSARO.

MY DEAR BOB, — This must be a very brief epistle, since, amongst other reasons, the sheet of letter-paper costs me a florin, and I shall have to pay three more for a messenger to convey it to the post-town, a distance of as many miles off. To explain these scarce credible facts, I must tell you that we are at a little village called Orsaro, in the midst of a wild mountain country, whither we have come to perform penances, say prayers, and enact other devotions at the shrine of a certain St. Agatha, who, some time last autumn, took to working miracles down here, and consequently attracting all the faithful who had nothing to do with themselves before Carnival.

My excellent mother it was who, in an access of devotion, devised the excursion; and the governor, hearing that the locality was a barbarous one, and the regimen a strict fast, fancied, of course, it would be a most economical dodge, at once agreed; but, by Jove! the saving is a delusion and a snare. Two miserable rooms, dirty and ill furnished, cost forty francs a day; bad coffee and black bread, for breakfast, are supplied at four francs a head; dinner — if by such a name one would designate a starved kid stewed in garlic, or a boiled hedgehog with chicory sauce, — ten francs each; sour wine at the price of Château Lafitte; and a seat in the sanctuary, to see the Virgin, four times as dear as a stall at the Italian Opera. Exorbitant as all these charges are, we are gravely assured that they will be doubled whenever the Virgin sneezes again, that being the manifestation, as they call it, by which she displays her satisfaction at our presence here. I do not fancy talking irreverently of these

things, Bob, but I own to you I am ineffably shocked at the gross impositions innkeepers, postmasters, donkey-owners, and others practise by trading on the devotional feelings and pious aspirations of weak but worthy people. I say nothing of the priests themselves; they may or may not believe all these miraculous occurrences. One thing, however, is clear: they make every opportunity of judging of them so costly that only a rich man can afford himself the luxury, so that you and I, and a hundred others like us, may either succumb or scoff, as we please, without any means of correcting our convictions. One inevitable result ensues from this. There are two camps: the Faithful, who believe everything, and are cheated by every imaginable device of mock relics and made-up miracles; and the Unbelieving, who actually rush into ostentatious vice, to show their dislike to hypocrisy! Thus, this little dirty village, swarming with priests, and resounding with the tramp of processions, is a den of every kind of dissipation. The rattle of the dice-box mingles with the nasal chantings of the tonsured monks, and the wild orgies of a drinking party blend with the strains of the organ! If men be not religiously minded, the contact with the Church seems to make demons of them. How otherwise interpret the scoff and mockery that unceasingly go forward against priests and priestcraft in a little community, as it were, separated for acts of piety and devotion?

That we live in a most believing age is palpable, by the fact that this place swarms with men distinguished in every court and camp in Europe. Crafty ministers, artful diplomats, keen old generals, versed in every wile and stratagem, come here as it were to divest themselves of all their long-practised acuteness, and give in their adhesion to the most astounding and incoherent revelations. I cannot bring myself to suppose these men rogues and hypocrites, and yet I have nearly as much difficulty to believe them dupes! What have become of those sharp perceptive powers, that clever insight into motives, and the almost unerring judgment they could exhibit in any question of politics or war? It cannot surely be that they who have measured themselves with the first capacities of the world dread to enter the lists against some half-informed and narrow-

minded village curate; or is it that there lurks in every human heart some one spot, a refuge as it were for credulity, which even the craftiest cannot exclude? You are far better suited than I to canvass such a question, my dear Bob. I only throw it out for your consideration, without any pretension to solve it myself.

My father, you are well aware, is too good a Churchman to suffer a syllable to escape his lips which might be construed into discredit of the faith; but I can plainly see that he skulks his penances, and shifts off any observance that does not harmonize with his comfort. At the same time he strongly insists that the fastings and other privations enjoined are an admirable system to counteract the effect of that voluptuous life practised in almost every capital of Europe. As he shrewdly remarked, "This place was like Groeffenberg,—you might not be restored by the water-cure, but you were sure to be benefited by early hours, healthful exercise, and a light diet." This, you may perceive, is a very modified approval of the miracles.

I have dwelt so long on this theme that I have only left myself what Mary Anne calls the selvage of my paper, for anything else. Nor is it pleasant to me, Bob, to tell you that I am low-spirited and down-hearted. A month ago, life was opening before me with every prospect of happiness and enjoyment. A lovely creature, gifted and graceful, of the very highest rank and fortune, was to have been mine. She was actually domesticated with us, and only waiting for the day which should unite our destinies forever, when one night—I can scarcely go on—I know not how either to convey to you what is *half* shrouded in mystery, and should be perhaps *all* concealed in shame; but somehow my father contrived to talk so of our family affairs—our debts, our difficulties, and what not—that Josephine overheard everything, and shocked possibly more at our duplicity than at our narrow fortune, she hurried away at midnight, leaving a few cold lines of farewell behind her, and has never been seen or heard of since.

I set out after her to Milan; thence to Bologna, where I thought I had traces of her. From that I went to Rimini, and on a false scent down to Ancona. I got into a slight

row there with the police, and was obliged to retrace my steps, and arrived at Parma, after three weeks' incessant travelling, heart-broken and defeated.

That I shall ever rally, — that I shall ever take any real interest in life again, is totally out of the question. Such an opportunity of fortune as this rarely occurs to any one once in life; none are lucky enough to meet it a second time. The governor, too, instead of feeling, as he ought, that he has been the cause of my ruin, continues to pester me about the indolent way I spend my life, and inveighs against even the little dissipations that I endeavor to drown my sorrows by indulging in. It's all very well to talk about active employment, useful pursuits, and so forth; but a man ought to have his mind at ease, and his heart free from care, for all these, as I told the governor yesterday. When a fellow has got such a "stunner" as I have had lately, London porter and a weed are his only solace. Even Tiverton's society is distasteful, he has such a confoundedly flippant way of treating one.

I'm thinking seriously of emigrating, and wish you could give me any useful hints on the subject. Tiverton knows a fellow out there, who was in the same regiment with himself, — a baronet, I believe, — and he's doing a capital stroke of work with a light four-in-hand team that he drives, I think, between San Francisco and Geelong, but don't trust me too far in the geography; he takes the diggers at eight pounds a head, and extra for the "swag." Now that is precisely the thing to suit me; I can tool a coach as well as most fellows: and as long as one keeps on the box they don't feel it like coming down in the world!

I half suspect Tiverton would come out too. At least, he seems very sick of England, as everybody must be that has n't ten thousand a year and a good house in Belgravia.

I don't know whither we go from this, and, except in the hope of hearing from you, I could almost add, care as little. The governor has got so much better from the good air and the regimen, that he is now anxious to be off; while my mother, attributing his recovery to the saint's interference, wants another "Novena." Mary Anne likes the place too; and Cary, who sketches all day long, seems to enjoy it.

How the decision is to come is therefore not easy to foresee. Meanwhile, whether *here* or *there*,

Believe me your attached friend,

JAMES DODD.



I open this to say that we are "booked" for another fortnight here. My mother went to consult the Virgin about going away last night, and she—that is, the saint—gave such a sneeze that my mother fainted, and was carried home.

insensible. The worst of all this is that Father Giacomo — our guide in spirituals — insists on my mother's publishing a little tract on her experiences; and the women are now hard at work with pen and ink at a small volume to be called "St. Agatha of Orsaro," by Jemima D——. They have offered half a florin apiece for good miracles, but they are pouring in so fast they 'll have to reduce the tariff. Tiverton recommends them to ask thirteen to the dozen.

The governor is furious at this authorship, which will cost some five-and-twenty pounds at the least!

LETTER XXII.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. MARY GALLAGHER.

HÔTEL FEDER, GENOA.

MY DEAR MOLLY, — It's little that piety and holy living assists us in this wicked world, as you 'll allow, when I tell you that after all my penances, my mortifications, and my self-abstainings, instead of enjoyment and pleasure, as I might reasonably look for in this place, I never knew real misery and shame till I came here. I would n't believe anybody that said people was always as bad as they are now! Sure, if they were, why would n't we be prepared for their baseness and iniquity? Why would we be deceived and cheated at every hand's turn? It's all balderdash to pretend it, Molly. The world must be coming to an end, for this plain reason, that it's morally impossible it can be more corrupt, more false, and more vicious than it is.

I 'm trying these three days to open my heart to you. I 've taken ether, and salts, and neumonia — I think the man called it — by the spoonfuls, just to steady my nerves, and give me strength to tell you my afflictions; and now I 'll just begin, and if my tears does n't blot out the ink, I 'll reveal my sorrows, and open my breast before you.

We left that blessed village of Orsaro two days after I wrote to you by the Earl of Guzeberry, and came on here, by easy stages, as we were obliged to ride mules for more than half the way. Our journey was, of course, fatiguing, but unattended by any other inconvenience than K. I.'s usual temper about the food, the beds, and the hotel charges as we came along. He would n't fast, nor do a single penance on the road; nor would he join in chanting a Litany with Father James, but threatened to sing "Nora Chrina," if we did n't stop. And though Lord George was greatly

shocked, James was just as bad as his father. Father Giacomo kept whispering to me from time to time, "We'll come to grief for this. We'll have to pay for all this impiety, Mrs. D.;" till at last he got my nerves in such a state that I thought we'd be swept away at every blast of wind from the mountains, or carried down by every torrent that crossed the road. I could n't pass a bridge without screeching; and as to fording a stream, it was an attack of hysterics. These, of course, delayed us greatly, and it was a good day when we got over eight miles. For all that, the girls seemed to like it. Cary had her sketch-book always open; and Mary Anne used to go fishing with Lord G. and James, and contrived, as she said, to make the time pass pleasantly enough.

I saw very little of K. I., for I was always at some devotional exercise; and, indeed, I was right glad of it, for his chief amusement was getting Father James into an argument, and teasing and insulting him so that I only wondered why he did n't leave us at once and forever. He never ceased, too, gibing and jeering about the miracles of Orsaro; and one night, when he had got quite beyond all bounds, laughing at Father G., he told him, "Faith," says he, "you're the most credulous man ever I met in my life; for it seems to me that you can believe anything but the Christian religion."

From that moment Father G. only shook his hands at him, and would n't discourse.

This is the way we got to Genoa, where, because we arrived at night, they kept us waiting outside the gates of the town till the commandant of the fortress had examined our passports; K. I. all the while abusing the authorities, and blackguarding the governor in a way that would have cost us dear, if it was n't that nobody could understand his Italian.

That was n't all, for when we got to the hotel, they said that all the apartments had been taken before Lord George's letter arrived, and that there was n't a room nor a pantry to be had in the whole city at any price. In fact, an English family had just gone off in despair to Chiavari, for even the ships in the harbor were filled with strangers,

and the “steam dredge” was fitted up like an hotel! K. I. took down the list of visitors, to see if he could find a friend or an acquaintance amongst them, but, though there were plenty of English, we knew none of them; and as for Lord G., though he was acquainted with nearly all the titled people, they were always relatives or connections with whom he was n’t “on terms.” While we sat thus at the door, holding our council of war, with sleepy waiters and a sulky porter, a gentleman passed in, and went by us, up the stairs, before we could see his face. The landlord, who lighted him all the way himself, showed that he was a person of some consequence. K. I. had just time to learn that he was “No. 4, the grand apartment on the first floor, towards the sea,” which was all they knew, when the landlord came down, smiling and smirking, to say that the occupant of No. 4 felt much pleasure in putting half his suite of rooms at our disposal, and hoped we might not decline his offer.

“Who is it?—who is he?” cried we all at once; but the landlord made such a mess of the English name that we were obliged to wait till we could read it in the Strangers’ Book. Meanwhile we lost not a second in installing ourselves in what I must call a most princely apartment, with mirrors on all sides, fine pictures, china, and carved furniture, giving the rooms the air of a palace. There was a fine fire in the great drawing-room, and the table was littered with English newspapers and magazines, which proved that he had just left the place for us, as he was himself occupying it.

“Now for our great Unknown,” said Lord George, opening the Strangers’ Book, and running his eye down the list. There was Milor Hubbs and Miladi, Baron this, Count that, the “Vescovo” di Kilmore, with the “Vescova” and five “Vescovini,”—that meant the Bishop and his wife, and the five small little Bishops,—which made us laugh. And at last we came down to “No. 4, Grand Suite, Sir Morris Penrhyn, Bt.,” not a word more.

“There is a swell of that name that owns any amount of slate quarries down near Holyhead, I think,” said Lord George. “Do you happen to know him?”

"No," was chorused by all present.

"Oh! every one knows his place. It's one of the show things of the neighborhood. How is this they call it, — Pwlldmmolly Castle? — that's the name, at least so far as human lips can approach it. At all events, he has nigh fifteen thousand a year, and can afford the annoyance of a consonant more or less."

"Any relative of your Lordship's?" asked K. I.

"Don't exactly remember; but, if so, we never acknowledged him. Can't afford Welsh cousinships!"

"He's a right civil fellow, at all events," said K. I., "and here's his health;" for at that moment the waiter entered with the supper, and we all sat down in far better spirits than we had expected to enjoy half an hour back. We soon forgot all about our unknown benefactor; and, indeed, we had enough of our own concerns to engross our attention, for there were places to be secured for the tournament and the other great sights; for, with all the frailty of our poor natures, there we were, as hot after the vanities and pleasures of this world as if we had never done a "Novena" nor a penance in our lives!

When I went to my room, Mary Anne and I had a long conversation about the stranger, whom she was fully persuaded was a connection of Lord G.'s, and had shown us this attention solely on his account. "I can perceive," said she, "from his haughty manner, that he does n't like to acknowledge the relationship, nor be in any way bound by the tie of an obligation. His pride is the only sentiment he can never subdue! A bad 'look-out' for *me*, perhaps, *mamma*," said she, laughing; "but we'll see hereafter." And with this she wished me good-night.

The next morning our troubles began, and early, too; for Father James, not making any allowance for the different life one must lead in a great city from what one follows in a little out-of-the-way place amidst mountains, expected me to go up to a chapel two miles away and hear matins, and be down at mid-day mass in the town, and then had a whole afternoon's work at the convent arranged for us, and was met by Lord George and James with a decided and, indeed, almost rude opposition. The discussion lasted till late in

the morning, and might perhaps have gone on further, when K. I., who was reading his "Galignani," screamed out, "By the great O'Shea!" — a favorite exclamation of his, — "here's a bit of news. Listen to this, Gentles, all of you: ' By the demise of Sir Walter Prichard Penrhyn, of ' — I must give up the castle — ' the ancient title and large estates of the family descend to a sister's son, Captain George Morris, who formerly served in the —th Foot, but retired from the army about a year since, to reside on the Continent. The present Baronet, who will take the name of Penrhyn, will be, by this accession of fortune, the richest landed proprietor in the Principality, and may, if he please it, exercise a very powerful interest in the political world. We are, of course, ignorant of his future intentions, but we share in the generally expressed wish of all classes here, that the ancient seat of his ancestors may not be left unoccupied, or only tenanted by those engaged in exhibiting to strangers its varied treasures in art, and its unrivalled curiosities in antiquarian lore. — *Welsh Herald.*" There's the explanation of the civility we met with last night; that clears up the whole mystery, but, at the same time, leaves another riddle unsolved. Why did n't he speak to us on the stairs? Could it be that he did not recognize us?"

Oh, Molly! I nearly fainted while he was speaking. I was afraid of my life he'd look at me, and see by my changed color what was agitating me; for only think of what it was I had done, — just gone and refused fifteen thousand a year, and for the least marriageable of the two girls, since, I need n't say, that for one man that fancies Cary, there's forty admires Mary Anne — and a baronetcy! She'd have been my Lady, just as much as any in the peerage. I believe in my heart I couldn't have kept the confession in if it had n't been that Mary Anne took my arm and led me away. Father G. followed us out of the room, and began: "Is n't it a real blessing from the Virgin on ye," said he, "that you rejected that heretic before temptation assailed ye?" But I stopped him, Molly; and at once too! I told him it was all his own stupid bigotry got us into the scrape. "What has religion to do with it?" said I. "Can't a

heretic spend fifteen thousand a year; and sure if his wife can't live with him, can't she claim any-money, as they call it?"

"I hope and trust," said he, "that your backsliding won't bring a judgment on ye."

And so I turned away from him, Molly, for you may remark that there's nothing as narrow-minded as a priest when he talks of worldly matters.

Though we had enough on our minds the whole day about getting places for the tournament, the thought of Morris never left my head; and I knew, besides, that I'd never have another day's peace with K. I. as long as I lived, if he came to find out that I refused him. I thought of twenty ways to repair the breach: that I'd write to him, or make Mary Anne write—or get James to call and see him. Then it occurred to me, if we should make out that Cary was dying for love of him, and it was to save our child that we condescended to change our mind. Mary Anne, however, overruled me in everything, saying, "Rely upon it, mamma, we'll have him yet. If he was a very young man, there would be no chance for us, but he is five or six and thirty, and he'll not change now! For a few months or so, he'll try to bully himself into the notion of forgetting her, but you'll see he'll come round at last; and if he should not, then it will be quite time enough to see whether we ought to pique his jealousy or awaken his compassion."

She said much more in the same strain, and brought me round completely to her own views. "Above all," said she, "don't let Father James influence you; for though it's all right and proper to consult him about the next world, he knows no more than a child about the affairs of this one." So we agreed, Molly, that we'd just wait and see, of course keeping K. I. blind all the time to what we were doing.

The games and the circus, and all the wonderful sights that we were to behold, drove everything else out of my head; for every moment Lord George was rushing in with some new piece of intelligence about some astonishing giant, or some beautiful creature, so that we had n't a moment to think of anything.

It was the hardest thing in life to get places at all. The

pit was taken up with dukes and counts and barons, and the boxes rose to twenty-five Napoleons apiece, and even at that price it was a favor to get one! Early and late Lord George was at work about it, calling on ministers, writing notes, and paying visits, till you'd think it was life and death were involved in our success.

You have no notion, Molly, how different these matters are abroad and with us. At home we go to a play or a circus just to be amused for the time, and we never think more of the creatures we see there than if they were n't of our species; but abroad it's exactly the reverse. Nothing else is talked of, or thought of, but how much the tenor is to have for six nights. "Is Carlotta singing well? Is Nina fatter? How is Francesca dancing? Does she do the little step like a goat this season? or has she forgotten her rainbow spring?" Now, Lord George and James gave us no peace about all these people till we knew every bit of the private history of them, from the man that carried a bull on his back, to the small child with wings, that was tossed about for a shuttlecock by its father and uncle. Then there was a certain Sofia Bettrame, that everybody was wild about; the telegraph at one time saying she was at Lyons, then she was at Vichy, then at Mont Cenis,—now she was sick, now she was supping with the Princess Odelzeffska,—and, in fact, what between the people that were in *love* with *her*, and a number of others to whom she was in *debt*, it was quite impossible to hear of anything else but "La Sofia," "La Bettrame," from morning till night. It's long before an honest woman, Molly, would engross so much of public notice; and so I could n't forbear remarking to K. J.

Nobody cared to ask where the Crown Prince of Russia was going to put up, or where the Archduchess of Austria was staying, but all were eager to learn if the "Croce di Matta" or the "Leone d'Oro" or the "Cour de Naples" were to lodge the peerless Sofia. The man that saw her horses arrive was the fashion for two entire days, and an old gentleman who had talked with her courier got three dinner invitations on the strength of it. What discussions there were whether she was to receive a hundred thousand francs, or as many crowns; and then whether for one or for

two nights. Then there were wagers about her age, her height, the color of her eyes, and the height of her instep, till I own to you, Molly, it was downright offensive to the mother of a family to listen to what went on about her; James being just as bad as the rest.

At last, my dear, comes the news that Sofia has taken a sulk and won't appear. The Grand-Duchess of somewhere did something, or did n't do it—I forget which—that was or was not "due to her." I wish you saw the consternation of the town at the tidings. If it was the plague was announced, the state of distraction would have been less.

You would n't believe me if I told you how they took it to heart. Old generals with white moustaches, fat, elderly gentlemen in counting-houses, grave shopkeepers, and grim-looking clerks in the Excise went about as if they had lost their father, and fallen suddenly into diminished circumstances. They shook hands, when they met, with a deep sigh, and parted with a groan, as if the occasion was too much for their feelings.

At this moment, therefore, after all the trouble and expense, nobody knows if there will be any tournament at all. Some say it is the Government has found out that the whole thing was a conspiracy for a rising; and there are fifty rumors afloat about Mazzini himself being one of the company, in the disguise of a juggler. But what may be the real truth it is impossible to say. At all events, I 'll not despatch this till I can give you the latest tidings.

Tuesday Evening.

The telegraph has just brought word that *SHE will* come. James is gone down to the office to get a copy of the despatch.

James is come back to say that she is at Novi. If she arrive here to-night, there will be an illumination of the town! Is not this too bad, Molly? Does n't your blood run cold at the thought of it all?

They're shouting like mad under my window now, and Lord George thinks she must be come already. James has come in with his hat in tatters and his coat in rags. The excitement is dreadful. The people suspect that the Govern-

ment are betraying them to Russia, and are going to destroy a palace that belongs to a tallow merchant.

All is right, Molly. She is come! and they are serenading her now under the windows of the "Croce di Matta!"

Wednesday Night.

If my trembling hand can subscribe legibly a few lines, it is perhaps the last you will ever receive from your attached Jemima. I was never intended to go through such trials as these; and they're now rending a heart that was only made for tenderness and affection.

We were there, Molly! After such a scene of crushing and squeezing as never was equalled, we got inside the circus, and with the loss of my new turban and one of my "plats," we reached our box, within two of the stage, and nearly opposite the King. For an hour or so, it was only fainting was going on all around us, with the heat and the violent struggle to get in. Nobody minded the stage at all, where they were doing the same kind of thing we used to see long ago. Ten men in pinkish buff, vaulting over an old white horse, and the clown tumbling over the last of them with a screech; the little infant of three years, with a strap round its waist, standing and tottering on the horse's back; the man with the brass balls and the basin, and the other one that stood on the bottles, — all passed off tiresome enough, till a grand flourish of trumpets announced Signor Annibale, the great Modern Hercules. In he rode, Molly, full gallop, all dressed in a light, flesh-colored web, and looking so like naked that I screeched out when I saw him. His hair was divided on his forehead, and cut short all round the head; and, indeed, I must confess he was a fine-looking man. After a turn or two, brandishing a big club, he galloped in again, but quickly reappeared with a woman lying over one of his arms, and her hair streaming down half-way to the ground. This was Sofia; and you may guess the enthusiasm of the audience at her coming! There she lay, like in a trance, as he dashed along at full speed, the very tip of one foot only touching the saddle, and her other leg dangling down like dead. It was shocking to hear the way they talked of her symmetry and her shape, —

not but they saw enough to judge of it, Molly! — till at last the giant stopped to breathe a little just under our box. K. I. and the young men, of course, leaned over to have a good look at her with their glasses, when suddenly James screamed, “By the —” — I won’t say what — “it is herself!” Mary Anne and I both rose together. The sight left my eyes, Molly, for she looked up at me, and who was it — but the Countess that James was going to marry! There she was, lying languidly on the giant, smiling up at us as cool as may be. I gave a screech, Molly, that made the house ring, and went off in Mary Anne’s arms.

If this is n’t disgrace enough to bring me to the grave, Nature must have given stronger feelings than she knows to your ever afflicted and heart-broken

JEMIMA DODD.

LETTER XXIII.

MISS CAROLINE DODD TO MISS COX, AT MISS MINCING'S
ACADEMY, BLACK ROCK, IRELAND.

SESTRI, GULF OF GENOA.

MY DEAR MISS Cox,—I had long looked forward to our visit to Genoa in order to write to you. I had fancied a thousand things of the “Superb City” which would have been matters of interest, and hoped that many others might have presented themselves to actual observation. But with that same fatality by which the future forever evades us, we have come and gone again, and really seen nothing.

Instead of a week or fortnight passed in loitering about these mysterious, narrow streets, each one of which is a picture, poking into crypts, and groping along the aisles of those dim churches, and then issuing forth into the blaze of sunshine to see the blue sea heaving in mighty masses on the rocky shore, we came here to see some vulgar spectacle of a circus or a tournament. By ill-luck, too, even this pleasure has proved abortive; a very mortifying, I might say humiliating, discovery awaited us, and we have, for shame’s sake, taken our refuge in flight from one of the most interesting cities in the whole peninsula.

I am ashamed to confess to you how ill I have borne the disappointment. The passing glimpses I caught here and there of steep old alleys, barely wide enough for three to go abreast; the little squares, containing some quaint monument or some fantastic fountain; the massive iron gateways, showing through the bars the groves of orange-trees within; the wide portals, opening on great stairs of snow-white marble,—all set me a-dreaming of that proud Genoa, with its merchant-princes, who combined all the haughty

characteristics of a feudal state with the dashing spirit of a life of enterprise.

The population, too, seemed as varied in type as the buildings around them. The bronzed, deep-browed Ligurian — the “Faquino” — by right of birth, stood side by side with the scarcely less athletic Dalmatian. The Arab from Tiflis, the Suliote, the Armenian, the dull-eyed Moslem, and the treacherous-looking Moor were all grouped about the Mole, with a host of those less picturesque figures that represent Northern Europe. There, was heard every language and every dialect. There, too, seen the lineaments of every nation, and the traits of every passion that distinguish a people. Just as on the deep blue water that broke beside them were ships of every build, from the proud three-decker to the swift “lateen,” and from the tall, taper spars of the graceful clipper to the heavily rounded, low-masted galliot of the Netherlands.

I own to you that however the actual life of commerce may include commonplace events and commonplace people, there is something about the sea and those that live on the great waters that always has struck me as eminently poetical.

The scene, the adventurous existence, the strange far-away lands they have visited, the Spice Islands of the South, the cold shores of the Arctic Seas, the wondrous people with whom they have mingled, the dangers they have confronted, — all invest the sailor with a deep interest to me, and I regard him ever as one who has himself been an actor in the great drama of which I have only read the outline.

I was, indeed, very sorry to leave Genoa, and to leave it, too, unseen. An event, however, too painful to allude to, compelled us to start at once; and we came on here to the little village from whence I write. A lovely spot it is, — sheltered from the open sea by a tall promontory, wooded with waving pines, whose feathery foliage is reflected in the calm sea beneath. A gentle curve of the strand leads to Chiavari, another town about six miles off; and behind us, landward, rise the great Apennines, several thousand feet in height, — grand, barren, volcanic-looking masses of wildest

outline, and tinted with the colors of every mineral ore. On the very highest pinnacles of these are villages perched, and the tall tower of a church is seen to rise against the blue sky, at an elevation, one would fancy, untrodden by man.

There is a beautiful distinctness in Italian landscape, — every detail is “picked out” sharply. The outline of every rock and cliff, of every tree, of every shrub, is clean and well defined. Light and shadow fall boldly, and even abruptly, on the eye; but — shall I own it? — I long for the mysterious distances, the cloud-shadows, the vague atmospheric tints of our Northern lands. I want those passing effects that seem to give a vitality to the picture, and make up something like a story of the scene. It is in these the mind revels as in a dreamland of its own. It is from these we conjure up so many mingled thoughts of the past, the present, and the coming time, — investing the real with the imaginary, and blending the ideal with the actual world.

How naturally do all these thoughts lead us to that of Home! Happily for us, there is that in the religion of our hearts towards home that takes no account of the greater beauty of other lands. The loyalty we owe our own hearth defies seduction. Admire, glory in how you will the grandest scene the sun ever set upon, there is still a holy spot in your heart of hearts for some little humble locality, — a lonely glen, — a Highland tarn, — a rocky path beside some winding river, rich in its childish memories, redolent of the bright hours of sunny infancy, — and this you would not give for the most gorgeous landscapes that ever basked beneath Italian sky.

Do not fancy that I repine at being here because I turn with fond affection to the scene of my earliest days. I delight in Italy; I glory in its splendor of sky and land and water. I never weary of its beauteous vegetation, and my ear drinks in with equal pleasure the soft accents of its language; but I always feel that these things are to be treasured for memory to be enjoyed hereafter, just as the emigrant labors for the gold he is to spend in his own country. In this wise, it may be, when wandering along some mountain “boreen” at home, sauntering of a summer’s eve through some waving meadow, that Italy in all its bright-

ness will rise before me, and I will exult in my heart to have seen the towers of the Eternal City, and watched the waves that sleep in "still Sorrento."

We leave this to-morrow for Spezia, there to pass a few days; our object being to loiter slowly along till papa can finally decide whether to go back or forward: for so is it, my dearest friend, all our long-planned tour and its pleasures have resolved themselves into a hundred complications of finance and fashionable acquaintances.

One might have supposed, from our failures in these attempts, that we should have learned at least our own unfitness for success. The very mortifications we have suffered might have taught us that all the enjoyment we could ever hope to reap could not repay the price of a single defeat. Yet here we are, just as eager, just as short-sighted, just as infatuated as ever, after a world that will have "none of us," and steadily bent on storming a position in society that, if won to-morrow, we could not retain.

I suppose that our reverses in this wise must have attained some notoriety, and I am even prepared to hear that the Dodd family have made themselves unhappily conspicuous by their unfortunate attempt at greatness; but I own, dearest friend, that I am not able to contemplate with the same philosophical submission the loss of good men's esteem and respect, to which these failures must expose us, — an instance of which, I tremble to think, has already occurred to us.

You have often heard me speak of Mrs. Morris, and of the kindness with which she treated me during a visit at her house. She was at that time in what many would have called very narrow circumstances, but which by consummate care and good management sufficed to maintain a condition in every way suitable to a gentlewoman. She has since — or rather her son has — succeeded to a very large fortune and a title. They were at Genoa when we arrived there, — at the same hotel, — and yet never either called on or noticed us! It is perfectly needless for me to say that I know, and know thoroughly, that no change in *their* position could have produced any alteration in their manner towards us. If ever there were people totally re-

moved from such vulgarity, — utterly incapable of even conceiving it, — it is the Morrises. They were proud in their humble fortune, — that is, they possessed a dignified self-esteem, that would have rejected the patronage of wealthy pretension, but willingly accepted the friendship of very lowly worth; and I can well believe that prosperity will only serve to widen the sphere of their sympathies, and make them as generous in action as they were once so in thought. That their behavior to *us* depends on anything in themselves, I therefore completely reject, — this I know and feel to be an impossibility. What a sad alternative is then left me, when I own that they have more than sufficient cause to shun our acquaintance and avoid our intimacy!

The loss of such a friend as Captain Morris might have been to James is almost irreparable; and from the interest he once took in him, it is clear he felt well disposed for such a part; and I am thoroughly convinced that even papa himself, with all his anti-English prejudices, has only to come into close contact with the really noble traits of the English character, to acknowledge their excellence and their worth. I am very far from undervaluing the great charm of manner which comes under the category of what is called “earable.” I recognize all its fascination, and I even own to an exaggerated enjoyment of its display; but shall I confess that I believe that it is this very habit of simulation that detracts from the truthful character of a people, and that English bluntness is — so to say — the complement of English honesty. That they push the characteristic too far, and that they frequently throw a chill over social intercourse, which under more genial influences had been everything that was agreeable, I am free to admit; but, with all these deficiencies, the national character is incomparably above that of any other country I have any knowledge of. It will be scarcely complimentary if I add, after all this, that we Irish are certainly more popular abroad than our Saxon relatives. We are more compliant with foreign usages, less rigid in maintaining our own habits, more conciliating in a thousand ways; and both our tongues and our temperaments more easily catch a new language and a new tone of society.

Is it not fortunate for you that I am interrupted in these gossipings by the order to march? Mary Anne has come to tell me that we are to start in half an hour; and so, adieu till we meet at Spezia.

SPEZIA, CROCE DI MALTA.

The little sketch that I send with this will give you some very faint notion of this beautiful gulf, with which I have as yet seen nothing to compare. This is indeed Italy. Sea, sky, foliage, balmy air, the soft influences of an atmosphere perfumed with a thousand odors,—all breathe of the glorious land.

The Garden — a little promenade for the townspeople, that stretches along the beach — is one blaze of deep crimson flowers, — the blossom of the San Giuseppe, — I know not the botanical name. The blue sea — and such a blue! — mirrors every cliff and crag and castellated height with the most minute distinctness. Tall lateen-sailed boats glide swiftly to and fro; and lazy oxen of gigantic size drag rustling wagons of loaded vines along, the ruddy juice staining the rich earth as they pass.

Como was beautiful; but there was — so to say — a kind of trim coquetry in its beauty that did not please me. The villas, the gardens, the terraced walks, the pillared temples, seemed all the creations of a landscape-gardening spirit that eagerly profited by every accidental advantage of ground, and every casual excellence of situation. Now, here there is none of this. All that man has done here had been even better left undone. It is in the jutting promontories of rock-crowned olives, — the landlocked, silent bays, darkened by woody shores, — the wild, profuse vegetation, where the myrtle, the cactus, and the arbutus blend with the vine, the orange, and the fig, — the sea itself, heaving as if oppressed with perfumed languor, — and the tall Apennines, snow-capped, in the distance, but whiter still in the cliffs of pure Carrara marble, — it is in these that Spezia maintains its glorious superiority, and in these it is indeed unequalled.

It will sound, doubtless, like a very ungenerous speech, when I say that I rejoice that this spot is so little visited — so little frequented — by those hordes of stray and strag-

gling English who lounge about the Continent. I do not say this in any invidious spirit, but simply in the pleasure that I feel in the quiet and seclusion of a place which, should it become by any fatality "the fashion," will inevitably degenerate by all the vulgarities of the change. At present the Riviera — as the coast-line from Genoa to Pisa is called — is little travelled. The steamers passing to Leghorn by the cord of the arch, take away nearly all the tourists, so that Spezia, even as a bathing-place, is little resorted to by strangers. There are none, not one, of the ordinary signs of the watering-place about it. Neither donkeys to hire, nor subscription concerts; not a pony phaeton, a pianist, nor any species of human phenomenon to torment you; and the music of the town band is, I rejoice to say, so execrably bad that even a crowd of twenty cannot be mustered for an audience.

Spezia is, therefore, *au naturel*, — and long may it be so! Distant be the day when frescoed buildings shall rise around, to seduce from its tranquil scenery the peaceful lover of nature, and make of him the hot-cheeked gambler or the broken debauchee. I sincerely, hopefully trust this is not to be, at least in our time.

We made an excursion this morning by boat to Lerici, to see poor Shelley's house, the same that Byron lived in when here. It stands in the bight of a little bay of its own, and close to the sea; so close, indeed, that the waves were plashing and frothing beneath the arched colonnade on which it is built. It is now in an almost ruinous condition, and the damp, discolored walls and crumbling plaster bespeak neglect and decay.

The view from the terrace is glorious; the gulf in its entire extent is before you, and the island of Palmaria stands out boldly, with the tall headlands of Porto Venere, forming the breakwater against the sea. It was here Shelley loved to sit; here, of a summer's night, he often sat till morning, watching the tracts of hill and mountain wax fainter and fainter, till they grew into brightness again with coming day; and it was not far from this, on the low beach of Via Reggio, that he was lost! The old fisherman who showed us the house had known him well,

and spoke of his habits as one might have described those of some wayward child. The large and lustrous eyes, the long waving hair, the uncertain step, the look half timid, half daring, had made an impression so strong, that even after long years he could recall and tell of them.

It came on to blow a "Levanter" as we returned, and the sea got up with a rapidity almost miraculous. From a state of calm and tranquil repose, it suddenly became storm-lashed and tempestuous; nor was it without difficulty we accomplished a landing at Spezia. To-morrow we are to visit Porto Venere,—the scene which it is supposed suggested to Virgil his description of the Cave in which *Æneas* meets with Dido; and the following day we go to Carrara to see the marble quarries and the artists' studios. In fact, we are "handbooking" this part of our tour in the most orthodox fashion; and from the tame, half-effaced impressions objects suggest, of which you come primed with previous description, I can almost fancy that reading "John Murray" at your fireside at home might compensate for the fatigue and cost of a journey. It would be worse than ungrateful to deny the aid one derives from guide-books; but there is unquestionably this disadvantage in them, that they limit your faculty of admiration or disapproval. They set down rules for your liking and disliking, and far from contributing to form and educate your taste, they cramp its development by substituting criticism for instinct.

As I hope to write to you again from Florence, I'll not prolong this too tiresome epistle, but, with my most affectionate greetings to all my old schoolfellows, ask my dear Miss Cox to believe me her ever attached and devoted

CAROLINE DODD.

The Morrises arrived here last night and went on this morning, without any notice of us. They must have seen our names in the book when writing their own. Is not this more than strange? Mamma and Mary Anne seemed provoked when I spoke of it, so that I have not again alluded to the subject. I wish from my heart I could ask how *you* interpret their coldness.

LETTER XXIV.

MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

LUCCA, PAGNINI'S HOTEL.

DEAREST KITTY, — This must be the very shortest of letters, for we are on the wing, and shall be for some days to come. Very few words, however, will suffice to tell you that we have at length persuaded papa to come on to Florence, — for the winter, of course. Rome will follow, — then Naples, — *e poi?* — who knows ! I think he must have received some very agreeable tidings from your uncle Purcell, for he has been in better spirits than I have seen him latterly, and shows something like a return to his old vein of pleasantry. Not but I must own that it is what the French would call, very often, a *mauvaise plaisanterie* in its exercise, his great amusement being to decry and disparage the people of the Continent. He seems quite to forget that in every country the traveller is, and must be, a mark for knavery and cheating. His newness to the land, his ignorance, in almost all cases, of the language, his occasional mistakes, all point him out as a proper subject for imposition ; and if the English come to compare notes with any Continental country, I'm not so sure we should have much to plume ourselves upon, as regards our treatment of strangers.

For our social misadventures abroad, it must be confessed that we are mainly most to blame ourselves. All the counterfeits of rank, station, and position are so much better done by foreigners than by our people, that we naturally are more easily imposed on. Now in England, for instance, it would be easier to be a duchess than to imitate one successfully. All the attributes that go to make up such a station abroad, might be assumed by any adventurer of little means and less capacity. We forget — or, more

properly speaking, we do not know — this, when we come first on the Continent; hence the mistakes we fall into, and the disasters that assail us.

It would be very disagreeable for me to explain at length how what I mentioned to you about James's marriage has come to an untimely conclusion. Enough when I say that the lady was not, in any respect, what she had represented herself, and my dear brother may be said to have had a most fortunate escape. Of course the poor fellow has suffered considerably from the disappointment, nor are his better feelings alleviated by the — I will say — very indelicate raillery papa is pleased to indulge in on the subject. It is, however, a theme I do not care to linger on, and I only thus passively allude to it that it may be buried in oblivion between us.

We came along here from Genoa by the seaboard, a very beautiful and picturesque road, traversing a wild range of the Apennines, and almost always within view of the blue Mediterranean. At Spezia we loitered for a day or two, to bathe, and I must say nothing can be more innocently primitive than the practice as followed there.

Ladies and gentlemen — men and women, if you like it better — all meet in the water as they do on land, or rather not as they do on land, but in a very first-parentage state of no-dressedness. There they splash, swim, dive, and converse, — float, flirt, talk gossip, and laugh with a most laudable forgetfulness of externals. Introductions and presentations go forward as they would in society, and a gentleman asks you to duck instead of to dance with him. It would be affectation in me were I not to say that I thought all this very shocking at first, and that I really could scarcely bring myself to adopt it; but Lord George, who really swims to perfection, laughed me out of some, and reasoned me out of others of my prejudices, and I will own, dearest Kitty, his arguments were unanswerable.

“ Were you not very much ashamed,” said he, “ the first time you saw a ballet, or ‘ poses plastiques ’? — did not the whole strike you as exceedingly indelicate? — and now, would not that very same sense of shame occur to you as real indelicacy, since in these exhibitions it is Art alone you

admire, — Art in its graceful development? The 'Ballarina' is not a woman; she is an ideal, — she is a Hebe, a Psyche, an Ariadne, or an Aphrodite. Symmetry, grace, beauty of outline, — these are the charms that fascinate you. Can you not, therefore, extend this spirit to the sea, and, instead of the Marquis of this and the Countess of that, only behold Tritons and sea-nymphs disporting in the flood?"

I saw at once the force of this reasoning, Kitty, and perceived that to take any lower view of the subject would be really a gross indelicacy. I tried to make Cary agree with me, but utterly in vain, — she is so devoid of imagination! There is, too, an utter want of refinement in her mind positively hopeless. She even confessed to me that Lord George without his clothes still seemed Lord George to her, and that no effort she could make was able to persuade her that the old Danish Minister in the black leather skull-cap had any resemblance to a river god. Mamma behaved much better; seeing that the custom was one followed by all the "best people," she adopted it at once, and though she would scream out whenever a gentleman came to talk to her, I 'm sure, with a few weeks' practice, she 'd have perfectly reconciled herself to "etiquette in the water." Should you, with your very Irish notions, raise hands and eyes at all this, and mutter, "How very dreadful! — how shocking!" and so on, I have only to remind you of what the Princess Pauline said to an English lady, who expressed her prudish horrors at the Princess having "sat for Canova in wet drapery": "Oh, it was not so disagreeable as you think; there was always a fire in the room." Now, Kitty, I make the same reply to your shocked scruples, by saying the sea was deliciously warm. Bathing is here, indeed, a glorious luxury. There is no shivering or shuddering, no lips chattering, blue-nosed, goose-skinned misery, like the home process! It is not a rush in, in desperation, a duck in agony, and a dressing in ague, but a delicious lounge, associated with all the enjoyments of scenery and society. The temperature of the sea is just sufficiently below that of the air to invigorate without chilling, like the tone of a company that stimulates without exhausting you. It is, besides, indescribably pleasant to meet with a

pastime so suggestive of new themes of talk. Instead of the tiresome and trite topics of ballet and balls, and dress and diamonds, your conversation smacks of salt water, and every allusion "hath suffered a sea change." Instead of a compliment to your dancing, the flattery is now on your diving; and he who once offered his arm to conduct you to the "buffet," now proposes his company to swim out to a life-buoy!

And now let me get back to land once more, and you will begin to fancy that your correspondent is Undine herself in disguise. I was very sorry to leave Spezia, since I was just becoming an excellent swimmer. Indeed, the surgeon of an American frigate assured me that he thought "I had been raised in the Sandwich Islands," — a compliment which, of course, I felt bound to accept in the sense that most flattered me.

We passed through Carrara, stopping only to visit one or two of the studios. They had not much to interest us, the artists being for the most part copyists, and their works usually busts; busts being now the same passion with our travelling countrymen as once were oil portraits. The consequence is that every sculptor's shelves are loaded with thin-lipped, grim-visaged English women, and triple-chinned, apoplectic-looking aldermen, that contrast very unfavorably with the clean-cut brows and sharply chiselled features of classic antiquity. The English are an eminently good-looking race of people, seen in their proper costume of broadcloth and velvet. They are manly and womanly. The native characteristics of boldness, decision, and high-hearted honesty are conspicuous in all their traits; nor is there any deficiency in the qualities of tenderness and gentleness. But with all this, when they take off their neck-cloths, they make but very indifferent Romans; and he who looked a gentleman in his shirt-collar becomes, what James would call, "an arrant snob" when seen in a toga. And yet they *will* do it! They have a notion that the Anglo-Saxon can do anything, — and so he can, perhaps, — the difference being whether he can *look* the character he knows so well how to *act*.

We left Carrara by a little mountain path to visit the

Bagni di Lucca, a summer place, which once, in its days of Rouge-et-Noir celebrity, was greatly resorted to. The Principality of Lucca possessed at that period, too, its own reigning duke, and had not been annexed to Tuscany. Like all these small States, without trade or commerce, its resources were mainly derived from the Court; and, consequently, the withdrawal of the Sovereign was the death-blow to all prosperity. It would be quite beyond me to speculate on the real advantages or disadvantages resulting from this practice of absorption, but pronouncing merely from externals, I should say that the small States are great sufferers. Nothing can be sadder than the aspect of this little capital. Ruined palaces, grass-grown streets, tenantless houses, and half-empty shops are seen everywhere. Poverty — I might call it misery — on every hand. The various arts and trades cultivated had been those required by, even called into existence by, the wants of a Court. All the usages of the place had been made to conform to its courtly life and existence, and now this was gone, and all the "occupation" with it! You are not perhaps aware that this same territory of Lucca supplies nearly all of that tribe of image and organ men so well known, not only through Europe, but over the vast continent of America. They are skilful modellers naturally, and work really beautiful things in "terra cotta." They are a hardy mountain race, and, like all "montagnards," have an equal love for enterprise and an attachment to home. Thus they traverse every land and sea, they labor for years long in far-away climes, they endure hardships and privations of every kind, supported by the one thought of the day when they can return home again, and when in some high-perched mountain village — some "granaulo," or "bennabbia" — they can rest from wandering, and, seated amidst their kith and kind, tell of the wondrous things they have seen in their journeyings. It is not uncommon here, in spots the very wildest and least visited, to find a volume in English or French on the shelf of some humble cottage: now it is perhaps a print, or an engraving of some English landscape, — a spot, doubtless, endeared by some especial recollection, — and not unfrequently a bird from Mexico — a bright-winged parrot from

the Brazils — shows where the wanderer's footsteps have borne him, and shows, too, how even there the thoughts of home had followed.

Judged by our own experiences, these people are but scantily welcomed amongst us. They are constantly associated in our minds with intolerable hurdy-gurdies and execrable barrel-organs. They are the nightmare of invalids, and the terror of all studious heads, and yet the wealth with which they return shows that their gifts are both acknowledged and rewarded. It must be that to many the organ-man is a pleasant visitor, and the image-hawker a vendor of "high art." I have seen a great many of them since we came here, and in their homes too; for mamma has taken up the notion that these excellent people are all living in a state of spiritual darkness and destitution, and to enlighten them has been disseminating her precious little volume on the Miracles of Mount Orsaro. It is plain to me that all this zeal of a woman of a foreign nation seems to them a far more miraculous manifestation than anything in her little book, and they stare and wonder at her in a way that plainly shows a compassionate distrust of her sanity.

It is right I should say that Lord George thinks all these people knaves and vagabonds; and James says they are a set of smugglers, and live by contraband. Whatever be the true side of the picture, I must now leave to your own acuteness, or rather to your prejudices, which for all present purposes are quite good enough judges to decide.

Papa likes this place so much that he actually proposed passing the winter here, for "cheapness," — a very horrid thought, but which, fortunately, Lord George averted by a private hint to the landlord of the inn, saying that papa was rolling in wealth, but an awful miser; so that when the bill made its appearance, with everything charged double, papa's indignation turned to a perfect hatred of the town and all in it: the consequence is that we are tomorrow to leave for Florence, which, if but one half of what Lord George says be true, must be a real earthly paradise. Not that I can possibly doubt him, for he has lived there two, or, I believe, three winters, — knows everybody and everything. How I long to see the Cascini, the Court Balls,

the Private Theatricals, at Prince Polywkowsky's, the picnics at Fiesole, and those dear receptions at Madame della Montanare's, where, as Lord G. says, every one goes, and "there's no absurd cant heard about character."

Indeed, to judge from Lord G.'s account, Florence — to use his own words — is "the most advanced city in Europe;" that is to say, the Florentines take a higher and more ample view of social philosophy than any other people. The erring individual in our country is always treated like the wounded crow, — the whole rookery is down upon him at once. Not so here; he — or *she*, to speak more properly — is tenderly treated and compassionated; all the little blandishments of society showered on her. She is made to feel that the world is really not that ill-natured thing sour moralists would describe it; and even if she feel indisposed to return to safer paths, the perilous ones are made as pleasant for her as it is possible. These are nearly his own words, dearest, and are they not beautiful? so teeming with delicacy and true charity. And oh! Kitty, I must say these are habits we do not practise at home in our own country. But of this more hereafter; for the present, I can think of nothing but the society of this delightful city, and am trying to learn off by heart the names of all the charming houses in which he is to introduce us. He has written, besides, to various friends in England for letters for us, so that we shall be unquestionably better off here — socially speaking — than in any other city of the Continent.

We leave this after breakfast to-morrow; and before the end of the week it is likely you may hear from me again, for I am longing to give you my first impressions of Firenza la Bella; till when, I am, as ever, your dearly attached

MARY ANNE DODD.

P. S. Great good fortune, Kitty, — we shall arrive in time for the races. Lord G. has got a note from Prince Pincecotti, asking him to ride his horse "Bruise-drog," — which, it seems, is the Italian for "Bull-dog," — and he consents. He is to wear my colors, too, dearest, — green and white, — and I have promised to make him a present of his jacket. How handsome he *will* look in jockey dress!

James is in distraction at being too heavy for even a hurdle-race; but as he is six feet one, and stout in proportion, it is out of the question. Lord G. insists upon it that Cary and I must go on horseback. Mamma agrees with him, and papa as stoutly resists. It is in vain we tell him that all depends on the way we open the campaign here, and that the present opportunity is a piece of rare good fortune; he is in one of his obstinate moods, and mutters something about "beggars on horseback," and the place they "ride to."

I open my letter to say — carried triumphantly, dearest — we *are* to ride.

LETTER XXV.

JAMES DODD TO ROBERT DOOLAN, ESQ., TRINITY COLLEGE,
DUBLIN.

HÔTEL D'ITALIE, FLORENCE, Wednesday.

MY DEAR BOB, — Here we are going it, and in about the very “fastest” place I ever set foot in. In any other city society seems to reserve itself for evening and lamplight; but here, Bob, you make “running from the start,” and keep up the pace till you come in. In the morning there’s the club, with plenty of whist: all the gossip of the town, — and such gossip too, — the real article, by Jove! — no shadowy innuendoes, no vague and half-mystified hints of a flaw here or a crack there, but home blows, my boy, with a smashed character or a ruined reputation at every stroke. This is, however, only a breathing canter for what awaits you at the Cascini, — a sort of “promenade,” where all the people meet in their carriages, and exchange confidences in scandal and invitations to tea, — the Cascini being to the club what the ballet is to the opera. After this, you have barely time to dress for dinner; which over, the opera begins. There you pay visits from box to box; learn all that is going on for the evening; hear where the prettiest women are going, and where the smartest play will be found. Midnight arrives, and then — but not before — the real life of Florence begins. The dear Contessa, that never showed by daylight, at last appears in her *salon*; the charming Marchesa, whose very head-dress is a study from Titian, and whose dark-fringed eyes you think you recognize from the picture in “the Pitti,” at length sails in, to receive the humble homage of — what, think you? a score of devoted worshippers, a band of chivalrous adorers? Nothing of the kind, Bob: a dozen or so of young fellows,

in all manner of costumes, and all shapes of beards and moustaches; all smoking cigars or cigarettes, talking, singing, laughing, thumping the piano, shouting choruses, playing tricks with cards, — all manner of tomfoolery, in fact; with a dash of enthusiasm in the nonsense that carries you along in spite of yourself. The conversation — if one can dare to call it such — is a wild chaos of turf-talk, politics, scandal, literature, buffoonery, and the ballet. There is abundance of wit, — plenty of real smartness on every side. The fellows who have just described the cut of a tucker can tell you accurately the contents of a treaty; and they who did not seem to have a thought above the depth of a flounce or the width of a sandal, are thoroughly well versed in the politics of every State of Europe. There is no touch of sarcasm in their gayety, — none of that refined, subtle ridicule that runs through a Frenchman's talk; these fellows are eminently good-natured: the code of morals is not severe, and hence the secret of the merciful judgments you hear pronounced on every one.

As to breeding, we English should certainly say there was an excess of familiarity. Everybody puts his arm on your shoulder, pats you on the back, and calls you by your Christian name. I am "Giacomo" to a host of fellows I don't know by name; and "Gemess" to a select few, who pride themselves on speaking English. At all events, Bob, there is no constraint, — no reserve amongst them. You are at your ease at once, and good fellowship is the order of the day.

As to the women, they have a half-shy, half-confident look, that puzzles one sadly. They'll stand a stare from you most unblushingly; they think it's all very right and very reasonable that you should look at them as long and as fixedly as you would do at a Raffaelle in the Gallery: but with all that, there is a great real delicacy of deportment, and those *coram-publico* preferences which are occasionally exhibited in England, and even in France, are never seen in Italian society. As to good looks, there is an abundance, but of a character which an Englishman at first will scarcely accept as beauty. They are rarely handsome by feature, but frequently beautiful by expression. There is, besides, a

graceful languor, a tender Cleopatra-like voluptuousness in their air that distinguishes them from other women; and I have no doubt that any one who has lived long in Italy would pronounce French smartness and coquetry the very essence of vulgarity. They cannot dress like a Parisian, nor waltz like a Wienerin; but, to my thinking, they are far more captivating than either. I am already in love with four, and I have just heard of a fifth, that I am sure will set me downright distracted. There 's one thing I like especially in them; and I own to you, Bob, it would compensate to me for any amount of defects, which I believe do not pertain to them. It is this: they have no accomplishments, — they neither murder Rossini, nor mar Salvator Rosa; they are not educated to torment society, poison social intercourse, and push politeness to its last entrenchment. You are not called on for silence while they scream, nor for praise when they paint. They do not convert a drawing-room into a boarding-school on examination-day, and they are satisfied to charm you by fascinations that cost you no compromise to admire.

After all, I believe we English are the only people that adopt the other plan. We take a commercial view of the matter, and having invested so much of our money in accomplishment, we like to show our friends that we have made a good speculation. For myself, I 'd as soon be married to a musical snuff-box or a daguerreotype machine as to a "well-brought-up English girl," who had always the benefit of the best masters in music and drawing. The fourth-rate artist in anything is better than the first-rate amateur; and I 'd just as soon wear home-made shoes as listen to home-made music.

I have not been presented in any of the English houses here as yet. There is some wonderful controversy going forward as to whether we are to call first, or to wait to be called on; and I begin to fear that the Carnival will open before it can be settled. The governor, too, has got into a hot controversy with our Minister here, about our presentation at Court. It would appear that the rule is, you should have been presented at home, in order to be eligible for presentation abroad. Now, we have been at the Castle, but

never at St. James's. The Minister, however, will not recognize reflected royalty; and here we are, suffering under a real Irish grievance O'Connell would have given his eye for. The fun of it is that the Court — at least, I hear so — is crammed with English, who never even saw a Vice-roy, nor perhaps partook of the high festivities of a Lord Mayor's Ball. How they got there is not for me to inquire, but I suppose that a vow to a chamberlain is like a custom-house oath, and can always be reconciled to an easy conscience.

We have arrived here at an opportune moment, — time to see all the notorieties of the place at the races, which began to-day. So far as I can learn, the foreigners have adopted the English taste, with the true spirit of imitators; that is, they have given little attention to any improvement in the breed of cattle, but have devoted considerable energy to all the rogueries of the ring, and with such success that Newmarket and Doncaster might still learn something from the "Legs" of the Continent.

Tiverton, who is completely behind the scenes, has told me some strange stories about their doings; and, at the very moment I am writing, horses are being withdrawn, names scratched, forfeits declared, and bets pronounced "off," with a degree of precipitation and haste that shows how little confidence exists amongst the members of the ring. As for myself, not knowing either the course, the horses, nor the colors of the riders, I take my amusement in observing — what is really most laughable — the absurd effort made by certain small folk here to resemble the habits and ways of certain big ones in England. Now it is a retired coach-maker, or a pensioned-off clerk in a Crown office, that jogs down the course, betting-book in hand, trying to look — in the quaintness of his cob, and the trim smugness of his groom — like some old county squire of fifteen thousand a year. Now it is some bluff, middle-aged gent, who, with coat thrown back and thumbs in his waistcoat, insists upon being thought Lord George Bentinck. There are Massy Stanleys, George Paynes, Lord Wiltons, and Colonel Peels by dozens; "gentlemen jocks" swathed in drab paletots, to hide the brighter rays of costume beneath, gallop at full

speed across the grass on ponies of most diminutive size; smartly got-up fellows stand under the judge's box, and slang the authorities above, or stare at the ladies in front. There are cold luncheons, sandwiches, champagne, and soda-water; bets, beauties, and bitter beer, — everything, in short, that constitutes races, but horses! The system is that every great man gives a cup, and wins it himself; the only possible interest attending such a process being whether, in some paroxysm of anger at this, or some frump at that, he may not withdraw his horse at the last moment, — an event on which a small knot of gentlemen with dark eyes, thick lips, and aquiline noses seem to speculate as a race chance, and only second in point of interest to a whist party at the Casino with a couple of newly come "Bulls." A more stupid proceeding, therefore, than these races — bating always the fun derived from watching the "snobocracy" I have mentioned — cannot be conceived. Now it was a walk over; now a "sell;" now two horses of the same owner; now one horse that was owned by three. The private history of the rogueries might possibly amuse, but all that met the public eye was of the very slowest imaginable.

I begin to think, Bob, that horse-racing is only a sport that can be maintained by a great nation abounding in wealth, and with all the appliances of state and splendor. You ought to have gorgeous equipages, magnificent horses, thousands of spectators, stands crowded to the roof by a class such as only exists in great countries. Royalty itself, in all its pomp, should be there; and all that represents the pride and circumstance of a mighty people. To try these things on a small scale is ridiculous, — just as a little navy of one sloop and a steamer! With great proportions and ample verge, the detracting elements are hidden from view. The minor rascalities do not intrude themselves on a scene of such grandeur; and though cheating, knavery, and fraud are there, they are not foreground figures. Now, on a little "race-course," it is exactly the reverse: just as on board of a three-decker you know nothing of the rats, but in a Nile boat they are your bedfellows and your guests at dinner.

To-morrow we are to have a match with gentlemen riders, and if anything worth recording occurs I'll keep a corner for

it. Mother is in the grand stand, with any amount of duchesses and marchionesses around her. The governor is wandering about the field, peeping at the cattle, and wondering how the riders are to get round a sharp turn at the end of the course. The girls are on horseback with Tiverton; and, in the long intervals between the matches, I jot down these rough notes for you. The scene itself is beautiful. The field, flanked on one side by the wood of the Cascini, is open on t' other to the mountains: Fiesole, from base to summit, is dotted over with villas half buried in groves of orange and olive trees. The Val d'Arno opens on one side, and the high mountain of Vallombrosa on the other. The gayly dressed and bright-costumed Florentine population throng the ground itself, and over their heads are seen the glorious domes and towers and spires of beautiful Florence, under a broad sky of cloudless blue, and in an atmosphere of rarest purity.

Thursday.

Tiverton has won his match, and with the worst horse too. Of his competitors one fell off; another never got up at all; a third bolted; and a fourth took so much out of his horse in a breathing canter before the race, that the animal was dead beat before he came to the start. And now the knowing ones are going about muttering angry denunciations on the treachery of grooms and trainers, and vowing that "Gli gentlemen riders son' grandi bricconi."

I am glad it is over. The whole scene was one of quarrelling, row, and animosity from beginning to end. These people neither know how to win money nor to lose it; and as to the English who figure on such occasions, take my word for it, Bob, the national character gains little by their alliance. It is too soon for me, perhaps, to pronounce in this fashion, but Tiverton has told me so many little private histories—revealed so much of the secret memoirs of these folk—that I believe I am speaking what subsequent experience will amply confirm. For the present, good-bye, and believe me,

Ever yours,

JAMES DODD.

LETTER XXVI.

KENNY DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., GRANGE, BRUFF.

FLORENCE, LUNGO L'ARNO.

MY DEAR TOM, — It is nigh a month since I wrote to you last, and if I did n't "steal a few hours from the night, my dear," it might be longer still. The address will tell you where we are, — I wish anybody or anything else would tell you how or why we came here! I intended to have gone back from Genoa, nor do I yet understand what prevented me doing so. My poor head — none of the clearest in what may be called my lucid intervals — is but a very indifferent thinking machine when harassed, worried, and tormented as I have been latterly. You have heard how James's Countess, the Cardinal's niece and the betrothed of a Neapolitan Prince, turned out to be a circus woman, one of those bits of tawdry gold fringe and pink silk pantaloons that dance on a chalked saddle to a one-shilling multitude! By good fortune she had two husbands living, or she might have married the boy. As it was, he has gone into all manner of debt on her account; and if it was not that I can defy ruin in any shape, — for certain excellent reasons you may guess at, — this last exploit of his would go nigh to our utter destruction.

We hurried away out of Genoa in shame, and came on here by slow stages. The womenkind plucked up wonderfully on the way, and I believe of the whole party your humble servant alone carried abasement with him inside the gates of Florence.

My sense of sorrow and shame probably somehow blunted my faculties and dulled my reasoning powers, for I would seem to have concurred in a vast number of plans

and arrangements that now, when I have come to myself, strike me with intense astonishment. For instance, we have taken a suite of rooms on the Arno, hired a cook, a carriage, and a courier; we are, I hear, also in negotiation for a box at the "Pergola," and I am credibly informed that I am myself looking out for saddle-horses for the girls, and a "stout-made, square-jointed cob of lively action," to carry myself.

It may be all true — I have no doubt it is more philosophical, as the cant phrase is — to believe Kenny Dodd to be mistaken rather than suppose his whole family deranged, so that if I hear to-morrow or next day that I'm about to take lessons in singing, or to hire a studio as a sculptor, I'm fully determined to accept the tidings with a graceful submission. There is only one thing, Tom Purcell, that passes my belief, and that is, that there ever lived as besotted an old fool as your friend Kenny D., a man so thoroughly alive to everything that displeased him, and yet so prone to endure it; so actively bent on going a road the very opposite to the one he wanted to travel; and that entered heart and soul into the spirit of ruining himself, as if it was the very best fun imaginable.

That you can attempt to follow me through the vagaries of this strange frame of mind is more than I expect, neither do I pretend to explain it to you. There it is, however, — make what you can of it, just as you would with a handful of copper money abroad, where there was no clew to the value of a single coin in the mass, but where-with you are assured you have received your change.

With a fine lodging, smart liveries, a very good cook, and a well-supplied table, I thought it possible that though ruin would follow in about three months, yet in the interval I might probably enjoy a little ease and contentment. At all events, like the Indian, who, when he saw that he must inevitably go over the Falls, put his paddles quietly aside, and resolved to give himself no unnecessary trouble, I also determined I'd leave the boat alone, and never "fash myself for the future." Wise as this policy may seem, it has not saved me. Mrs. D. is a regular storm-bird! Wherever she goes she carries her own hurricane with her! and

I verily believe she could get up a tornado under the equator.

In a little pious paroxysm that seized her in the mountains, she, at the instigation of a stupid old lord there, must needs write a tract about certain miracles that were or were not — for I'll not answer for either — performed by a saint that for many years back nobody had paid any attention to. This precious volume cost *her* three weeks' loss of rest, and *me* about thirty pounds sterling. It was, however, a pious work, and even as a kind of *visa* on her passport to heaven, I suppose it would be called cheap. I assure you, Tom, I spent the cash grudgingly ; that I did pay it at all I thought was about as good “a miracle” as any in the book.

Armed with this tract, she tramped through the Lucchese mountains, leaving copies everywhere, and thrusting her volume into the hands of all who would have it. I'm no great admirer of this practice in any sect. The world has too many indiscreet people to make this kind of procedure an over-safe one ; besides, I'm not quite certain that even a faulty religion is not preferable to having none at all, and it happens not unfrequently that the convert stops half-way on his road, and leaves one faith without ever reaching the other. I'll not discuss this matter further ; I have trouble enough on my hands without it.

These little tracts of Mrs. D.'s attracted the attention of the authorities. It was quite enough that they had been given away gratis, and by an Englishwoman, to stamp them as attempts to proselytize, and, although they could n't explain how, yet they readily adopted the idea that the whole was written in a figurative style purposely to cover its real object, and so they set lawyers and judges to work, and what between oaths of peasants and affirmations of prefects, they soon made a very pretty case, and yesterday morning, just as we had finished breakfast, a sergeant of the gendarmerie entered the room, and with a military salute asked which was la Signora Dodd? The answer being given, he proceeded to read aloud a paper, that he held in his hand, the contents of which Cary translated for me in a whisper. They were, in fact, a judge's warrant to commit Mrs. D. to prison under no less than nine different sections of a new

law on the subject of religion. In vain we assured him that we were all good Catholics, kept every ordinance of the Church, and hated a heretic. He politely bowed to our explanation, but said that with this part of the matter he had nothing to do; that doubtless we should be able to establish our innocence before the tribunal; meanwhile Mrs. D. must go to prison.

I'm ashamed at all the warmth of indignation we displayed, seeing that this poor fellow was simply discharging his duty,—and that no pleasant one,—but somehow it is so natural to take one's anger out on the nearest official, that we certainly didn't spare him. Tiverton threatened him with the House of Commons; James menaced him with the "Times;" Mary Anne protested that the British fleet would anchor off Leghorn within forty hours; and I hinted that Mazzini should have the earliest information of this new stroke of tyranny. He bore all like—a gendarme! stroked his moustaches, clinked his sword on the ground, put his cocked-hat a little more squarely on his head, and stood at ease. Mrs. D.—there's no guessing how a woman will behave in any exigency—did n't go off, as I thought and expected she would, in strong hysterics; she did n't even show fight; she came out in what, I am free to own, was for her a perfectly new part, and played martyr; ay, Tom, she threw up her eyes, clasped her hands upon her bosom, and said, "Lead me away to the stake—burn me—torture me—cut me in four quarters—tear my flesh off with hot pincers." She suggested a great variety of these practices, and with a volubility that showed me she had studied the subject. Meanwhile the sergeant grew impatient, declared the "séance" was over, and ordered her at once to enter the carriage that stood awaiting her at the door, and which was to convey her to the prison. I need n't dwell on a very painful scene; the end of it was that she was taken away, and though we all followed in another carriage, we were only admitted to a few moments of leave-taking with her, when the massive gates were closed, and she was a captive!

Tiverton told me I must at once go to our Legation and represent the case. "Be stout about it," said he; "say

she must be liberated in half an hour. Make the Minister understand you are somebody, and won't stand any humbug. I'd go," he added, "but I can't do anything against the present Government." A knowing wink accompanied this speech, and though I didn't see the force of the remark, I winked too, and said nothing.

"What language does he speak?" said I, at last.

"Our Minister? English, of course!"



"In that case I'm off at once;" and away I drove to the Legation. The Minister was engaged. Called again,—he was out. Called later,—he was in conference with the Foreign Secretary. Later still,—he was dressing for dinner. Tipped his valet a Nap. and sent in my card, with a pressing entreaty to be admitted. Message brought back, quite impossible,—must call in the morning. Another Nap. to the flunkey, and asked his advice.

"His Excellency receives this evening,—come as one of the guests."

I didn't half like this counsel, Tom; it was rather an ob-

trusive line of policy, but what was to be done? I thought for a few minutes, and, seeing no chance of anything better, resolved to adopt it. At ten o'clock, then, behold me ascending a splendidly illuminated staircase, with marble statues on either side, half hid amidst all manner of rare and beautiful plants. Crowds of splendidly dressed people are wending their way upward with myself — doubtless with lighter hearts — which was not a difficult matter. At the top, I find myself in a dense crowd, all a blaze of diamonds and decorations, gorgeous uniforms and jewelled dresses of the most costly magnificence.

I assure you I was perfectly lost in wonderment and admiration. The glare of wax-lights, the splendor of the apartments themselves, and the air of grandeur on every side actually dazzled and astounded me. At each instant I heard the title of Duke and Prince given to some one or other. "Your Highness is looking better;" "I trust your Grace will dance;" "Is the Princess here?" "Pray present me to the Duchess." Egad, Tom, I felt I was really in the very centre of that charmed circle of which one hears so much and yet sees so little.

I needn't say that I knew nobody, and I own to you it was a great relief to me that nobody knew *me*. Where should I find the Minister in all this chaos of splendor, and if I did succeed, how obtain the means of addressing him? These were very puzzling questions to be solved, and by a brain turning with excitement, and half wild between astonishment and apprehension. On I went, through room after room, — there seemed no end to this gorgeous display. Here they were crushed together, so that stars, crosses, epaulettes, diamond coronets, and jewelled arms seemed all one dense mass; here they were broken into card-parties; here they were at billiards; here dancing; and here all were gathered around a splendid buffet, where the pop, pop of champagne corks explained the lively sallies of the talkers. I was not sorry to find something like refreshment; indeed, I thought my courage stood in need of a glass of wine, and so I set myself vigorously to pierce the firm and compact crowd in front of me. My resolve had scarcely been taken, when I felt a gentle but close pressure within

my arm, and on looking down, saw three fingers of a white-gloved hand on my wrist.

I started back; and even before I could turn my head, Tom, I heard a gentle voice murmur in my ear, "Dear creature,—how delighted to see you!—when did you arrive?" and my eyes fell upon Mrs. Gore Hampton! There she was, in all the splendor of full dress, which, I am bound to say, in the present instance meant as small an amount of raiment as any one could well venture out in. That I never saw her look half so beautiful is quite true. Her combs of brilliants set off her glossy hair, and added new brilliancy to her eyes, while her beauteous neck and shoulders actually shone in the brightness of its tints. I bethought me of the "Splügen," Tom, and the cold insolence of her disdain. I tried to summon up indignation to reproach her, but she anticipated me, by saying, with a bewitching smile, "Adolphus is n't here now, Doddy!" Few as the words were, Tom, they revealed a whole history,—they were apology for the past, and assurance for the present. "Still," said I, "you might have—" "What a silly thing it is!" said she, putting her fan on my lips; "and it wants to quarrel with me the very moment of meeting; but it must n't and it sha'n't. Get me some supper, Doddy,—an oyster patty, if there be one,—if not, an ortolan truffé."

This at least was a good sensible speech, and so I wedged firmly into the mass, and, by dint of very considerable pressure, at length landed my fair friend at the buffet. It was, I must say, worth all the labor. There was everything you can think of, from sturgeon to Maraschino jelly, and wines of every land of Europe. It was a good opportunity to taste some rare vintages, and so I made a little excursion through Marcobrunner to Johannisberg, and thence on to Steinberger. Leaving the Rhine land, I coquettled awhile with Burgundy, especially Chambertin, back again, however, to Champagne, for the sake of its icy coldness, to wind up with some wonderful Schumlawer,—a Hungarian tap,—that actually made me wish I had been born a hussar.

It is no use trying to explain to *you* the tangled maze of my poor bewitched faculties. *You*, whose experiences in such

trials have not gone beyond a struggle for a ham sandwich, or a chicken bone for some asthmatic old lady in black satin, — *you* can neither comprehend my situation nor compassionate my difficulties. How shall I convey to your uninformed imagination the bewitching effects of wine, beauty, heat, light, music, soft words, soft glances, blue eyes, and snowy shoulders? I may give you all the details, but you'll never be able to blend them into that magic mass that melts the heart, and makes such fools of the Kenny Dodds of this world. There is such a thing, believe me, as "an atmosphere of enchantment." There are elements which compose a magical air around you, perfumed with odors, and still more entrancing by flatteries. The appeal is now to your senses, now to your heart, your affections, your intellect, your sympathies; your very self-love is even addressed, and you are more than man, at least more than an Irishman, if you resist.

Egad, Tom, she is a splendid woman! and has that air of gentleness and command about her that somehow subdues you at once. Her little cajoleries — those small nothings of voice and look and touch — are such subtle tempters for one admired even to homage itself.

"You must be my escort, Doddy," said she, drawing on her glove, after fascinating me by the sight of that dimpled hand, and those rose-tipped fingers so full of their own memories for me. "You shall give me your arm, and I'll tell you who every one is." And away we sailed out of the supper-room into the crowded salons.

Our progress was slow, for the crush was tremendous; but, as we went, her recognitions were frequent. Still, I could not but remark, not with women. All, or nearly all, her acquaintances were of, I was going to say the harder, but upon my life I believe the real epithet would be the softer sex. They saluted her with an easy, almost too easy, familiarity. Some only smiled; and one, a scoundrel, — I shall know him again, however, — threw up his eyes with a particular glance towards me, as plainly as possible implying, "Oh, another victim, eh?" As for the ladies, some stared full at her, and then turned abruptly away; some passed without looking; one or two made her low and formal courte-

sies ; and a few put up their glasses to scan her lace flounce or her lappets, as if *they* were really the great objects to be admired. At last we came to a knot of men talking in a circle round a very pretty woman, whose jet-black eyes and ringlets, with a high color, gave her a most brilliant appearance. The moment she saw Mrs. G. H. she sprang from her seat to embrace her. They spoke in French, and so rapidly that I could catch nothing of what passed ; but the



dark eyes were suddenly darted towards me with a piercing glance that made me half ashamed.

“ Let us take possession of that sofa,” said Mrs. Gore, moving towards one. “ And now, Doddy, I want to present you to my dearest friend on earth, my own darling Georgina.”

Then they both kissed, and I muttered some stupid nonsense of my own.

“ This, Georgy, — this is that dear creature of whom you have heard me speak so often ; this is that generous, noble-

hearted soul whose devotion is written upon my heart; and this," said she, turning to the other side, "this is my more than sister, — my adored Georgina!"

I took my place between them on the sofa, and was formally presented to whom? — guess you? No less a person than Lady George Tiverton! Ay, Tom, the fascinating creature with the dark orbs was another injured woman! I was not to be treated like a common acquaintance, it seemed, for "Georgy" began a recital of her husband's cruelties to me. Of all the wretches I ever heard or read he went far beyond them. There was not an indignity, not an outrage, he had not passed on her. He studied cruelties to inflict upon her. She had been starved, beaten, bruised, and, I believe, chained to a log.

She drew down her dress to show me some mark of cruelty on her shoulder; and though I saw nothing to shock me, I took her word for the injury. In fact, Tom, I was lost in wonderment how one that had gone through so much not only retained the loveliness of her looks, but all the fascinations of her beauty, unimpaired by any traits of suffering.

What a terrible story it was, to be sure! Now he had sold her diamonds to a Jew; now he had disposed of her beautiful dark hair to a wig-maker. In his reckless extravagance her very teeth were not safe in her head; but more dreadful than all were the temptations he had exposed her to, — sweet, young, artless, and lovely as she was! All the handsome fellows about town, — all that was gay, dashing, and attractive, — the young Peerage and the Blues, — all at her feet; but her saintlike purity triumphed; and it was really quite charming to hear how these two pretty women congratulated each other on all the perils they had passed through unharmed, and the dangers through which virtue had borne them triumphant. There I sat, Tom, almost enveloped in gauze and Valenciennes, — for their wide flounces encompassed me, their beauteous faces at either side, their soft breath fanning me, — listening to tales of man's infamy that made my blood boil. To the excitement of the champagne had succeeded the delirious intoxication compounded of passionate indignation and glowing admira-

tion; and at any minute I felt ready to throw myself at the heads of the husbands or the feet of their wives!

Vast crowds moved by us as we sat there, and I could perceive that we were by no means unnoticed by the company. At last I perceived an elderly lady, leaning on a young man's arm, whom I thought I recognized; but she quickly averted her head and said something to her companion. He turned and bowed coldly to me; and I perceived it was Morris,—or Penrhyn, I suppose he calls himself now; and, indeed, his new dignity would seem to have completely overcome him. Mrs. G. H. asked his name; and when I told it, said she would permit me to present him to her,—a liberty I had no intention to profit by.

The company was now thinning fast; and so, giving an arm to each of my fair friends, we descended to the cloak-ing-room. "Call our carriage, Doddy,—the Villino Amal-dini! for Georgy and I go together," said Mrs. G. I saw them to the door, helped them in, kissed their hands, promised to call on them early on the morrow,—"Villa Amaldini,—Via Amaldini,"—got the name by heart; another squeeze of the two fair hands, and away they rolled, and I turned homeward in a frame of mind of which I have not courage to attempt the description.

When I arrived at our lodgings, it was nigh three o'clock; Mary Anne and Cary were both sitting up waiting for me. The police had made a descent on the house in my absence, and carried away three hundred and seventy copies of the blessed little tract, all our house bills, some of your letters, and the girls' Italian exercises; a very formidable array of correspondence, to which some equations in algebra, by James, contributed the air of a cipher.

"Well, papa, what tidings?" cried both the girls, as I entered the room. "When is she to be liberated? What says the Minister?—is he outrageous?—was he civil?—did he show much energy?"

"Wait a bit, my dears," said I, "and let me collect myself. After all I have gone through, my head is none of the clearest."

This was quite true, Tom, as you may readily believe. They both waited, accordingly, with a most exemplary

patience ; and there we sat in silence, confronting each other ; and I own to you honestly, a criminal in a dock never had a worse conscience than myself at that moment.

“ Girls,” said I, at last, “ if I am to have brains to carry me through this difficult negotiation, it will only be by giving me the most perfect peace and tranquillity. No questioning — no interrogation — no annoyance of any kind — you understand me — this,” said I, touching my forehead, — “ this must be undisturbed.” They both looked at each other without speaking, and I went on ; but what I said, and how I said it, I have no means of knowing : I dashed intrepidly into the wide sea of European politics, mixing up Mrs. D. with Mazzini, making out something like a very strong case against her. From that I turned to Turkey and the Danubian Provinces, and brought in Omer Pasha and the Earl of Guzeberry ; plainly showing that their mother was a wronged and injured woman, and that Sir Somebody Dundas might be expected any moment at the mouth of the Arno, to exact redress for her wrongs. “ And now,” said I, winding up, “ you know as much of the matter as I do, my dears ; you view things from the same level as myself ; and so, off to bed, and we’ll resume the consideration of the subject in the morning.” I did n’t wait for more, but took my candle and departed.

“ Poor papa ! ” said Mary Anne, as I closed the door ; “ he talks quite wildly. This sad affair has completely affected his mind.”

“ He certainly *does* talk most incoherently,” said Cary ; “ I hope we shall find him better in the morning.” Ah ! Tom, I passed a wretched night of self-accusation and sorrow. There was nothing Mrs. D. herself could have said to me that I did n’t say. I called myself a variety of the hardest names, and inveighed stoutly against my depravity and treachery. The consequence was that I could n’t sleep a wink, and rose early, to try and shake off my feverish state by a walk.

I sallied out into the streets, and half unconsciously took the way to the prison. It was one of those old feudal fortresses — half jail, half palace — that the Medici were so fond of, — grim-looking, narrow-windowed, high-battle-

mented buildings, that stand amidst modern edifices as a mailed knight might stand in a group of our every-day dandies. I looked up at its dark and sullen front with a heavy and self-reproaching heart. "Your wife is there, Kenny Dodd," said I, "a prisoner! — treated like a malefactor and a felon! — carried away by force, without trial or investigation, and already sentenced — for a prisoner is under sentence when even passingly deprived of liberty — and there you stand, powerless and inactive! For this you quitted a land where there is at least a law, and the appeal to it open to every one! For this you have left a country where personal liberty can be assailed neither by tyranny nor corruption! For this you have come hundreds of miles away from home, to subject yourself and those belonging to you to the miserable despotism of petty tyrants and the persecution of bigots! Why don't they print it in large letters in every passport what one has to expect in these journeyings? What nonsense it is to say that Kenny Dodd is to travel at his pleasure, and that the authorities themselves are neither to give nor 'permettre qu'il lui soit donné empêchement quelconque, mais au contraire toute aide et assistance!' Why not be frank, and say, 'Kenny Dodd comes abroad at his own proper risk and peril, to be cheated in Belgium, bamboozled in Holland, and blackguarded on the Rhine; with full liberty to be robbed in Spain, imprisoned in Italy, and knouted in Russia'? With a few such facts as these before you, you would think twice on the Tower Stairs, and perhaps deliberate a little at Dover. It's no use making a row because foreigners do not adopt our notions. They have no *Habeas Corpus*, just as they have no London Stout, — maybe for the same reason, too, — it would n't suit the climate. But what brings us amongst them! There's the question. Why do we come so far away from home to eat food that disagrees with us, and live under laws we cry out against? Is it consistent with common-sense to run amuck through the statutes of foreign nations just out of wilfulness? I wish my wife was out of that den, and I wish we were all back in Dodsborough." And with that wise reflection, uttered in all the fulness of my heart, I turned slowly away

and reached the Arno. A gentleman raised his hat politely to me as I passed. I turned hastily, and saw it was Morris. His salute was a cold one, and showed no inclination for nearer acquaintance; but I was too much humiliated in my own esteem to feel pride, so I followed and overtook him. His reception of me was so chilling, Tom, that even before I spoke I regretted the step I had adopted. I rallied, however, and after reminding him how on a former occasion I had been benefited by his able intervention in my behalf, briefly told him of Mrs. D.'s arrest, and the great embarrassment I felt as to the course to be taken.

He thawed in a moment. All his distance was at once abandoned, and, kindly offering me his arm, begged me to relate what had occurred. He listened calmly, patiently, — I might almost say, coldly. He never dropped a sentence, — not a syllable like sympathy or condolence. He had n't as much as a word of honest indignation against the outrageous behavior of the authorities. In fact, Tom, he took the whole thing just as much as a matter of course as if there was nothing remarkable nor strange in imprisoning an Englishwoman, and the mother of a family. He made a few pencil notes in his pocket-book as to dates and such-like, and then, looking at his watch, said, —

“ We 'll go and breakfast with Dunthorpe. You know him intimately, don't you? ”

I had to confess I did not know him at all.

“ Oh ! seeing you there last night,” said he, “ I thought you knew him well, as you are only a very short time in Florence.”

I drew a long breath, Tom, and told him how I had happened to find myself at the Minister's “ rout.” He smiled good-humoredly; there was nothing offensive in it, however, and it passed off at once.

“ Sir Alexander and I are old friends,” said he. “ We served in the same regiment once together, and I can venture to present you, even at this early hour; ” and with that we walked briskly on towards the Legation.

All this while Morris — I can't call him by his new name yet — never alluded to the family; he did n't even ask after James, and I plainly saw that he was bent on doing a very

good-natured thing, without any desire to incur further intimacy as its consequence.

Sir Alexander had not left his room when we arrived, but on receiving Morris's card sent word to say he should be down in a moment, and expected us both at breakfast. The table was spread in a handsome library, with every possible appliance of comfort about it. There was a brisk wood-fire blazing on the ample hearth, and a beautiful Blenheim asleep before it. Newspapers of every country and every language lay scattered about with illustrated journals and prints. Most voluptuous easy-chairs and fat-cushioned sofas abounded, and it was plain to see that the world has some rougher sides than she turns to her Majesty's Envoys and Ministers Plenipotentiary!

I was busy picturing to myself what sort of person the present occupant of this post was likely to prove, when he entered. A tall, very good-looking man, of about forty, with bushy whiskers of white hair; his air and bearing the very type of frankness, and his voice the rich tone of a manly speaker. He shook me cordially by the hand as Morris introduced me, apologized for keeping us waiting, and at once seated us at table. A sickly-looking lad, with sore eyes and a stutter, slipped unobtrusively in after him, and he was presented to us as Lord Adolphus de Maudley, the unpaid Attaché.

Leaving all to Morris, and rightly conjecturing that he would open the subject we came upon at the fitting time, I attacked a grouse-pie most vigorously, and helped myself freely to his Excellency's Bordeaux. There were all manner of good things, and we did them ample justice, even to the Unpaid himself, who certainly seemed to take out in prog what they denied him in salary.

Sir Alexander made all the running as to talk. He rattled away about Turks and Russians, — affairs home and foreign, — the Ministry and the Opposition, — who was to go next to some vacant embassy, and who was to be the prima donna at the Pergola. Then came Florence gossip, — an amusing chapter; but perhaps — as they say in the police reports — not quite fit for publication. His Excellency had seen the girls at the races, and complimented me on their

good looks, and felicitated the city on the accession of so much beauty. At last Morris broke ground, and related the story of Mrs. D.'s captivity. Sir Alex—who had by this time lighted his cigar—stood with his hands in his dressing-gown pockets, and his back to the fire, the most calm and impassive of listeners.

“They are so stupid, these people,” said he at last, puffing his weed between each word; “won’t take the trouble to look before them — won’t examine — won’t investigate — a charge. Mrs. Dodd a Catholic too?”

“A most devout and conscientious one!” said I.

“Great bore for the moment, no doubt; but — try a cheroot, they’re milder — but, as I was saying, to be amply recompensed hereafter. There’s nothing they won’t do in the way of civility and attention to make amends for this outrage.”

“Meanwhile, as to her liberation?” said Morris.

“Ah! that *is* a puzzle. No use writing to Ministers, you know. That’s all lost time. Official correspondence — only invented to train up our youth — like Lord Dolly, there. Must try what can be done with Bradelli.”

“And who is Bradelli, your Excellency?”

“Bradelli is Private Secretary to the Cardinal Boncelli, at Rome.”

“But we are in Tuscany.”

“Geographically speaking, so we are. But leave it to me, Mr. Dodd. No time shall be lost. Draw up a note, Dolly, to the Prince Cigalaroso. You have a mem. in the Chancellerie will do very well. The English are always in scrapes, and it is always the same: ‘Mon cher Prince,—Je regrette infiniment que mes devoirs m’imposent,’ &c., &c., with a full account of the ‘fâcheux incident,’ — that’s the phrase, mind that, Dolly; do everything necessary for the Blue Book, and in the meanwhile take care that Mrs. D. is out of prison before the day is over.”

I was surprised to find how little Sir Alexander cared for the real facts of the case, or the gross injustice of the entire proceeding. In fact, he listened to my explanations on this head with as much impatience as could consist with his unquestionable good breeding, simply interpolating as I

went on: "Ah, very true;" "Your observation is quite correct;" "Perfectly just," and so on. "Can you dine here to-day, Mr. Dodd?" said he, as I finished; "Penrhyn is coming, and a few other friends."

I had some half scruples about accepting a dinner invitation while my wife remained a prisoner, but I thought, "After all, the Minister must be the best judge of such a point," and accordingly said "Yes." A most agreeable dinner it was too, Tom. A party of seven at a round table, admirably served, and with—what I assure you is growing rather a rarity nowadays—a sufficiency of wine.

The Minister himself proved most agreeable; his long residence abroad had often brought him into contact with amusing specimens of his own countrymen, some of whose traits and stories he recounted admirably, showing me that the Dodds are only the species of a very widely extended and well-appreciated genus.

I own to you that I heard, with no small degree of humiliation, how prone we English are to demand money compensations for the wrongs inflicted upon us by foreign governments. As the information came from a source I cannot question, I have only to accept the fact, and deplore it.

As a nation, we are, assuredly, neither mean nor mercenary. As individuals, I sincerely hope and trust we can stand comparison in all that regards liberality of purse with any people. Yet how comes it that we have attained to an almost special notoriety for converting our sorrows into silver, and making our personal injuries into a credit at our banker's? I half suspect that the tone imparted to the national mind by our Law Courts is the true reason of this, and that our actions for damages are the damaging features of our character as a people. The man who sees no indiginity in taking the price of his dishonor, will find little difficulty in appraising the value of an insult to his liberty. Take my word for it, Tom, it is a very hard thing to make foreigners respect the institutions of a country stained with this reproach, or believe that a people can be truly high-minded and high-spirited who have recourse to such indemnities.

From what fell from Sir Alexander on this subject, I could plainly perceive the embarrassment a Minister must labor under, who, while asserting the high pretensions of a great nation, is compelled to descend to such ignoble bargains; and I only wish that the good public at home, as they pore over Blue Books, would take into account this very considerable difficulty.

As regards foreign governments themselves, it is right to bear in mind that they rarely or never can be induced to believe the transgressions of individuals as anything but parts of a grand and comprehensive scheme of English interference. If John Bull smuggle a pound of tea, it is immediately set down that England is going to alter the Custom Laws. Let him surreptitiously steal his fowling-piece over the frontier, and we are accused of "arming the disaffected population." A copy of a tract is construed into a treatise on Socialism; and a "Jim-Crow" hat is the symbol of Republican doctrines.

I see the full absurdity of these suspicions, but I wish, for our own comfort's sake, to take no higher ground, that we were somewhat more circumspect in our conduct abroad. "Rule Britannia" is a very fine tune, and nobody likes to hear it, well sung, better than myself; but this I will say, Tom, "Britons *ever* will be slaves" to their prejudices and self-delusions, until they come to see that *their* notions of right and wrong are not universal, and that there is no more faulty impression than to suppose an English standard of almost anything applicable to people who have scarcely a thought, a feeling, or even a prejudice in common with us.

One might almost fancy that the travelling Englishman loved a scrape from the pleasure it afforded him of addressing his Minister, and making a fuss in the "Times." Just as a fellow who knew he had a cork jacket under his waist-coat might take pleasure in falling overboard and attracting public attention, without incurring much risk.

While we were discussing these and such-like topics, there came a note from James to say that Mrs. Dodd had just been liberated, and was then safe in what is popularly called the bosom of her family. I accordingly arose and thanked Sir Alexander most heartily for his kind and successful

interference, and though I should not have objected to another glass or two of his admirable port, I felt it was only decent and becoming in me to hasten home to my wife.

As Morris had shown so much good-nature in the affair, and had — formerly, at least — been on very friendly terms with us, I asked him to come along with me; but he declined, with a kind of bashful reserve that I could not comprehend; and so, half offended at his coldness, I wished him a “good-night,” and departed.

I have now only to add that I found Mrs. D. in good health and spirits, and, on the whole, rather pleased with the incident than otherwise. You shall hear from me again ere long, and meanwhile believe me,

Your ever faithful friend,

KENNY JAMES DODD.

LETTER XXVII.

MRS. DODD TO MRS. GALLAGHER, DODSBOROUGH.

CASA DODD, FLORENCE.

MY DEAR MOLLY, — So you tell me that the newspapers is full of me, and that nothing is talked of but “the case of Mrs. Dodd” and her “cruel incarnation in the dungeons of Tuscany.” I wish they’d keep their sympathies to themselves, Molly, for, to tell you a secret, this same captivity has done us the greatest service in the world. Here we are, my darling, at the top of the tree, — going to all the balls, dining out every day, and treated with what they call the most distinguished consideration. And I must say, Molly, that of all the cities ever I seen, Florence is the most to my taste. There’s a way of living here, — I can’t explain how it is done, exactly; but everybody has just what he likes of everything. I believe it’s the bankers does it, — that they have a way of exchanging, or discounting, or whatever it is called, that makes every one at their ease; and, indeed, my only surprise is why everybody does n’t come to live in a place with so many advantages. Even K. I. has ceased grumbling about money matters, and for the last three weeks we have really enjoyed ourselves. To be sure, now and then, he mumbles about “as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb;” and this morning he said that he was “too old to beg,” to “dig he was ashamed.” “I hope you are,” says I; “it is n’t in your station in life that you can go out as a navvy, and with your two daughters the greatest beauties in the town.” And so they are, Molly. There is n’t the like of Mary Anne in the Cascini; and though Caroline won’t give herself fair play in the way of dress, there’s many thinks she’s the prettiest of the two.

I wish you saw the Cascini, Molly, when the carriages all drive up, and get mixed together, so that you would wonder how they 'd ever get out again. They are full of elegantly dressed ladies; there 's nothing too fine for them, even in the morning, and there they sit, and loll back, with all the young dandies lying about them, on the steps of the carriages, over the splash-boards, — indeed, nearly under the wheels, — squeezing their hands, looking into their eyes and under their veils. Oh dear, but it seems mighty wicked till you 're used to it, and know it 's only the way of the place, which one does remarkably soon. The first thing strikes a stranger here, Molly, is that everybody knows every other body most intimately. It 's all "Carlo," "Luigi," "Antonio mio," with hands clasped or arms about each other, and everlasting kissing between the women. And then, Molly, when you see a newly arrived English family in the midst of them, with a sulky father, a stiff mother, three stern young ladies, and a stupid boy of sixteen, you think them the ugliest creatures on earth, and don 't rightly know whether to be angry or laugh at them.

Lord George says that the great advantage of the Cascini is that you hear there "all that 's going on." Faith, you do, Molly, and nice goings-on it is! The Florentines say they 've no liberty. I 'd like to know how much more they want, for if they have n 't it by right, Molly, they take it at all events, and with everybody too. The creatures, all rings and chains, beards and moustaches, come up to the side of your carriage, put up their opera-glasses, and stare at you as if you was waxwork! Then they begin to discuss you, and almost fall out about the color of your hair or your eyes, till one, bolder than the rest, comes up close to you, and decides what is maybe a wager! It 's all very trying at first, — not but Mary Anne bears it beautifully, and seems never to know that she is standing under a battery of fifty pair of eyes!

As to James, it 's all paradise. He knows all the beauties of the town already, and I see him with his head into a brougham there, and his legs dangling out of a phaeton here, just as if he was one of the family. You may think, Molly, when they begin that way of a morning, what it is

when they come to the evening! If they're all dear friends in the daylight, it's brothers and sisters—no, but husbands and wives—they become, when the lamps are lighted! Whether they walk or waltz, whether they hand you to a seat or offer you an ice, they've an art to make it a particular attention,—and, as it were, put you under an obligation for it; and whether you like it or not, Molly, you are made out in their debt, and woe to you when they discover you're a defaulter!

I'm sure, without Lord George's advice, we could n't have found the right road to the high society of this place so easily; but he told K. I. at once what to do,—and for a wonder, Molly, he did it. Florence, says he, is like no other capital in Europe. In all the others there is a circle, more or less wide, of what assumes to be "the world;" there every one is known, his rank, position, and even his fortune. Now in Florence people mix as they do at a Swiss *table d'hôte*; each talks to his neighbor, perfectly aware that *he* may be a blackleg, or *she*—if it be a *she*—something worse. That society is agreeable, pleasant, and brilliant is the best refutation to all the cant one hears about freedom of manners, and so on. And, as Lord G. observes, it is manifestly a duty with the proper people to mingle with the naughty ones, since it is only in this way they can hope to reclaim them. "Take those two charming girls of yours into the world here, Mrs. D.," said he to me the other day; "show the folks that beauty, grace, and fascination are all compatible with correct principles and proper notions; let them see that you yourself, so certain of attracting admiration, are not afraid of its incense; say to society, as it were, 'Here we are, so 'secure of ourselves that we can walk unharmed through all the perils around us, and enjoy health and vigor with the plague on every side of us.' " And that's what we're doing, Molly. As Lord George says, "we're diffusing our influence," and I've no doubt we'll see the results before long.

I wish I was as sure of K. I.'s goings-on; but Betty tells me that he constantly receives letters of a morning, and hurries out immediately after; that he often drives away late at night in a hackney-coach, and does n't return till nigh

morning! I'm only waiting for him to buy us a pair of carriage-horses to be at him about this behavior; and, indeed, I think he's trying to push me on to it, to save him from the expense of the horses. I must tell you, Molly, that next to having no character, the most fashionable thing here is a handsome coach; and, indeed, without something striking in that way, you can't hope to take society by storm. With a phaeton and a pair of blood bays, James says, you can drive into Prince Walleykoffsky's drawing-room; with a team of four, you can trot them up the stairs of the Pitti Palace.

After a coach, comes your cook; and is n't my heart broke trying them! We've had a round of "experimental dinners," that has cost us a little fortune, since each "*chef*" that came was free to do what he pleased, without regard to the cost, and an eatable morsel never came to the table all the while. Our present artist is Monsieur Chardron, who goes out to market in a brougham, and buys a turkey with kid gloves on him. He won't cook for us except on company days, but leaves us to his "*aide*," as he calls him, whom K. I. likes best, for he condescends to give us a bit of roast meat, now and then, that has really nourishment in it. We're now, therefore, in a state to open the campaign. We've an elegant apartment, a first-rate cook, a capital courier; and next week we're to set up a chasseur, if K. I. will only consent to be made a Count.

You may stare, Molly, when I tell you that he fights against it as if it was the Court of Bankruptcy; though Lord George worked night and day to have it done. There never was the like of it for cheapness; a trifle over twenty pounds clears the whole expense; and for that he would be Count Dodd, of Fiezole, with a title to each of the children. As many thousands would n't do that in England; and, indeed, one does n't wonder at the general outcry of the expense of living there, when the commonest luxuries are so costly. Mary Anne and I are determined on it, and before the month is over your letters will be addressed to a Countess.

In the middle of all this happiness, my dear, there is a drop of bitter, as there always is in the cup of life, though you may do your best not to taste it. Indeed, if it was n't

for this drawback, Florence would be a place I'd like to live and die in. What I allude to is this: here we are between two fires, Molly, — the Morrises on one side, and Mrs. Gore Hampton on the other, — both watching, scrutinizing, and observing us; for, as bad luck would have it, they both settled down here for the winter! Now, the Morrises know all the quiet, well-behaved, respectable people, that one ought to be acquainted with just for decency's sake. But Mrs. G. H. is in the fashionable and fast set, where all the fun is going on; and from what I can learn them's the very people would suit us best. Being in neither camp, we hear nothing but the abuse and scandal that each throws on the other; and, indeed, to do them justice, if half of it was true, there's few of them ought to escape hanging!

That's how we stand; and can you picture to yourself a more embarrassing situation? for you see that many of the slow people are high in station and of real rank, while some of the fast are just the reverse. Lord George says, "Cut the fogies, and come amongst the fast 'uns," and talks about making friends with the "Mammoth of unrighteousness;" and if he means Mrs. G. H., I believe he is n't far wrong: but even if we consented, Molly, I don't know whether she'd make up with us; though Lord George swears that he'll answer for it with his head. One thing is clear, Molly, we must choose between them, and that soon too; for it's quite impossible to be "well with the Treasury and the Opposition also."

K. I. affects neutrality, just to blind us to his real intentions; but I know him well, and see plainly what he's after. Cary fights hard for her friends; though, to say the truth, they have n't taken the least notice of her since they came to their fortune, — the very thing I expected from them, Molly, for it's just the way with all upstarts! Now you see some of the difficulties that attend even the highest successes in life; and maybe it will make you more contented with your own obscurity. Perhaps, before this reaches you, we'll have decided for one or the other; for, as Lord G. says, you can't pass your life between silly and crabbed.¹

¹ Does Mrs. D. mean Scylla and Charybdis? — *Editor of "Dodd Correspondence."*

There 's another thing fretting me, besides, Molly. It is what this same Lord George means about Mary Anne; for it 's now more than six months since he grew particular; and yet there 's nothing come of it yet. I see it 's preying on the girl herself, too, — and what 's to be done? I am sure I often think of what poor old Jones M'Carthy used to say about this: “If I 'd a family of daughters,” says he, “I 'd do just as I manage with the horses when I want to sell one of them. There they are, — look at them as long as you like in the stable, but I 'll have no taking them out for a trial, and trotting them here, and cantering them there; and then, a fellow coming to tell me that they have this, that, and the other.” And the more I think of it, Molly, the more I 'm convinced it 's the right way; though it 's too late, maybe, to help it now.

As I mean to send you another letter soon, I 'll close this now, wishing you all the compliments of the season, except chilblains, and remain your true and affectionate friend,

JEMIMA DODD.

P. S. You 'd better direct your next letter to us “Casa Dodd,” for I remark that all the English here try and get rid of the Italian names to the houses as soon as they can.

LETTER XXVIII.

JAMES DODD TO ROBERT DOOLAN, ESQ., TRINITY COLLEGE,
DUBLIN.

FLORENCE.

MY DEAR BOB,—If you only knew how difficult it is to obtain even five minutes of quiet leisure in this same capital, you'd at once absolve me from all the accusations in your last letter. It is pleasure at a railroad pace, from morning till night, and from night till morning. Perhaps, after all, it is best there should be no time for reflection, since it would be like one waiting on the rails for an express train to run over him!

I can give you no better nor speedier illustration of the kind of life we lead here, than by saying that even the governor has felt the fascination of the place, and goes the pace, signing checks and drawing bills without the slightest hesitation, or any apparent sense of a coming responsibility. He plays, too, and loses his money freely, and altogether comports himself as if he had a most liberal income, or—terrible alternative—not a sixpence in the world. I own to you, Bob, that this recklessness affrights me far more than all his former grumbling over our expensive and wasteful habits. He seems to have adopted it, too, with a certain method that gives it all the appearance of a plan, though I confess what possible advantage could redound from it is utterly beyond my power of calculation.

Meanwhile our style of living is on a scale of splendor that might well suit the most ample fortune. Tiverton says that for a month or two this is absolutely necessary, and that in society, as in war, it is the first dash often decides a campaign. And really, even my own brief experience of the world shows that one's friends, as they are convention-

ally called, are far more interested in the skill of your cook than in the merits of your own character; and that he who has a good cellar may indulge himself in the luxury of a very bad conscience. You, of course, suspect that I am now speaking of a class of people dubious both in fortune and position, and who have really no right to scrutinize too closely the characters of those with whom they associate. Quite the reverse, Bob, I am actually alluding to our very best and most correct English, and who would not for worlds do at home any one of the hundred transgressions they commit abroad. For instance, we have, in this goodly capital of debt and divorce celebrity, a certain house of almost princely splendor; the furniture, plate, pictures, all perfection; the cook, an artist that once pampered royal palates; in a word, everything, from the cellar to the conservatory, a miracle of correct taste. The owner of all this magnificence is — what think you? — a successful swindler! — the hero of a hundred bubble speculations, — the spoliator of some thousands of shareholders, — a fellow whose infractions have been more than once stigmatized by public prosecution, and whose rascalities are of European fame! You 'd say that with all these detracting influences he was a man of consummate social tact, refined manners, and at least possessing the outward signs of good breeding. Wrong again, Bob. He is coarse, uneducated, and vulgar; he never picked up any semblance of the class from whom he peculated; and has lived on, as he began, a "low comedy villain," and no more. Well, what think you, when I tell you that is "*the house*," *par excellence*, where all strangers strive to be introduced, — that to be on the dinner-list here is a distinction, and that even a visitor enjoys an envied fortune, — and that at the very moment I write, the Dodd family are in earnest and active negotiation to attain to this inestimable privilege? Now, Bob, there 's no denying that there must be something rotten, and to the core too, where such a condition of things prevails. If this man fed the hungry and sheltered the houseless, who had no alternative but his table or no food, the thing requires no explanation; or if his hospitalities were partaken of by that large floating class who in every city are to be found, with tastes dispro-

portionate to their fortunes, and who will at any time postpone their principles to their palates, even then the matter is not of difficult solution; but what think you that his company includes some of the very highest names of our stately nobility, and that the titles that resound through his *salon* are amongst the most honored of our haughty aristocracy! These people assuredly stand in no want of a dinner. They are comfortably lodged, and at least reasonably well fed at the "Italie" or the "Grande Bretagne." Why should they stoop to such companionship? Who can explain this, Bob? Assuredly, I am not the *Edipus*!

I am nothing surprised that people like ourselves, for instance, seek to enjoy even this passing splendor, and find themselves at a princely board, served with a more than royal costliness. One of these grand dinners is like a page of the Arabian Nights to a man of ordinary condition; but surely his Grace the Duke, or the most Noble the Marquis has no such illusions. With *him* it is only a question whether the Madeira over-flavored the soup, or that the ortolans might possibly have been fatter. *He* dines pretty much in the same fashion every day during the London season, and a great part of the rest of the year afterwards. Why then should he descend to any compromise to accept Count "Dragonards's" hospitality? for I must tell you that "Dives" is a Count, and has orders from the Pope and the Queen of Spain.

With the explanation, as I have said, I have nothing to do. It is beyond and above me. For the fact alone I am guarantee; and here comes Tiverton in a transport of triumph to say that "Heaven is won," or, in humbler phrase, "Monsieur le Comte de Dragonards prie l'honneur," &c., and that Dodd *père* and Dodd *mère* are requested to dine with him on Tuesday, the younger Dodds to assist at a reception in the evening.

Tiverton assures me that by accepting with a good grace the humbler part of a "refresher," I am certain of promotion afterwards to a higher range of character; and in this hope I live for the present.

It is likely I shall not despatch this without being able to tell you more of this great man's house; meanwhile —

“*majora cantamus*”—I am in love, Bob! If I didn’t dash into the confession at once, as one springs into the sea of a chilly morning, I’d even put on the clothes of secrecy, and walk off unconfessed. She is lovely, beyond anything I can give you an idea of,—pale as marble; but such a flesh tint! a sunset sleeping upon snow, and with lids fringed over a third of her cheek. You know the tender, languid, longing look that vanquishes me,—that’s exactly what she has! A glance of timid surprise, like an affrighted fawn, and then a downcast consciousness,—a kind of self-reproaching sense of her own loveliness,—a sort of a—what the devil kind of enchantment and witchery, Bob? that makes a man feel it’s all no use struggling and fighting,—that his doom is *there!* that the influence which is to rule his destiny is before him, and that, turn him which way he will, his heart has but one road—and *will* take it!

She was in Box 19, over the orchestra! I caught a glimpse of her shoulder—only her shoulder—at first, as she sat with her face to the stage, and a huge screen shaded her from the garish light of the lustre. How I watched the graceful bend of her neck each time she saluted—I suppose it was a salutation—some new visitor who entered! The drooping leaves and flowers of her hair trembled with a gentle motion, as if to the music of her soft voice. I thought I could hear the very accents echoing within my heart! But oh! my ecstasy when her hand stole forth and hung listlessly over the cushion of the box! True it was gloved, yet still you could mark its symmetry, and, in fancy, picture the rosy-tipped fingers in all their graceful beauty.

Night after night I saw her thus; yet never more than I have told you. I made superhuman efforts to obtain the box directly in front; but it belonged to a Russian princess, and was therefore inaccessible. I bribed the bassoon and seduced the oboe in the orchestra; but nothing was to be seen from their inferno of discordant tunings. I made love to a ballet-dancer, to secure the *entrée* behind the scenes; and on the night of my success *she*—my adored one—had changed her place with a friend, and sat with her back to the stage. The adverse fates had taken a spite against me, Bob, and I saw that my passion must prove unhappy!

Somehow it is in love as in hunting, you are never really in earnest so long as the country is open and the fences easy; but once that the ditches are "yawners," and the walls "raspers," you sit down to your work with a resolute heart and a steady eye, determined, at any cost and at any peril, to be in at the death. Would that the penalties were alike also! How gladly would I barter a fractured rib or a smashed collar-bone for the wrecked and cast-away spirit of my lost and broken heart!

If I suffer myself to expand upon my feelings, there will be no end of this, Bob. I already have a kind of consciousness that I could fill three hundred and fifty folio volumes, like "Hansard's," in subtle description and discrimination of sensations that were not exactly "*this*," but were very like "*that*;" and of impressions, hopes, fancies, fears, and visions, a thousand times more real than all the actual events of my *bond fide* existence. And, after all, what balderdash it is to compare the little meaningless incidents of our lives with the soul-stirring passions that rage within us! the thoughts that, so to say, form the very fuel of our natures! These are, indeed, the realities; and what we are in the habit of calling such are the mere mockeries and semblances of fact! I can honestly aver that I suffered — in the true sense of the word — more intense agony from the conflict of my distracted feelings than I ever did when lying under the pangs of a compound fracture; and I may add of a species of pain not to be alleviated by anodynes and soothed by hot flannels.

To be brief, Bob, I felt that, though I had often caught slight attacks of the malady, at length I had contracted it in its deadliest form, — a regular "blue case," as they say, with bad symptoms from the start. Has it ever struck you that a man may go through every stage of a love fever without even so much as speaking to the object of his affections? I can assure you that the thing is true, and I myself suffered nightly every vacillating sense of hope, fear, ecstasy, despair, joy, jealousy, and frantic delight, just by following out the suggestions of my own fancy, and exalting into importance the veriest trifles of the hour.

With what gloomy despondence did I turn homeward of

an evening, when she sat back in the box, and perhaps nothing of her but her bouquet was visible for a whole night! — with what transports have I carried away the memory of her profile, seen but for a second! Then the agonies of my jealousy, as I saw her listening, with pleased attention, to some essenced puppy — I could swear it was such — who lounged into her box before the ballet! But at last came the climax of my joy, when I saw her “*lorgnette*” directed towards me, as I stood in the pit, and actually felt her eyes on me! I can imagine some old astronomer’s ecstasy, as, gazing for hours on the sky of night, the star that he has watched and waited for has suddenly shone through the glass of his telescope, and lit up his very heart within him with its radiance. I’d back myself to have experienced a still more thrilling sense of happiness as the beams of her bright eyes descended on me.

At first, Bob, I thought that the glances might have been meant for another. I turned and looked around me, ready to fasten a deadly quarrel upon him, whom I should have regarded at once as my greatest enemy. But the company amidst which I stood soon reassured me. A few snuffy-looking old counts, with brown wigs and unshaven chins, — a stray Government clerk with a pinchbeck chain and a weak moustache, could n’t be my rivals. I looked again, but she had turned away her head; and save that the “*lorgnette*” still rested within her fingers, I’d have thought the whole a vision.

Three nights after this the same thing occurred. I had taken care to resume the very same place each evening, to wear the same dress, to stand in the very same attitude, — a very touching “*pose*,” which I had practised before the glass. I had not been more than two hours at my post, when she turned abruptly round and stared full at me. There could be no mistake, no misconception whatever; for, as if to confirm my wavering doubts, her friend took the glass from her, and looked full and long at me. You may imagine, Bob, somewhat of the preoccupation of my faculties when I tell you that I never so much as recognized her friend. I had thoughts, eyes, ears, and senses for one, — and one only. Judge, then, my astonishment when she

saluted me, giving that little gesture with the hand your Florentines are such adepts in,— a species of salutation so full of most expressive meaning.

Short of a crow-quilled billet, neatly endorsed with her name, nothing could have spoken more plainly. It said, in a few words, “Come up here, Jim, we shall be delighted to see you.” I accepted the augury, Bob, as we used to say in Virgil, and in less than a minute had forced my passage through the dense crowd of the pit, and was mounting the box stairs, five steps at a spring. “Whose box is No. 19?” said I to an official. “Madame de Goranton,” was the reply. Awkward this; never had heard the name before; sounded like French; might be Swiss; possibly Belgian.

No time for debating the point, tapped and entered,— several persons within barring up the passage to the front,— suddenly heard a well-known voice, which accosted me most cordially, and, to my intense surprise, saw before me Mrs. Gore Hampton! You know already all about her, Bob, and I need not recapitulate.

“I fancied you were going to pass your life in distant adoration yonder, Mr. Dodd,” said she, laughingly, while she tendered her hand for me to kiss. “Adeline, dearest, let me present to you my friend Mr. Dodd.” A very cold — an icy recognition was the reply to this speech; and Adeline opened her fan, and said something behind it to an elderly dandy beside her, who laughed, and said, “*Parfaitement, ma foi!*”

Registering a secret vow to be the death of the antiquated tiger aforesaid, I entered into conversation with Mrs. G. H., who, notwithstanding some unpleasant passages between our families, expressed unqualified delight at the thought of meeting us all once more; inquired after my mother most affectionately; and asked if the girls were looking well, and whether they rode and danced as beautifully as ever. She made, between times, little efforts to draw her friend into conversation by some allusion to Mary Anne’s grace or Cary’s accomplishments; but all in vain. Adeline only met the advances with a cold stare, or a little half-smile of most sneering expression. It was not that she was distant and reserved towards me. No, Bob; her manner was

downright contemptuous ; it was insulting ; and yet such was the fascination her beauty had acquired over me that I could have knelt at her feet in adoration of her. I have no doubt that she saw this. I soon perceived that Mrs. Gore Hampton did. There is a wicked consciousness in a woman's look as she sees a man "hooked," there's no mistaking. Her eyes expressed this sentiment now ; and, indeed, she did not try to hide it.

She invited me to come home and sup with them. She half tried to make Adeline say a word or two in support of the invitation ; but no, she would not even hear it ; and when I accepted, she half peevishly declared she had got a bad headache, and would go to bed after the play. I tell you these trivial circumstances, Bob, just that you may fancy how irretrievably lost I was when such palpable signs of dislike could not discourage me. I felt this all — and acutely too ; but somehow with no sense of defeat, but a stubborn, resolute determination to conquer them.

I went back to sup with Mrs. G. H., and Adeline kept her word and retired. There were a few men — foreigners of distinction — but I sat beside the hostess, and heard nothing but praises of that "dear angel." These eulogies were mixed up with a certain tender pity that puzzled me sadly, since they always left the impression that either the angel had done something herself, or some one else had done it towards her, that called for all the most compassionate sentiments of the human heart. As to any chance of her history — who she was, whence she came, and so on — it was quite out of the question ; you might as well hope for the private life of some aerial spirit that descends in the midst of canvas clouds in a ballet. She was there — to be worshipped, wondered at, and admired, but not to be catechised.

I left Mrs. H.'s house at three in the morning, — a sadder but scarcely a wiser man. She charged me most solemnly not to mention to any one where I had been, — a precaution possibly suggested by the fact that I had lost sixty Napoleons at lansquenet, — a game at which I left herself and her friends deeply occupied when I came away. I was burning with impatience for Tiverton to come back to Florence. He had gone down to the Maremma to shoot snipe. For, al-

though I was precluded by my promise from divulging about the supper, I bethought me of a clever stratagem by which I could obtain all the counsel and guidance without any breach of faith, and this was, to take him with me some evening to the pit, station him opposite to No. 19, and ask all about its occupants; he knows everybody everywhere, so that I should have the whole history of my unknown charmer on the easiest of all terms.

From that day and that hour, I became a changed creature. The gay follies of my fashionable friends gave me no pleasure. I detested balls. I abhorred theatres. *She* ceased to frequent the opera. In fact, I gave the most unequivocal proof of my devotion to one by a most sweeping detestation of all the rest of mankind. Amidst my other disasters, I could not remember where Mrs. Gore Hampton lived. We had driven to her house after the theatre; it was a long way off, and seemed to take a very circuitous course to reach, but in what direction I had not the very vaguest notion of. The name of it, too, had escaped me, though she repeated it over several times when I was taking my leave of her. Of course, my omitting to call and pay my respects would subject me to every possible construction of rudeness and incivility, and here was, therefore, another source of irritation and annoyance to me.

My misanthropy grew fiercer. I had passed through the sad stage, and now entered upon the combative period of the disease. I felt an intense longing to have a quarrel with somebody. I frequented *cafés*, and walked the streets in a battle, murder, and sudden-death humor, — frowning at this man, scowling at that. But, have you never remarked, the caprice of Fortune is in this as in all other things? Be indifferent at play, and you are sure to win; show yourself regardless of a woman, and you are certain to hear she wants to make your acquaintance. Go out of a morning in a mood of universal love and philanthropy, and I'll take the odds that you have a duel on your hands before evening.

There was one man in Florence whom I especially desired to fix a quarrel upon, — this was Morris, or, as he was now called, Sir Morris Penrhyn. A fellow who unquestionably

ought to have had very different claims on my regard, but who now, in this perversion of my feelings, struck me as exactly the man to shoot or be shot by. Don't you know that sensation, Bob, in which a man feels that he must select a particular person, quite apart from any misfortune he is suffering under, and make *him* pay its penalty? It is a species of antipathy that defies all reason, and, indeed, your attempt to argue yourself out of it only serves to strengthen and confirm its hold on you.

Morris and I had ceased to speak when we met; we merely saluted coldly, and with that rigid observance of a courtesy that makes the very easiest prelude to a row, each party standing ready prepared to say "check" whenever the other should chance to make a wrong move. Perhaps I am not justified in saying so much of *him*, but I know that I do not exaggerate my own intentions. I fancied — what will a man not fancy in one of these eccentric stages of his existence? — that Morris saw my purpose, and evaded me. I argued myself into the notion that he was deficient in personal courage, and constructed upon this idea a whole edifice of absurdity.

I am ashamed, even before you, to acknowledge the extent to which my stupid infatuation blinded me; perhaps the best penalty to pay for it is an open confession.

I overtook our valet one morning with a letter in my governor's hand addressed to Sir Morris Penrhyn, and on inquiring, discovered that he and my father had been in close correspondence for the three days previous. At once I jumped to the conclusion that I was, somehow or other, the subject of these epistles, and in a fit of angry indignation I drove off to Morris's hotel.

When a man gets himself into a thorough passion on account of some supposed injury, which even to himself he is unable to define, his state is far from enviable. When I reached the hotel, I was in the hot stage of my anger, and could scarcely brook the delay of sending in my card. The answer was, "Sir Morris did not receive." I asked for pen and ink to write a note, and scribbled something most indiscreet and offensive. I am glad to say that I cannot now remember a line of it. The reply came that my "note

should be attended to," and with this information I issued forth into the street half wild with rage.

I felt that I had given a deadly provocation, and must now look out for some "friend" to see me through the affair. Tiverton was absent, and amongst all my acquaintances I could not pitch upon one to whose keeping I liked to entrust my honor. I turned into several *cafés*, I strolled into the club, I drove down to the Cascini, but in vain; and at last was walking homeward, when I caught sight of a friendly face from the window of a travelling-carriage that drove rapidly by, and, hurrying after, just came up as it stopped at the door of the *Hôtel d'Italie*.

You may guess my astonishment as I felt my hand grasped cordially by no other than our old neighbor at Bruff, Dr. Belton, the physician of our county dispensary. Five minutes explained his presence there. He had gone out to Constantinople as the doctor to our Embassy, and by some piece of good luck and his own deservings to boot, had risen to the post of Private Secretary to the Ambassador, and was selected by him to carry home some very important despatches, to the rightful consideration of which his own presence at the Foreign Office was deemed essential.

Great as was the difference between his former and his present station, it was insignificant in comparison with the change worked in himself. The country doctor, of diffident manners and retiring habits, grateful for the small civilities of small patrons, cautiously veiling his conscious superiority under an affected ignorance, was now become a consummate man of the world, — calm, easy, and self-possessed. His very appearance had undergone an alteration, and he held himself more erect, and looked not only handsomer but taller. These were the first things that struck me; but as we conversed together, I found him the same hearty, generous fellow I had ever known him, neither elated by his good fortune, nor, what is just as common a fault, contumuously pretending that it was only one-half of his deserts.

One thing alone puzzled me, it was that he evinced no desire to come and see our family, who had been uniformly kind and good-natured to him; in fact, when I proposed it, he seemed so awkward and embarrassed that I never pressed

my invitation, but changed the topic. I knew that there had been, once on a time, some passages between my sister Mary Anne and him, and therefore supposed that possibly there might have been something or other that rendered a meeting embarrassing. At all events, I accepted his half-apology on the ground of great fatigue, and agreed to dine with him.

What a pleasant dinner it was! He related to me all the story of his life, not an eventful one as regarded incident, but full of those traits which make up interest for an individual. You felt as you listened that it was a thoroughly good fellow was talking to you, and that if he were not to prove successful in life, it was just because his were the very qualities rogues trade on for their own benefit. There was, moreover, a manly sense of independence about him, a consciousness of self-reliance that never approached conceit, but served to nerve his courage and support his spirit, which gave him an almost heroism in my eyes, and I own, too, suggested a most humiliating comparison with my own nature.

I opened my heart freely to him about everything, and in particular about Morris; and although I saw plainly enough that he took very opposite views to mine about the whole matter, he agreed to stop in Florence for a day, and act as my friend in the transaction. This being so far arranged, I started for Carrara, which, being beyond the Tuscan frontier, admits of our meeting without any risk of interruption, — for that it must come to such I am fully determined on. The fact is, Bob, my note is a “stunner,” and, as I won’t retract, Morris has no alternative but to come out.

I have now given you — at full length too — the whole history, up to the catastrophe, — which perhaps may have to be supplied by another hand. I am here, in this little capital of artists and quarrymen, patiently waiting for Belton’s arrival, or at least some despatch, which may direct my future movements. It has been a comfort to me to have the task of this recital, since, for the time at least, it takes me out of brooding and gloomy thoughts; and though I feel that I have made out a poor case for myself, I know that I am pleading to a friendly Court and a merciful Chief Justice.

They say that in the few seconds of a drowning agony a man calls up every incident of his life,—from infancy to the last moment,—that a whole panorama of his existence is unrolled before him, and that he sees himself—child, boy, youth, and man—vividly and palpably; that all his faults, his short-comings, and his transgressions stand out in strong colors before him, and his character is revealed to him like an inscription. I am half persuaded this may be true, judging from what I have myself experienced within these few hours of solitude here. Shame, sorrow, and regret are ever present with me. I feel utterly disgraced before the bar of my own conscience. Even of the advantages which foreign travel might have conferred, how few have fallen to my share!—in modern languages I have scarcely made any progress, with respect to works of art I am deplorably ignorant, while in everything that concerns the laws and the modes of government of any foreign State I have to confess myself totally uninformed. To be sure, I have acquired some insight into the rouqueries of “Rouge-et-Noir,” I can slang a courier, and even curse a waiter; but I have some misgivings whether these be gifts either to promote a man’s fortune or form his character. In fact, I begin to feel that engrafting Continental slang upon home “snobbery” is a very unrewarding process, and I sorely fear that I have done very little more than this.

I am in a mood to make a clean breast of it, and perhaps say more than I should altogether like to remember hereafter, so will conclude for the present, and with my most sincere affection write myself, as ever, yours,

JIM DODD.

P. S. It is not impossible that you may have a few lines from me by to-morrow or next day,—at least, if I have anything worth the telling and am “to the fore” to tell it.

LETTER XXIX.

MARY ANNE DODD TO MISS DOOLAN, OF BALLYDOOLAN.

CASA DODD, FLORENCE.

DEAREST KITTY,— Seventeen long and closely written pages to you — the warm out-gushings of my heart — have I just consigned to the flames. They contained the journal of my life in Florence, — all my thoughts and hopes, my terrors, my anxieties, and my day-dreams. Why, then, will you say, have they met this fate? I will tell you, Kitty. Of the feelings there recorded, of the emotions depicted, of the very events themselves, nothing — absolutely nothing — now remains; and my poor, distracted, forlorn heart no more resembles the buoyant spirit of yesterday than the blackened embers before me are like the carefully inscribed pages I had once destined for your hand. Pity me, dearest Kitty, — pour out every compassionate thought of your kindred heart, and let me feel that, as the wind sweeps over the snowy Apennines, it bears the tender sighs of your affection to one who lives but to be loved! But a week ago, and what a world was opening before me, — a world brilliant in all that makes life a triumph! We were launched upon the sunny sea of high society, our “*argosy*” a noble and stately ship; and now, Kitty, we lie stranded, shattered, and shipwrecked.

Do not expect from me any detailed account of our disasters. I am unequal to the task. It is not at the moment of being cast away that the mariner can recount the story of his wreck. Enough if these few lines be like the chance words which, enclosed in a bottle, are committed to the waves, to tell at some distant date and in some far-away land the tale of impending ruin.

It is in vain I try to collect my thoughts: feelings too acute to be controlled burst in upon me at each moment,

and my sobs convulse me as I write. These lines must therefore bear the impress of the emotions that dictate them, and be broken, abrupt, mayhap incoherent!

He is false, Kitty! — false to the heart that he had won, and the affections where he sat enthroned! Yes, by the blackest treason has he requited my loyalty and rewarded my devotion. If ever there was a pure and holy love, it was mine. It was not the offspring of self-interest, for I knew that he was married; nor was I buoyed up by dreams of ambition, for I always knew the great difficulty of obtaining a divorce. But I loved him, as the classic maiden wept, — because it was inconsolable! It is not in my heart to deny the qualities of his gifted nature. No, Kitty, not even now can I depreciate them. How accomplished as a linguist! — how beautifully he drove! — how exquisitely he danced! — what perfection was his dress! — how fascinating his manners! There was — so to say — an idiosyncrasy — an idealism about him; his watchguard was unlike any other, — the very perfume of his pocket-handkerchief was the invention of his own genius.

And then, the soft flattery of his attentions before the world, bestowed with a delicacy that only high breeding ever understands. What wonder if my imagination followed where my heart had gone before, and if the visions of a future blended with the ecstasies of the present!

I cannot bring myself to speak of his treachery. No, Kitty, it would be to arraign myself were I to do so. My heartstrings are breaking, as I ask myself, “Is this, then, the love that I inspired? Are these the proofs of a devotion I fondly fancied eternal?” No more can I speak of our last meeting, the agony of which must endure while life remains. When he left me, I almost dreaded that in his despair he might be driven to suicide. He fled from the house, — it was past midnight, — and never appeared the whole of the following day; another and another passed over, — my terrors increased, my fears rose to madness. I could restrain myself no longer, and hurried away to confide my agonizing sorrows to James’s ear. It was early, and he was still sleeping. As I stole across the silent room, I saw an open note upon the table, — I knew the

hand and seized it at once. There were but four lines, and they ran thus:—

“DEAR JIM,—The birds are wild and not very plenty; but there is some capital boar-shooting, and hares in abundance.

“They tell me Lady George is in Florence; pray see her, and let me know how she's looking.

“Ever yours,

“GEORGE TIVERTON.

“MAREMMA.”

I tottered to a seat, Kitty, and burst into tears. Yours are now falling for me,—I feel it,—I know it, dearest. I can write no more.

I am better now, dearest Kitty. My heart is stilled, its agonies are calmed, but my blanched cheek, my sunken eye, my bloodless lip, my trembling hand, all speak my sorrows, though my tongue shall utter them no more. Never again shall that name escape me, and I charge your friendship never to whisper it to my ears.

From myself and my own fortunes I turn away as from a theme barren and profitless. Of Mary Anne—the lost, the forlorn, and the broken-hearted, you shall hear no more.

On Friday last—was it Friday?—I really forgot days and dates and everything—James, who has latterly become totally changed in temper and appearance, contrived to fix a quarrel of some kind or other on Sir Morris Penrhyn. The circumstance was so far the more unfortunate, since Sir M. had shown himself most kind and energetic about mamma's release, and mainly, I believe, contributed to that result. In the dark obscurity that involves the whole affair, we have failed to discover with whom the offence originated, or what it really was. We only know that James wrote a most indiscreet and intemperate note to Sir Morris, and then hastened away to appoint a friend to receive his message. By the merest accident he detected, in a passing travelling-carriage, a well-known face, followed it, and discovered—whom, think you?—but our former friend and neighbor, Dr. Belton.

He was on his way to England with despatches from Constantinople; but, fortunately for James, received a telegraphic message to wait at Florence for more recent news from Vienna before proceeding farther. James at once induced him to act for him; and firmly persuaded that a meeting must ensue, set out himself for the Modense frontier beyond Lucca.

I have already said that we know nothing of the grounds of quarrel; we probably never shall; but whatever they were, the tact and delicacy of Dr. B., aided by the unvarying good sense and good temper of Sir Morris, succeeded in overcoming them; and this morning both these gentlemen drove here in a carriage, and had a long interview with papa. The room in which he received them adjoined my own, and though for a long time the conversation was maintained in the dull, monotonous tone of ordinary speakers, at last I heard hearty laughter, in which papa's voice was eminently conspicuous.

With a heart relieved of a heavy load, I dressed, and went into the drawing-room. I wore a very becoming dark blue silk, with three deep flounces, and as many falls of Valenciennes lace on my sleeves. My hair was "*à l'Impératrice*," and altogether, Kitty, I felt I was looking my very best; not the less, perhaps, that a certain degree of expectation had given me a faint color, and imparted a heightened animation to my features. I was alone, too, and seated in a large, low arm-chair, one of those charming inventions of modern skill, whose excellence is to unite grace with comfort, and make ease itself subsidiary to elegance.

I could see in the glass at one side of me that my attitude was well chosen, and even to my instep upon the little stool the effect was good. Shall I own to you, Kitty, that I was bent on astonishing this poor native doctor with a change a year of foreign travel had wrought in me? I actually longed to enjoy the amazed look with which he would survey me, and mark the deferential humility struggling with the remembrance of former intimacy. A hundred strange fancies shot through me,—shall I fascinate him by mere externals, or shall I condescend to captivate? Shall I delight him by memories of home and of long ago, or shall I shock

him by the little levities of foreign manner? Shall I be brilliant, witty, and amusing, or shall I show myself gentle and subdued, or shall I dash my manner with a faint tinge of eccentricity, just enough to awaken interest by exciting anxiety?



I was almost ashamed to think of such an amount of preparation against so weak an adversary. It seemed ungenerous and even unfair, when suddenly I heard a carriage drive away from the door. I could have cried with vexation, but at the same instant heard papa's voice on the stairs, saying, "If you 'll step into the drawing-room, I 'll join you presently;" and Dr. Belton entered.

I expected, if not humility, dearest, at least deference, mingled with intense astonishment and, perhaps, admiration. Will you believe me when I tell you that he was just as composed, as easy and unconstrained as if it was my sister Cary! The very utmost I could do was to restrain my angry sense of indignation; I'm not, indeed, quite certain that I succeeded in this, for I thought I detected at one moment a half-smile upon his features at a sally of more than ordinary smartness which I uttered.

I cannot express to you how much he is disimproved, not in appearance, for I own that he is remarkably good-looking, and, strange to say, has even the air and bearing of fashion about him. It is his manners, Kitty, his insufferable ease and self-sufficiency, that I allude to. He talked away about the world and society, about great people and their habits, as if they were amongst his earliest associations. He was not astonished at anything; and, stranger than all, showed not the slightest desire to base his present acquaintance upon our former intimacy.

I told him I detested Ireland, and hoped never to go back there. He coldly remarked that with such feelings it were probably wiser to live abroad. I sneered at the vulgar tone of the untravelled English: and his impertinent remark was an allusion to the demerits of badly imitated manners and ill-copied attractions. I grew enthusiastic about art, praised pictures and statues, and got eloquent about music. Fancy his cool insolence, in telling me that he was too uninformed to enter upon these themes, and only knew when he was pleased, but without being able to say why. In fact, Kitty, a more insufferable mass of conceit and presumption I never encountered, nor could I have believed that a few months of foreign travel could have converted a simple-hearted, unaffected young man into a vain, self-opinionated coxcomb, — too offensive to waste words on, and for whom I have really to apologize in thus obtruding on your notice.

It was an unspeakable relief to me when papa joined us. A very little more would have exhausted my patience; and in my heart I believe the puppy saw as much, and enjoyed it as a triumph. Worse again, too, papa complimented him upon the change a knowledge of the world had effected

in him, and even asked me to concur in the commendation. I need not say that I replied to this address by a sneer not to be misunderstood, and I trust he felt it.

He is to dine here to-day. He declined the invitation at first, but suffered himself to be persuaded into a cold acceptance afterwards. He had to go to Lord Stanthorpe's in the evening. I expected to hear him say "Stanthorpe's;" but he didn't, and it vexed me. I have not been peculiarly courteous nor amiable to him this morning, but I hope he will find me even less so at dinner. I only wish that a certain person was here, and I would show, by the preference of my manner, how I can converse with, and how treat those whom I really recognize as my equals. I must now hurry away to prepare Cary for what she is to expect, and, if possible, instil into her mind some share of the prejudices which now torture my own.

Saturday Morning

Everything considered, Kitty, our dinner of yesterday passed off pleasantly, — a thousand times better than I expected. Sir Morris Penrhyn was of the party too; and notwithstanding certain awkward passages that had once occurred between mamma and him, comported himself agreeably and well. I concluded that papa was able to make some explanations that must have satisfied him, for he appeared to renew his attentions to Cary; at least, he bestowed upon her some arctic civilities, whose frigid deference chills me even in memory.

You will be curious to hear how Mr. B. (he appears to have dropped the Doctor) appeared on further intimacy; and, really, I am forced to confess that he rather overcame some of the unfavorable impressions his morning visit had left. He has evidently taken pains to profit by the opportunities afforded to him, and seen and learned whatever lay within his reach. He is a very respectable linguist, and not by any means so presumptuous as I at first supposed. I fancy, dearest, that somehow, unconsciously perhaps, we have been sparring with each other this morning, and that thus many of the opinions he appeared to profess were simply elicited by the spirit of contradiction. I say this,

because I now find that we agree on a vast variety of topics, and even our judgments of people are not so much at variance as I could have imagined.

Of course, Kitty, the sphere of his knowledge of the world is a very limited one, and even what he *has* seen has always been in the capacity of a subordinate. He has not viewed life from the eminence of one who shall be nameless, nor mixed in society with a rank that confers its prescriptive title to attention. I could wish he were more aware — more conscious of this fact. I mean, dearest, that I should like to see him more penetrated by his humble position, whereas his manner has an easy, calm unconstraint, that is exactly the opposite of what I imply. I cannot exactly, perhaps, convey the impression upon my own mind, but you may approximate to it, when I tell you that he vouchsafes neither surprise nor astonishment at the class of people with whom we now associate; nor does he appear to recognize in them anything more exalted than our old neighbors at Bruff.

Mamma gave him some rather sharp lessons on this score, which it is only fair to say that he bore with perfect good breeding. Upon the whole, he is really what would be called very agreeable, and, unquestionably, very good-looking. I sang for him two things out of Verdi's last opera of the "Trovatore;" but I soon discovered that music was one of the tastes he had not cultivated, nor did he evince any knowledge whatever when the conversation turned on dress. In fact, dearest, it is only your really fashionable man ever attains to a nice appreciation of this theme, or has a true sentiment for the poetry of costume.

Sir Morris and he seemed to have fallen into a sudden friendship, and found that they agreed precisely in their opinion about Etruscan vases, frescos, and pre-Raphaelite art, — subjects which, I own, general good-breeding usually excludes from discussion where there are pretty girls to talk to. Cary, of course, was in ecstasies with all this; she thought — or fancied she thought — Morris most agreeable, whereas it was really the other man that "made all the running."

James arrived while we were at supper, and, the first little

awkwardness of the meeting over, became excellent friends with Morris. With all his cold, unattractive qualities, I am sure that Morris is a very amiable and worthy person; and if Cary likes him, I see no reason in life to refuse such an excellent offer, — always provided that it be made. But of this, Kitty, I must be permitted to doubt, since he informed us that he was daily expecting his yacht out from England, and was about to sail on a voyage which might possibly occupy upwards of two years. He pressed Mr. B. strongly to accompany him, assuring him that he now possessed influence sufficient to reinstate him in his career at his return. I 'm not quite certain that the proposal, when more formally renewed, will not be accepted.

I must tell you that I overheard Morris say, in a whisper to Belton, "I 'm sure if you ask her, Lady Louisa will give you leave." Can it be that the doctor has dared to aspire to a Lady Louisa? I almost fancy it may be so, dearest, and that this presumption is the true explanation of all his cool self-sufficiency. I only want to be certain of this to hate him thoroughly.

Just before they took their leave a most awkward incident occurred. Mr. B., in answer to some question from Morris, took out his tablets to look over his engagements for the next day: "Ah! by the way," said he, "that must not be forgotten. There is a certain scampish relative of Lord Darewood, for whom I have been entrusted with a somewhat disagreeable commission. This hopeful young gentleman has at last discovered that his wits, when exercised within legal limits, will not support him, and though he has contrived to palm himself off as a man of fashion on some second-rate folks who know no better, his skill at *écarté* and *lansquenet* fails to meet his requirements. He has, accordingly, taken a higher flight, and actually committed a forgery. The Earl whose name was counterfeited has paid the bill, but charged me with the task of acquainting his nephew with his knowledge of the fraud, and as frankly assuring him that, if the offence be repeated, he shall pay its penalty. I assure you I wish the duty had devolved upon any other, though, from all I have heard, anything like feelings of respect or compassion would be utterly

thrown away if bestowed on such an object as Lord George Tiverton."

Oh, Kitty, the last words were not needed to make the cup of my anguish run over. At every syllable he uttered, the conviction of what was coming grew stronger; and though I maintained consciousness to the end, it was by a struggle that almost convulsed me.

As for mamma, she flew out in a violent passion, called Lord Darewood some very hard names, and did not spare his emissary; fortunately, her feelings so far overcame her that she became totally unintelligible, and was carried away to her room in hysterics. As I was obliged to follow her, I was unable to hear more. But to what end should I desire it? Is not this last disappointment more than enough to discourage all hope and trustfulness forever? Shall my heart ever open again to a sense of confidence in any?

When I sat down to write, I had firmly resolved not to reveal this disgraceful event to you; but somehow, Kitty, in the overflowing of a heart that has no recesses against you, it has come forth, and I leave it so.

James came to my room later on, and told me such dreadful stories—he had heard them from Morris—of Lord G. that I really felt my brain turning as I listened to him; that the separation from his wife was all a pretence, — part of a plot arranged between them; that she, under the semblance of desertion, attracted to her the compassion — in some cases the affection — of young men of fortune, from whom her husband exacted the most enormous sums; that James himself had been marked out for a victim in this way; in fact, Kitty, I cannot go on: a web of such infamy was exposed as I firmly believed, till then, impossible to exist, and a degree of baseness laid bare that, for the sake of human nature, I trust has not its parallel.

I can write no more. Tears of shame as well as sorrow are blotting my paper, and in my self-abasement I feel how changed I must have become, when, in reflecting over such disgrace as this, I have a single thought but of contempt for one so lost and dishonored.

Yours in the depth of affliction,

MARY ANNE DODD.

LETTER XXX.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE
GRANGE, BRUFF.

FLORENCE.

MY DEAR TOM, — I have had a busy week of it, and even now I scarcely perceive that the day is come when I can rest and repose myself. The pleasure-life of this same capital is a very exhausting process, and to do the thing well, a man's constitution ought to be in as healthy a condition as his cash account! Now, Tom, it is an unhappy fact, that I am a very "low letter" in both person and pocket, and I should be sorely puzzled to say whether I find it harder to dance or to pay for the music!

Don't fancy that I'm grumbling, now; not a bit of it, old fellow; I have had my day, and as pleasant a one as most men. And if a man starts in life with a strong fund of genial liking for his fellows, enjoying society less for its display than for its own resources in developing the bright side of human nature, take my word for it, he'll carry on with him, as he goes, memories and recollections enough to make his road agreeable, and, what is far better, to render himself companionable to others.

You tell me you want to hear "all about Florence." — a modest request, truly! Why, man, I might fill a volume with my own short experiences, and afterwards find that the whole could be condensed into a foot-note for the bottom of a page. In the first place, there are at least half a dozen distinct aspects in this place, which are almost as many cities. There is the Florence of Art, — of pictures, statues, churches, frescos, a town of unbounded treasures in objects of high interest. There are galleries, where a whole life might be passed in cultivating the eye, refining the taste,

and elevating the imagination. There is the Florence of Historical Association, with its palaces recalling the feudal age, and its castellated strongholds, telling of the stormy times before the "Medici." There is not a street, there is scarcely a house, whose name does not awaken some stirring event, and bring you back to the period when men were as great in crime as in genius. Here an inscription tells you Benvenuto Cellini lived and labored; yonder was the window of his studio; there the narrow street through which he walked at nightfall, his hand upon his rapier, and his left arm well enveloped in his mantle; there the stone where Dante used to sit; there the villa Boccaccio inhabited; there the lone tower where Galileo watched; there the house, unchanged in everything, of the greatest of them all, Michael Angelo himself. The pen sketches of his glorious conceptions adorn the walls, the half-finished models of his immortal works are on the brackets. That splendid palace on the sunny Arno was Alfieri's. Go where you will, in fact, a gorgeous story of the past reveals itself before you, and you stand before the great triumphs of human genius, with the spirit of the authors around and about you.

There is also Florence the Beautiful and the Picturesque; Florence the City of Fashion and Splendor; and, saddest of all, Florence garrisoned by the stranger, and held in subjection by the Austrian!

I entertain no bigoted animosity to the German, Tom; on the contrary, I like him; I like his manly simplicity of character, his thorough good faith, his unswerving loyalty; but I own to you, his figure is out of keeping with the picture here, — the very tones of his harsh gutturals grate painfully on the ears attuned to softer sounds. It is pretty nearly a hopeless quarrel when a Sovereign has recourse to a foreign intervention between himself and his subjects; as in private life, there is no reconciliation when you have once called Doctors' Commons to your councils. You may get damages; you 'll never have tranquillity. You 'll say, perhaps, the thing was inevitable, and could n't be helped. Nothing of the kind. Coercing the Tuscans by Austrian bayonets was like herding a flock of sheep with bull-dogs. I never saw a people who so little require the use of strong

measures; the difficulty of ruling them lies not in their spirit of resistance, but in its very opposite, — a plastic facility of temper that gives way to every pressure. Just like a horse with an over-fine mouth, you never can have him in hand, and never know that he has stumbled till he is down.

It was the duty of our Government to have prevented this occupation, or at least to have set some limits to its amount and duration. We did neither, and our influence has grievously suffered in consequence. Probably at no recent period of history was the name of England so little respected in the entire peninsula as at present. And now, if I don't take care, I'll really involve myself in a grumbling reverie, so here goes to leave the subject at once.

These Italians, Tom, are very like the Irish. There is the same blending of mirth and melancholy in the national temperament, the same imaginative cast of thought, the same hopefulness, and the same indolence. In justice to our own people, I must say that they are the better of the two. Paddy has strong attachments, and is unquestionably courageous; neither of these qualities are conspicuous here. It would be ungenerous and unjust to pronounce upon the *naturel* of a people who for centuries have been subjected to every species of misrule, whose moral training has been also either neglected or corrupted, and whose only lessons have been those of craft and deception. It would be worse than rash to assume that a people so treated were unfitted for a freedom they never enjoyed, or unsuited to a liberty they never even heard of. Still, I may be permitted to doubt that Constitutional Government will ever find its home in the hearts of a Southern nation. The family, Tom, — the fireside, the domestic habits of a Northern people, are the normal schools for self-government. It is in the reciprocities of a household men learn to apportion their share of the burdens of life, and to work for the common weal. The fellow who with a handful of chestnuts can provision himself for a whole day, and who can pass the night under the shade of a fig-tree, acknowledges no such responsibilities. All-sufficing to himself, he recognizes no claims upon him for exertion in behalf of others; and as to the duties of citizenship, he would repudiate them as an intol-

erable burden. Take my word for it, Parliamentary Institutions will only flourish where you have coal-fires and carpets, and Elective Governments have a close affinity to easy-chairs and hearth-rugs!

You are curious to learn "how far familiarity with works of high art may have contributed to influence the national character of Italy." I don't like to dogmatize on such a subject, but so far as my own narrow experience goes, I am far from attributing any high degree of culture to this source. I even doubt whether objects of beauty suggest a high degree of enjoyment, except to intellects already cultivated. I suspect that your men of Glasgow or Manchester, who never saw anything more artistic than a power-loom and a spinning-jenny, would stand favorable comparison with him who daily passes beside the "Dying Gladiator" or the Farnese Hercules.

Of course I do not extend this opinion to the educated classes, amongst whom there is a very high range of acquirement and cultivation. They bring, moreover, to the knowledge of any subject a peculiar subtlety of perception, a certain Machiavellian ingenuity, such as I have never noticed elsewhere. A great deal of the national distrustfulness and suspicion has its root in this very habit, and makes me often resigned to Northern dulness for the sake of Northern reliance and good faith.

They are most agreeable in all the intercourse of society. Less full of small attentions than the French, less ceremonious than the Germans, they are easier in manner than either. They are natural to the very verge of indifference; but above all their qualities stands pre-eminent their good-nature. An ungenerous remark, a harsh allusion, an unkind anecdote, are utterly unknown amongst them, and all that witty smartness which makes the success of a French *salon* would find no responsive echo in an Italian drawing-room. In a word, Tom, they are eminently a people to live amongst. They do not contribute much, but they exact as little; and if never broken-hearted when you separate, they are delighted when you meet; falling in naturally with your humor, tolerant of anything and everything, except what gives trouble.

There now, my dear Tom, are all my Italian experiences in a few words. I feel that by a discreet use of my material I might have made a tureen with what I have only filled a teaspoon; but as I am not writing for the public, but only for Tom Purcell, I'll not grumble at my wastefulness.

Of the society, what can I say that would not as well apply to any city of the same size as much resorted to by strangers? The world of fashion is pretty much the same thing everywhere; and though we may "change the venue," we are always pleading the same cause. They tell me that social liberty here is understood in a very liberal sense, and the right of private judgment on questions of morality exercised with a more than Protestant independence. I hear of things being done that could not be done elsewhere, and so on; but were I only to employ my own unassisted faculties, I should say that everything follows its ordinary routine, and that profligacy does not put on in Florence a single "travesty" that I have not seen at Brussels and Baden, and twenty similar places! True, people know each other very well, and discuss each other in all the privileged candor close friendship permits. This sincerity, abused as any good thing is liable to be, now and then grows scandalous; but still, Tom, though they may bespatter you with mud, nobody ever thinks you too dirty for society. In point of fact, there is a great deal of evil speaking, and very little malevolence; abundance of slander, but scarcely any ill-will. Mark you, these are what they tell me; for up to this moment I have not seen or heard anything but what has pleased me,—met much courtesy and some actual cordiality. And surely, if a man can chance upon a city where the climate is good, the markets well supplied, the women pretty, and the bankers tractable, he must needs be an ill-conditioned fellow not to rest satisfied with his good fortune. I don't mean to say I'd like to pass my life here, no more than I would like to wear a domino, and spend the rest of my days in a masquerade, for the whole thing is just as unreal, just as unnatural; but it is wonderfully amusing for a while, and I enjoy it greatly.

From what I have seen of the world of pleasure, I begin to suspect that we English people are never likely to have

any great success in our attempts at it; and for this simple reason, that we bring to our social hours exhausted bodies and fatigued minds; we labor hard all day in law courts or counting-houses or committee-rooms, and when evening comes are overcome by our exertions, and very little disposed for those efforts which make conversation brilliant, or intercourse amusing. Your foreigner, however, is a chartered libertine. He feels that nature never meant him for anything but idleness; he takes to frivolity naturally and easily; and, what is of no small importance too, without any loss of self-esteem! Ah, Tom! that is the great secret of it all. We never do our fooling gracefully. There is everlastingly rising up within us a certain bitter conviction that we are not doing fairly by ourselves, and that our faculties might be put to better and more noble uses than we have engaged them in. We walk the stage of life like an actor ashamed of his costume, and "our motley" never sets easily on us to the last. I think I had better stop dogmatizing, Tom. Heaven knows where it may lead me, if I don't. Old Woodcock says that "he might have been a vagabond, if Providence had n't made him a justice of the peace;" so I feel that it is not impossible I might have been a moral philosopher, if fate had n't made me the husband of Mrs. Dodd.

Wednesday Afternoon.

MY DEAR TOM, — I had thought to have despatched this prosy epistle without being obliged to inflict you with any personal details of the Dodd family. I was even vaunting to myself that I had kept us all "out of the indictment," and now I discover that I have made a signal failure, and the codicil must revoke the whole body of the testament. How shall I ever get my head clear enough to relate all I want to tell you? I go looking after a stray idea the way I'd chase a fellow in a crowded fair or market, catching a glimpse of him now — losing him again — here, with my hand almost on him, — and the next minute no sign of him! Try and follow me, however; don't quit me for a moment; and, above all, Tom, whatever vagaries I may fall into, be still assured that I have a road to go, if I only have the wit to discover it!

First of all about Morris, or Sir Morris, as I ought to call him. I told you in my last how warmly he had taken up Mrs. D.'s cause, and how mainly instrumental was he in her liberation. This being accomplished, however, I could not but perceive that he inclined to resume the cold and distant tone he had of late assumed towards us, and rather retire from, than incur, any renewal of our intimacy. When I was younger in the world, Tom, I believe I'd have let him follow his humor undisturbed; but with more mature experience of life, I have come to see that one often sacrifices a real friendship in the indulgence of some petty regard to a ceremonial usage, and so I resolved at least to know the why, if I could, of Morris's conduct.

I went frankly to him at his hotel, and asked for an explanation. He stared at me for a second or two without speaking, and then said something about the shortness of my memory,—a recent circumstance,—and such like, that I could make nothing of. Seeing my embarrassment, he appeared slightly irritated, and proceeded to unlock a writing-desk on the table before him, saying hurriedly,—

“I shall be able to refresh your recollection, and when you read over—” He stopped, clasped his hand to his forehead suddenly, and, as if overcome, threw himself down into a seat, deeply agitated. “Forgive me,” said he at length, “if I ask you a question or two. You remember being ill at Genoa, don't you?”

“Perfectly.”

“You can also remember receiving a letter from me at that time?”

“No,—nothing of the kind!”

“No letter?—you received no letter of mine?”

“None!”

“Oh, then, this must really—” He paused, and, overcoming what I saw was a violent burst of indignation, he walked the room up and down for several minutes. “Mr. Dodd,” said he to me, taking my hand in both his own, “I have to entreat your forgiveness for a most mistaken impression on my part influencing me in my relations, and suggesting a degree of coldness and distrust which, owing to your manliness of character alone, has not ended in our

estrangement forever. I believed you had been in possession of a letter from me; I thought until this moment that it really had reached you. I now know that I was mistaken, and have only to express my sincere contrition for having acted under a rash credulity." He went over this again and again, always, as it seemed to me, as if about to say more, and then suddenly checking himself under what appeared to be a quickly remembered reason for reserve.

I was getting impatient at last. I thought that the explanation explained little, and was really about to say so; but he anticipated me by saying, "Believe me, my dear sir, any suffering, any unhappiness that my error has occasioned, has fallen entirely upon me. *You* at least have nothing to complain of. The letter which ought to have reached you contained a proposal from me for the hand of your younger daughter; a proposal which I now make to you, happily, in a way that cannot be frustrated by an accident." He went on to press his suit, Tom, eagerly and warmly; but still with that scrupulous regard to truthfulness I have ever remarked in him. He acknowledged the difference in age, the difference in character, the disparity between Cary's joyous, sunny nature and his own colder mood; but he hoped for happiness, on grounds so solid and so reasonable that showed me much of his own thoughtful habit of mind.

Of his fortune, he simply said that it was very far above all his requirements; that he himself had few, if any, expensive tastes, but was amply able to indulge such in a wife, if she were disposed to cultivate them. He added that he knew my daughter had always been accustomed to habits of luxury and expense, always lived in a style that included every possible gratification, and therefore, if not in possession of ample means, he never would have presumed on his present offer.

I felt for a moment the vulgar pleasure that such flattery confers. I own to you, Tom, I experienced a degree of satisfaction at thinking that even to the observant eyes of Morris himself,—old soldier as he was,—the Dodds had passed for brilliant and fashionable folk, in the fullest enjoyment of every gift of fortune; but as quickly a more

honest and more manly impulse overcame this thought, and in a few words I told him that he was totally mistaken; that I was a poor, half-ruined Irish gentleman, with an indolent tenantry and an encumbered estate; that our means afforded no possible pretension to the style in which we lived, nor the society we mixed in; that it would require years of patient economy and privation to repay the extravagance into which our foreign tour had launched us; and that, so convinced was I of the inevitable ruin a continuance of such a life must incur, I had firmly resolved to go back to Ireland at the end of the present month and never leave it again for the rest of my days.

I suppose I spoke warmly, for I felt deeply. The shame many of the avowals might have cost me in calmer mood was forgotten now, in my ardent determination to be honest and above-board. I was resolved, too, to make amends to my own heart for all the petty deceptions I had descended to in a former case, and, even at the cost of the loss of a son-in-law, to secure a little sense of self-esteem.

He would not let me finish, Tom, but, grasping my hand in his with a grip I did n't believe he was capable of, he said,—

“Dodd,”—he forgot the Mr. this time,—“Dodd. you are an honest, true-hearted fellow, and I always thought so. Consent now to my entreaty,—at least do not refuse it,—and I'd not exchange my condition with that of any man in Europe!”

Egad, I could not have recognized him as he spoke, for his cheek colored up, and his eye flashed, and there was a dash of energy about him I had never detected in his nature. It was just the quality I feared he was deficient in. Ay, Tom, I can't deny it, old Celt that I am, I would n't give a brass farthing for a fellow whose temperament cannot be warmed up to some burst of momentary enthusiasm!

Of my hearty consent and my good wishes I speedily assured him, just adding, “Cary must say the rest.” I told him frankly that I saw it was a great match for my daughter; that both in rank and fortune he was considerably above what she might have looked for; but with all

that, if she herself would n't have taken him in his days of humbler destiny, my advice would be, "don't have him now."

He left me for a moment to say something to his mother, — I suppose some explanation about this same letter that went astray, and of which I can make nothing, — and then they came back together. The old lady seemed as well pleased as her son, and told me that his choice was her own in every respect. She spoke of Cary with the most hearty affection; but with all her praise of her, she does n't know half her real worth; but even what she did say brought the tears to my eyes, — and I'm afraid I made a fool of myself!

You may be sure, Tom, that it was a happy day with me, although, for a variety of reasons, I was obliged to keep my secret for my own heart. Morris proposed that he should be permitted to wait on us the next morning, to pay his respects to Mrs. D. upon her liberation, and thus his visit might be made the means of reopening our acquaintance. You'd think that to these arrangements, so simple and natural, one might look forward with an easy tranquillity. So did I, Tom, — and so was I mistaken. Mr. James, whose conduct latterly seems to have pendulated between monastic severity and the very wildest dissipation, takes it into his wise head that Morris has insulted him. He thinks — no, not thinks, but dreams — that this calm-tempered, quiet gentleman is pursuing an organized system of outrage towards him, and has for a time back made him the mark of his sarcastic pleasantry. Full of this sage conceit, he hurries off to his hotel, to offer him a personal insult. They fortunately do not meet; but James, ordering pen and paper, sits down and indites a letter. I have not seen it; but even his friend considers it to have been "a step ill-advised and inconsiderate, — in fact, to be deeply regretted."

I cannot conjecture what might have been Morris's conduct under other circumstances, but in his present relations to myself, he saw probably but one course open to him. He condescended to overlook the terms of this insulting note, and calmly asked for an explanation of it. By great good luck, James had placed the affair in young Belton's hands, — our former doctor at Bruff, — who chanced to be

on his way through here; and thus, by the good sense of one, and the calm temper of the other, this rash boy has been rescued from one of the most causeless quarrels ever heard of. James had started for Modena, I believe, with a carpet-bag full of cigars, a French novel, and a bullet-mould; but before he had arrived at his destination, Morris, Belton, and myself were laughing heartily over the whole adventure. Morris's conduct throughout the entire business raised him still higher in my esteem; and the consummate good tact with which he avoided the slightest reflection that might pain me on my son's score, showed me that he was a thorough gentleman. I must say, too, that Belton behaved admirably. Brief as has been his residence abroad, he has acquired the habits of a perfect man of the world, but without sacrificing a jot of his truly frank and generous temperament.

Ah, Tom! it was not without some sharp self-reproaches that I saw this young fellow, poor and friendless as he started in life, struggling with that hard fate that insists upon a man's feeling independent in spirit, and humble in manner, fighting that bitter battle contained in a dispensary doctor's life, emerge at once into an accomplished, well-informed gentleman, well versed in all the popular topics of the day, and evidently stored with a deeper and more valuable kind of knowledge, — I say, I saw all this, and thought of my own boy, bred up with what were unquestionably greater advantages and better opportunities of learning, not obliged to adventure on a career in his mere student years, but with ample time and leisure for cultivation; and yet there he was, — there he is, this minute, — and there is not a station nor condition in life wherein he could earn half a crown a day. He was educated, as it is facetiously called, at Dr. Stingem's school. He read his Homer and Virgil, wrote his false quantities, and blundered through his Greek themes, like the rest. He went through — it's a good phrase — some books of Euclid, and covered reams of foolscap with equations; and yet, to this hour, he can't translate a classic, nor do a sum in common arithmetic, while his handwriting is a cuneiform character that defies a key: and with all that, the boy is not a fool, nor deficient in teachable

qualities. I hope and trust this system is coming to an end. I wish sincerely, Tom, that we may have seen the last of a teaching that for one whom it made accomplished and well-informed, converted fifty into pedants, and left a hundred dunces! Intelligible spelling, and readable writing, a little history, and the "rule of three," some geography, a short course of chemistry and practical mathematics,—that's not too much, I think,—and yet I'd be easy in my mind if James had gone that far, even though he were ignorant of "spondees," and had never read a line of that classic morality they call the Heathen Mythology. I'd not have touched upon this ungrateful theme, but that my thoughts have been running on the advantages we were to have derived from our foreign tour, and some misgivings striking me as to their being realized.

Perhaps we are not very docile subjects, perhaps we set about the thing in a wrong way, perhaps we had not stored our minds with the preliminary knowledge necessary, perhaps—anything you like, in short; but here we are, in all essentials, as ignorant of everything a residence abroad might be supposed to teach, as though we had never quitted Dodsborough. Stop—I'm going too fast—we *have* learned some things not usually acquired at home; we have attained to an extravagant passion for dress, and an inordinate love of grand acquaintances. Mary Anne is an advanced student in modern French romance literature; James no mean proficient at *écarté*; Mrs. D. has added largely to the stock of what she calls her "knowledge of life," by familiar intimacy with a score of people who ought to be at the galleys; and I, with every endeavor to oppose the tendency, have grown as suspicious as a government spy, and as meanly inquisitive about other people's affairs as though I were prime minister to an Italian prince.

We have lost that wholesome reserve with respect to mere acquaintances, and by which our manner to our friends attained to its distinctive signs of cordiality, for now we are on the same terms with all the world. The code is, to be charmed with everything and everybody,—with their looks, with their manners, with their house and their liveries, with their table and their "toilette,"—ay, even with

their vices! There is the great lesson, Tom; you grow lenient to everything save the reprobation of wrong, and that you set down for rank hypocrisy, and cry out against as the blackest of all the blemishes of humanity.

Nor is it a small evil that our attachment to home is weakened, and even a sense of shame engendered with respect to a hundred little habits and customs that to foreign eyes appear absurd—and perhaps vulgar. And lastly comes the great question, How are we ever to live in our own country again, with all these exotic notions and opinions? I don't mean how are *we* to bear *Ireland*, but how is *Ireland* to endure *us*! An American shrewdly remarked to me t' other day, "that one of the greatest difficulties of the slave question was, how to emancipate the slave *owners*; how to liberate the shackles of their rusty old prejudices, and fit them to stand side by side with real freemen." And in a vast variety of questions you'll often discover that the puzzle is on the side opposite to that we had been looking at. In this way do I feel that all my old friends will have much to overlook,—much to forgive in my present moods of thinking. I'll no more be able to take interest in home politics again than I could live on potatoes! My sympathies are now more catholic. I can feel acutely for Schleswig-Holstein, or the Druses at Lebanon. I am deeply interested about the Danubian Provinces, and strong on Sebastopol; but I regard as contemptible the cares of a quarter sessions, or the business of the "Union." If you want me to listen, you must talk of the Cossacks, or the war in the Caucasus; and I am far less anxious about who may be the new member for Bruff, than who will be the next "Vladica" of "Montenegro."

These ruminations of mine might never come to a conclusion, Tom, if it were not that I have just received a short note from Belton, with a pressing entreaty that he may see me at once on a matter of importance to myself, and I have ordered a coach to take me over to his hotel. If I can get back in time for post hour, I'll be able to explain the reason of this sudden call, till when I say adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

MISS CAROLINE DODD TO MISS COX, AT MISS MINCING'S ACADEMY,
BLACK ROCK, IRELAND.

FLORENCE.

MY DEAREST Miss Cox, — It would be worse than ingratitude in me were I to defer telling you how happy I am, and with what a perfect shower of favors Fortune has just overwhelmed me! Little thought I, a few weeks back, that Florence was to become to me the spot nearest and dearest to my heart, associated as it is, and ever must be, with the most blissful event of my life! Sir Penrhyn Morris, who, from some unexplained misconception, had all but ceased to know us, was accidentally thrown in our way by the circumstance of mamma's imprisonment. By his kind and zealous aid her liberation was at length accomplished, and, as a matter of course, he called to make his inquiries after her, and receive our grateful acknowledgments.

I scarcely can tell — my head is too confused to remember — the steps by which he retraced his former place in our intimacy. It is possible there may have been explanations on both sides. I only know that he took his leave one morning with the very coldest of salutations, and appeared on the next day with a manner of the deepest devotion, so evidently directed towards myself that it would have been downright affectation to appear indifferent to it.

He asked me in a low and faltering voice if I would accord him a few moments' interview. He spoke the words with a degree of effort at calmness that gave them a most significant meaning, and I suddenly remembered a certain passage in one of your letters to me, wherein you speak of the incon-

siderate conduct which girls occasionally pursue in accepting the attentions of men whose difference in age would seem to exclude them from the category of suitors. So far from having incurred this error, I had actually retreated from any advances on his part, not from the disparity of our ages, but from the far wider gulfs that separated *his* highly cultivated and informed mind from *my* ungifted and unstored intellect. Partly in shame at my inferiority, partly with a conscious sense of what his impression of me must be, I avoided, so far as I could, his intimacy; and even when domesticated with him, I sought for occupations in which he could not join, and estranged myself from the pursuits which he loved to practise.

Oh, my dear, kind governess, how thoroughly I recognize the truthfulness of all your views of life; how sincerely I own that I have never followed them without advantage, never neglected them without loss! How often have you told me that "dissimulation is never good;" that, however speciously we may persuade ourselves that in feigning a part we are screening our self-esteem from insult, or saving the feelings of others, the policy is ever a bad one; and that, "if our sincerity be only allied with an honest humility, it never errs." The pains I took to escape from the dangerous proximity of his presence suggested to him that I disliked his attentions, and desired to avoid them; and acting on this conviction it was that he made a journey to England during the time I was a visitor at his mother's. It would appear, however, that his esteem for me had taken a deeper root than he perhaps suspected, for on his return his attentions were redoubled, and I could detect that in a variety of ways his feelings towards me were not those of mere friendship. Of mine towards him I will conceal nothing from you. They were deep and intense admiration for qualities of the highest order, and as much of love as consisted with a kind of fear,—a sense of almost terror lest he should resent the presumption of such affection as mine.

You already know something of our habits of life abroad,—wasteful and extravagant beyond all the pretensions of our fortune. It was a difficult thing for me to carry on the semblance of our assumed position so as not to throw dis-

credit upon my family, and at the same time avoid the disingenuousness of such a part. The struggle, from which I saw no escape, was too much for me, and I determined to leave the Morrises and return home,—to leave a house wherein I already had acquired the first steps of the right road in life, and go back to dissipations in which I felt no pleasure, and gayeties that never enlivened! I did not tell you all this at the time, my dear friend, partly because I had not the courage for it, and partly that the avowal might seem to throw a reproach on those whom my affection should shield from even a criticism. If I speak of it now, it is because, happily, the theme is one hourly discussed amongst us in all the candor of true frankness. We have no longer concealments, and we are happy.

It may have been that the abruptness of my departure offended Captain Morris, or, possibly, some other cause produced the estrangement; but, assuredly, he no longer cultivated the intimacy he had once seemed so ardently to desire, and, until the event of mamma's misfortune here, he ceased to visit us.

And now came the interview I have alluded to! Oh, my dearest friend, if there be a moment in life which combines within it the most exquisite delight with the most torturing agony, it is that in which an affection is sought for by one who, immeasurably above us in all the gifts of fortune, still seems to feel that there is a presumption in his demand, and that his appeal may be rejected. I know not how to speak of that conflict between pride and shame, between the ecstasy of conquest and the innate sense of the unworthiness that had won the victory!

Sir Penrhyn thought, or fancied he thought, me fond of display and splendor,—that in conforming to the quiet habits of his mother's house, I was only submitting with a good grace to privations. I undid him at once. I confessed, not without some shame, that I was in a manner unsuited to the details of an exalted station,—that wealth and its accompaniments would, in reality, be rather burdens than pleasure to one whose tastes were humble as my own,—that, in fact, I was so little of a "Grande Dame" that I should inevitably break down in the part, and that no appli-

ances of mere riches could repay for the onerous duties of dispensing them.

"In so much," interrupted he, with a half-smile, "that you would prefer a poor man to a rich one?"

"If you mean," said I, "a poor man who felt no shame in his poverty, in comparison with a rich man who felt his pride in his wealth, I say, Yes."

"Then what say you to one who has passed through both ordeals," said he, "and only asks that you should share either with him to make him happy?"

I have no need to tell you my answer. It satisfied *him*, and made mine the happiest heart in the world. And now we are to be married, dearest, in a fortnight or three weeks, — as soon, in fact, as maybe; and then we are to take a short tour to Rome and Naples, where Sir Penrhyn's yacht is to meet us; after which we visit Malta, coast along Spain, and home. Home sounds delightfully when it means all that one's fondest fancies can weave of country, of domestic happiness, of duties heartily entered on, and of affections well repaid.

Penrhyn is very splendid; the castle is of feudal antiquity, and the grounds are princely in extent and beauty. Sir Morris is justly proud of his ancestral possessions, and longs to show me its stately magnificence; but still more do I long for the moment when my dear Miss Cox will be my guest, and take up her quarters in a certain little room that opens on a terraced garden overlooking the sea. I fixed on the spot the very instant I saw a drawing of the castle, and I am certain you will not find it in your heart to refuse me what will thus make up the perfect measure of my happiness.

In all the selfishness of my joy, I have forgotten to tell you of Florence; but, in truth, it would require a calmer head than mine to talk of galleries and works of art while my thoughts are running on the bright realities of my condition. It is true we go everywhere and see everything, but I am in such a humor to be pleased that I am delighted with all, and can be critical to nothing. I half suspect that art, as art, is a source of pleasure to a very few. I mean that the number is a limited one which can enter into all the

minute excellences of a great work, appreciate justly the difficulties overcome, and value deservedly the real triumph accomplished. For myself, I know and feel that painting has its greatest charm for me in its power of suggestiveness, and, consequently, the subject is often of more consequence than the treatment of it; not that I am cold to the chaste loveliness of a Raphael, or indifferent to the gorgeous beauty of a Giordano. They appeal to me, however, in somewhat the same way, and my mind at once sets to work upon an ideal character of the creation before me. That this same admiration of mine is a very humble effort at appreciating artistic excellence, I want no better proof than the fact that it is exactly what Betty Cobb herself felt on being shown the pictures in "the Pitti." Her honest worship of a Madonna at once invested her with every attribute of goodness, and the painter, could he only have heard the praises she uttered, might have revelled in the triumph of an art that can rise above the mere delineation of external beauty. That the appeal to her own heart was direct, was evidenced by her constant reference to some living resemblance to the picture before her. Now it was a saintly hermit by Caracci, — that was the image of Peter Delany at the cross-roads; now it was a Judas, — that was like Tom Noon of the turnpike; and now it was a lovely head by Titian, — the "very moral of Miss Kitty Doolan, when her hair was down about her." I am certain, my dearest Miss Cox, that the delight conveyed by painting and music is a much more natural pleasure than that derived from the enjoyment of imaginary composition by writing. The appeal is not alone direct, but it is in a manner the same to all, — to the highest king upon the throne, and to the lowly peasant, as in meek wonder he stands entranced and enraptured.

But why do I loiter within doors when it is of Florence itself, of its sunny Arno, of its cypress-crowned San Miniato, and of the villa-clad Fiezole I would tell you! But even these are so interwoven with the frame of mind in which I now enjoy them, that to speak of them would be again to revert to my selfishness.

Yesterday we made an excursion to Vallambrosa, which

lies in a cleft between two lofty mountains, about thirteen miles from this. It was a strange transition from the warm air and sunny streets of Florence, with all their objects of artistic wonder on every side, to find one's self suddenly traversing a wild mountain gorge in a rude bullock-cart, guided by a peasant of semi-savage aspect, his sheepskin mantle and long ox-goad giving a picturesque air to his tall and sinewy figure. The snow lay heavily in all the crevices around, and it was a perfectly Alpine scene in its desolation; nor, I must say, did it recall a single one of the ideas with which our great poet has associated it. The thickly strewn leaves have no existence here, since the trees are not deciduous, and consist entirely of pines.

A straight avenue in the forest leads to the convent, which is of immense size, forming a great quadrangle. At a little distance off, sheltered by a thick grove of tall pines, stands a small building appropriated to the accommodation of strangers, who are the guests of the monks for any period short of three days, and by a special permission for even a longer time.

We passed the day and the night there, and I would willingly have lingered still longer. From the mountain peak above the convent the two seas at either side of the peninsula are visible, and the Gulf of Genoa and the Adriatic are stretched out at your feet, with the vast plain of Central Italy, dotted over with cities, every name of which is a spell to memory! Thence back to Florence, and all that gay world that seemed so small to the eye the day before! And now, dearest Miss Cox, let me conclude, ere my own littleness become more apparent; for here I am, tossing over laces and embroidery, gazing with rapture at brooches and bracelets, and actually fancying how captivating I shall be when apparelled in all this finery. It would be mere deceitfulness in me were I to tell you that I am not charmed with the splendor that surrounds me. Let me only hope that it may not corrupt that heart which at no time was more entirely your own than while I write myself yours affectionately,

CAROLINE DODD.

LETTER XXXII.

KENNY JAMES DODD TO THOMAS PURCELL, ESQ., OF THE
GRANGE, BRUFF.

FLORENCE.

WELL, my dear Tom, my task is at last completed, — my *magnum opus* accomplished. I have carried all my measures, if not with triumphant majorities, at least with a “good working party,” as the slang has it, and I stand proudly pre-eminent the head of the Dodd Administration. I have no patience for details. I like better to tell you the results in some striking paragraph, to be headed “Latest Intelligence,” and to run thus: “Our last advices inform us that, notwithstanding the intrigues in the Cabinet, K. I. maintains his ascendancy. We have no official intelligence of the fact, but all the authorities concur in believing that the Dodds are about to leave the Continent and return to Ireland.”

Ay, Tom, that is the grand and comprehensive measure of family reform I have so long labored over, and at length have the proud gratification to see Law!

I find, on looking back, that I left off on my being sent for by Belton. I’ll try and take up one of the threads of my tangled narrative at that point. I found him at his hotel in conversation with a very smartly dressed, well-whiskered, kid-gloved little man, whom he presented as “Mr. Curl Davis, of Lincoln’s Inn.” Mr. D. was giving a rather pleasant account of the casualties of his first trip to Italy when I entered, but immediately stopped, and seemed to think that the hour of business should usurp the time of mere amusement.

Belton soon informed me why, by telling me that Mr. C. D. was a London collector who transacted the foreign

affairs for various discounting houses at home, and who held a roving commission to worry, harass, and torment all such and sundry as might have drawn, signed, or endorsed bills, either for their own accommodation or that of their friends.

Now, I had not the most remote notion how I should come to figure in this category. I knew well that you had "taken care of" — that 's the word — all my little missives in that fashion. So persuaded was I of my sincerity that I offered him at once a small wager that he had mistaken his man, and that it was, in fact, some other Dodd, bent on bringing our honorable name to shame and disgrace.

"It must, under these circumstances, then," said he, "be a very gross case of forgery, for the name is yours; nor can I discover any other with the same Christian names." So saying, he produced a pocket-book, like a family Bible, and drew from out a small partition of it a bill for five hundred pounds, at nine months, drawn and endorsed by me in favor of the Hon. Augustus Gore Hampton!

This precious document had now about fifty-two hours some odd minutes to run. In other words, it was a crocodile's egg with the shell already bursting, and the reptile's head prepared to spring out.

"The writing, if not yours, is an admirable imitation," said Davis, surveying it through his double eye-glass.

"Is it yours?" asked Belton.

"Yes," said I, with a great effort to behave like an ancient Roman.

"Ah, then, it is all correct," said Davis, smirking. "I am charmed to find that the case presents no difficulty whatsoever."

"I 'm not quite so certain of that, sir," said I; "I take a very different view of the transaction."

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Dodd," said he, coaxingly, "we are not Shylocks. We will meet your convenience in any way; in fact, it is with that sole object I have come out from England. 'Don't negotiate it,' said Mr. Gore Hampton to me, 'if you can possibly help it; see Mr. D. himself, ask what arrangement will best suit him, take half the amount in cash, and renew the bill at three months, rather than push

him to an inconvenience.' I assure you these were his own words, for there is n't a more generous fellow breathing than Gore." Mr. Davis uttered this with a kind of hearty expansiveness, as though to say, "The man's my friend, and let me see who 'll gainsay me."

"Am I at liberty to inquire into the circumstances of this transaction?" said Belton, who had been for some minutes attentively examining the bill, and the several names upon it, and comparing the writing with some other that he held in his hand.

I half scrupled to say "Yes" to this request, Tom. If there be anything particularly painful in shame above all others, it is for an old fellow to come to confession of his follies to a young one. It reverses their relative stations to each other so fatally that they never can stand rightly again. He saw this, or he seemed to see it, in a second, by my hesitation, for, quickly turning to Mr. Davis, he said, "Our meeting here is a most opportune one, as you will perceive by this paper," — giving him a letter as he spoke. Although I paid little attention to these words, I was soon struck by the change that had come over Mr. Davis. The fresh and rosy cheek was now blanched, the easy smile had departed, and a look of terror and dismay was exhibited in its place.

"Now, sir," said Belton, folding up the document, "you see I have been very frank with you. The charges contained in that letter I am in a position to prove. The Earl of Darewood has placed all the papers in my hands, and given me full permission as to how I shall employ them. Mr. Dodd," said he, addressing me, "if I am not at liberty to ask you the history of that bill, there is at least nothing to prevent *my* informing *you* that all the names upon it are those of men banded together for purposes of fraud."

"Take care what you say, sir," said Davis, affecting to write down his words, but in his confusion unable to form a letter.

"I shall accept your caution as it deserves," said Belton, "and say that they are a party of professional swindlers, — men who cheat at play, intimidate for money, and even commit forgery for it."

Davis moved towards the door, but Belton anticipated him, and he sat down again without a word.

"Now, Mr. Davis," said he, calmly, "it is left entirely to my discretion in what way I am to proceed with respect to one of the parties to these frauds." As he got thus far, the waiter entered, and presented a visiting-card, on which



Belton said, "Yes, show him upstairs;" and the next minute Lord George Tiverton made his appearance. He was already in the middle of the room ere he perceived me, and for the first time in my life I saw signs of embarrassment and shame on his impassive features.

"They told me you were alone, Mr. Belton," said he, angrily, and as if about to retire.

"For all the purposes you have come upon, my Lord, it is the same as though I were."

"Is it blown, then?" asked his Lordship of Davis; and the other replied with an almost imperceptible nod. Muttering what sounded like a curse, Tiverton threw himself into a chair, drawing his hat, which he still wore, more deeply over his eyes.

I assure you, Tom, that so overwhelmed was I by this distressing scene, — for, say what you will, there is nothing so distressing as to see the man with whom you have lived in intimacy, if not actual friendship, suddenly displayed in all the glaring colors of scoundrelism. You feel yourself so humiliated before such a spectacle, that the sense of shame becomes like an atmosphere around you; I actually heard nothing, — I saw nothing. A scene of angry discussion ensued between Belton and the lawyer — Tiverton never uttered a word — of which I caught not one syllable. I could only mark, at last, that Belton had gained the upper hand, and in the other's subdued manner and submissive tone defeat was plainly written.

"Will Mr. Dodd deny his liability?" cried out Davis; and though, I suppose, he must have said the words many times over, I could not bring myself to suppose they were addressed to me.

"I shall not ask him that question," said Belton, "but *you* may."

"Hang it, Curl! you know it was a 'plant,'" said Tiverton, who was now smoking a cigar as coolly as possible. "What's the use of pushing them further? We've lost the game, man!"

"Just so, my Lord," said Belton; "and notwithstanding all his pretended boldness, nobody is more aware of that fact than Mr. Curl Davis, and the sooner he adopts your Lordship's frankness the quicker will this affair be settled."

Belton and the lawyer conversed eagerly together in half-whispers. I could only overhear a stray word or two; but they were enough to show me that Davis was pressing for some kind of a compromise, to which the other would not accede, and the terms of which came down successively from five hundred pounds to three, two, one, and at last fifty.

"No, nor five, sir, — not five shillings in such a cause!"

said Belton, determinedly. "I should feel it an indelible disgrace upon me forever to concede one farthing to a scheme so base and contemptible. Take my word for it, to escape exposure in such a case is no slight immunity."

Davis still demurred, but it was rather with the disciplined resistance of a well-trained rascal than with the ardor of a strong conviction.

The altercation — for it was such — interested me wonderfully little, my attention being entirely bestowed on Tiverton, who had now lighted his third cigar, which he was smoking away vigorously, never once bestowing a look towards me, nor in any way seeming to recognize my presence. A sudden pause in the discussion attracted me, and I saw that Mr. Davis was handing over several papers, which, to my practical eye, resembled bills, to Belton, who carefully perused each of them in turn before enclosing them in his pocket-book.

"Now, my Lord, I am at your service," said Belton; "but I presume our interview may as well be without witnesses."

"I should like to have Davis here," replied Tiverton, languidly; "seeing how you have bullied *him* only satisfies me how little chance *I* shall have with you."

Not waiting to hear an answer to this speech, I arose and took my hat, and pressing Belton's hand cordially as I asked him to dinner for that day, I hurried out of the room. Not, however, without his having time to whisper to me, —

"That affair is all arranged, — have no further uneasiness on the subject."

I was in the street in the midst of the moving, bustling population, with all the life, din, and turmoil of a great city around me, and yet I stood confounded and overwhelmed by what I had just witnessed. "And this," said I, at last, "is the way the business of the world goes on, — robbery, cheating, intimidation, and overreaching are the politenesses men reciprocate with each other!" Ah, Tom, with what scanty justice we regard our poor hard-working, half-starved, and ragged people, when men of rank, station, and refinement are such culprits as this! Nor could I help confessing that if I had passed my life at home, in my own

country, such an instance as I had just seen had, in all likelihood, never occurred to me. The truth is that there is a simplicity in the life of poor countries that almost excludes such a craft as that of a swindler. Society must be a complex and intricate machinery where *they* are to thrive. There must be all the thousand requirements that are begotten of a pampered and luxurious civilization, and all the faults and frailties that grow out of these. Your well-bred scoundrel trades upon the follies, the weaknesses, the foibles, rather than the vices of the world, and his richest harvest lies amongst those who have ambitions above their station, and pretensions unsuited to their property, — in one word, to the “Dodds of this world, whether they issue from Tipperary or Yorkshire, whether their tongue betray the Celt or the Saxon!”

I grew very moral on this theme as I walked along, and actually found myself at my own door before I knew where I was. I discovered that Morris and his mother had been visiting Mrs. D. in my absence, and that the interview had passed off satisfactorily Cary’s bright and cheery looks sufficiently assured me. Perhaps she was “not i’ the vein,” or perhaps she was awed by the presence of real wealth and fortune, but I was glad to find that Mrs. D. scarcely more than alluded to the splendors of Dodsborough; nor did she bring in the M’Carthys more than four times during their stay. This is encouraging, Tom; and who knows but in time we may be able to “lay this family,” and live without the terrors of their resurrection!

The Morrises are to dine with us, and I only trust that we shall not give them a “taste of our quality” in high living, for I have just caught sight of a fellow with a white cap going into Mrs. D.’s dressing-room, and the preparations are evidently considerable. Here’s Mary Anne saying she has something of consequence to impart to me, and so, for the present, farewell.

The murder is out, Tom, and all the mystery of Morris’s missing letter made clear. Mrs. D. received it during my illness at Genoa, and finding it to be a proposal of marriage to Cary, took it upon her to write an indignant refusal.

Mary Anne has just confessed the whole to me in strict secrecy, frankly owning that she herself was the great culprit on the occasion, and that the terms of the reply were actually dictated by her. She said that her present avowal was made less in reparation for her misconduct—which she owned to be inexcusable—than as an obligation she felt under to requite the admirable behavior of Morris, who by this time must have surmised what had occurred, and whose gentlemanlike feeling recoiled from vindicating himself at the cost of family disunion and exposure.

I tell you frankly, Tom, that Mary Anne's own candor, the honest, straightforward way in which she told me the whole incident, amply repays me for all the annoyance it occasioned. Her conduct now assures me that, notwithstanding all the corrupting influences of our life abroad, the girl's generous nature has still survived, and may yet, with good care, be trained up to high deservings. Of course she enjoined me to secrecy; but even had she not done so, I'd have respected her confidence. I am scarcely less pleased with Morris, whose delicacy is no bad guarantee for the future; so that for once, at least, my dear Tom, you find me in good humor with all the world, nor is it my own fault if I be not oftener so! You may smile, Tom, at my self-flattery; but I repeat it. All my philosophy of life has been to submit with a good grace, and make the best of everything,—to think as well of everybody as they would permit me to do; and when, as will happen, events went cross-grain, and all fell out “wrong,” I was quite ready to “forget my own griefs, and be happy with *you*.” And now to dinner, Tom, where I mean to drink your health!

It is all settled; though I have no doubt, after so many “false starts,” you 'll still expect to hear a contradiction to this in my next letter; but you may believe me this time, Tom. Cary is to be married on Saturday; and that you may have stronger confidence in my words, I beg to assure you that I have not bestowed on her, as her marriage portion, either imaginary estates or mock domains. She is neither to be thought an Irish princess *en retraite*, nor to be the proud possessor of the “M'Carthy diamonds.” In a

word, Tom, we have contrived, by some good luck, to conduct the whole of this negotiation without involving ourselves in a labyrinth of lies, and the consequence has been a very wide-spread happiness and contentment.

Morris improves every hour on nearer acquaintance; and even Mrs. D. acknowledges that when "his shyness rubs off, he'll be downright agreeable and amusing." Now, that same shyness is very little more than the constitutional coldness of *his* country, more palpable when contrasted with the over-warmth of *ours*. It *never does* rub off, Tom, which, unfortunately, our cordiality occasionally does; and hence the praise bestowed on the constancy of one country, and the censure on the changeability of the other. But this is no time for such dissertations, nor is my head in a condition to follow them out.

The house is beset with milliners, jewellers, and other seductionists of the same type; and Mrs. D.'s voice is loud in the drawing-room on the merits of Brussels lace and the becomingness of rubies. Even Cary appears to have yielded somewhat to the temptation of these vanities, and gives a passing glance at herself in the glass without any very marked disapproval. James is in ecstasies with Morris, who has confided all his horse arrangements to his especial care; and he sits in solemn conclave every morning with half a dozen stunted, knock-kneed bipeds, in earnest discussion of thorough-breds, weight-carriers, and fencers, and talks "Bell's Life" half the day afterwards.

But, above all, Mary Anne has pleased me throughout the whole transaction. Not a shadow of jealousy, not the faintest coloring of any unworthy rivalry has interfered with her sisterly affection, and her whole heart seems devoted to Cary's happiness. Handsome as she always was, the impulse of a high motive has elevated the character of her beauty, and rendered her perfectly lovely. So Belton would seem to think also, if I were only to pronounce from the mere expression of his face as he looks at her.

I must close this at once; there's no use in my trying to journalize any longer, for events follow too fast for recording; besides, Tom, in the midst of all my happiness there

comes a dash of sadness across me that I am so soon to part with one so dear to me! The first branch that drops from the tree tells the story of the decay at the trunk; and so it is as the chairs around your hearth become tenantless, you are led to think of the dark winter of old age, the long night before the longer journey! This is all selfishness, mayhap, and so no more of it. On Saturday the wedding, Tom; the Morrises start for Rome, and the Dodds for Ireland. Ay, my old friend, once more we shall meet, and if I know myself, not to part again till our passports are made out for a better place. And now, my dear friend, for the last time on foreign ground,

I am yours ever affectionately,

KENNY JAMES DODD.

Tell Mrs. Gallagher to have fires in all the rooms, and to see that Nelligan has a look to the roof where the rain used to come in. We must try and make the old house comfortable, and if we cannot have the blue sky without, we 'll at least endeavor to secure the means of an Irish welcome within doors.

I suppose it must be a part of that perversity that pertains to human nature in everything, but now that I have determined on going home again, I fancy I can detect a hundred advantages to be derived from foreign travel and foreign residence. You will, of course, meet me by saying, "What are your own experiences, Kenny Dodd? Do they serve to confirm this impression? Have you the evidences of such within the narrow circle of your own family?" No, Tom, I must freely own I have not. But I am, perhaps, able to say why it has been so, and even that same is something.

You can scarcely take up a number of the "Times" without reading of some newly arrived provincial in London being "done" by sharpers, through the devices of a very stale piece of roguery; his appearance, his dress, and his general air being the signs which have proclaimed him a fit subject for deception. So it is abroad; a certain class of travellers, the "Dodds" for instance, ramble about Switzerland and the Rhine country, John Murray in hand, speaking unintelligible French, and poking their noses every-

where. So long as they are migratory, they form the prey of innkeepers and the harvest of *laquais de place*; but when they settle and domesticate, they become the mark for ridicule for some, and for robbery from others. If they be wealthy, much is conceded to them for their money, — that is, their house will be frequented, their dinners eaten, their balls danced at; but as to any admission into “the society” of the place, they have no chance of it. Some Lord George of their acquaintance, cut by his equals, and shunned by his own set, will undertake to provide them guests; and so far as their own hospitalities extend, they will be “in the world,” but not one jot further. The illustrious company that honors your *soirée* amuses itself with racy stories of your bad French, or flippant descriptions of your wife’s “toilette;” nor is it enough that they ridicule these, but they will even make laughing matter of your homely notions of right and wrong, and scoff at what you know and feel to be the very best things in your nature. Your “noble friend,” or somebody else’s “noble friend,” has said in public that you are “nobody;” and every marquis in his garret, and every count with half the income of your cook, despises as he dines with you. And you deserve it too; richly deserve it, I say. Had you come on the Continent to be abroad what you were well contented to be at home, — had you abstained from the mockery of a class you never belonged to, — had you settled down amidst those your equals in rank, and often much more than your equals in knowledge and acquirement, — your journey would not have been a series of disappointments. You would have seen much to delight and interest, and much to improve you. You would have educated your minds while richly enjoying yourselves; and while forming pleasant intimacies, and even friendships, widened the sphere of your sympathies with mankind, and assuredly have escaped no small share of the misfortunes and mishaps that befell the “Dodd Family Abroad.”

HORACE TEMPLETON.

HORACE TEMPLETON.

CHAPTER I.

HÔTEL DES PRINCES, PARIS.

IT is a strange thing to begin a “log” when the voyage is nigh ended! A voyage without a chart or compass has it been: and now is land in sight — the land of the weary and heart-tired!

Here am I, at the Hôtel des Princes, *en route* for Italy, whither my doctors have sentenced me! What a sad record would be preserved to the world if travellers were but to fill up, with good faith, the police formula at each stage of the journey, which asks, “the object of the tour!” How terribly often should we read the two short words, — “To Die.” With what sorrowful interest would one gaze at the letters formed by a trembling hand; and yet how many would have to write them! Truly the old Italian adage, “*Vedere Napoli e poi morire*,” has gained a new signification; and, unhappily, a far more real one.

This same practice of physicians, of sending their patients to linger out the last hours of life in a foreign land, is, to my thinking, by no means so reprehensible as the generality of people make out. It is a theme, however, on which so many commonplaces can be strung that commonplace people, who, above all others, love their own eloquence, never weary of it. Away from his children — from his favorite haunts — from the doctors that understood his case — from his comfortable house — from the family apothecary — such are the changes they ring; and if dying were to be done often, there

would be much reason in all this. But it is not so; this same change occurs but once, and its approach brings with it a new train of thoughts and feelings from all that we have ever felt before. In that twilight hour of life, objects that have escaped our vision in the blaze of noonday become clear and distinct; and, even to the least reflecting of minds, an increased power of perception and judgment is accorded — the *viaticum* for the coming journey!

I remember being greatly affected by the stories in the “*Diary of a Physician*,” when first I read them: they were powerfully written — and *so real!* Now this is the very quality they want: they are altogether unreal.

Terrific and heart-stirring as the death-bed scenes are, they are not true to nature: the vice and the virtue are alike exaggerated. Few, very few persons can bring themselves by an effort to believe that they are dying — easy as it seems, often as we talk of it, frequent as the very expression becomes in a colloquialism, it is still a most difficult process; but once thoroughly felt, there is an engrossing power in the thought that excludes all others.

At times, indeed, Hope will triumph for a brief interval, and “tell of bright days to come.” Hope! the glorious phantom that we follow up the Rhine — through the deep glens of the Tyrol, and over the Alps! — Only content to die when we have lost it!

There are men to whom the truth, however shocking, is always revealed — to whom the lawyer says, “You have no case,” and the physician confesses, “You have no constitution.” Happily or unhappily — I will not deny it may be both — I am one of these. Of the three doctors summoned to consult on my health, one spoke confidently and cheerfully; he even assumed that kind of professional jocularity that would imply, “The patient is making too much of it.” The second, more reserved from temperament, and graver, counselled caution and great care — hinted at the danger of the malady — coupling his fears with the hopes he derived from the prospect of climate. The third (he was younger than either of the others, and of inferior repute) closed the door after them, and resumed his seat.

I waited for some time expecting him to speak, but he

sat in silence, and seemingly in deep thought. "And you, my dear doctor," said I at length, "are you equally confident as your learned colleagues? Will the air of Italy —?" He lifted up his eyes as I got so far, and their expression I shall not readily forget — so softly tender, so full of compassionate pity, did they beam. Never did a look convey more of sorrowing regret, nor more of blank despair. I hesitated — on *his* account I feared to finish what I had begun; but, as if replying to the expression of his glance, I added, "But still you advise me to go? You counsel the journey, at least?"

He blushed deeply before he could answer. He felt ashamed that he had failed in one great requisite of his art. I hastened to relieve him, by saying with a joyous air, "Well, I will go. I like the notion myself; it is at least a truce with physic. It is like drawing a game before one has completely lost it."

And so here I am — somewhat wearied and fevered by the unaccustomed exertion, but less so than I expected.

I sincerely hope it is only the fastidiousness of a sick man, and not that most insufferable of all affectations — exclusiveness; but I will own I never disliked the mixed company of a steam-boat so much before. It is always an unpleasant part of our English travelling-experience, that little steam trip from our own coast to the French or Belgian shore. The pleasuring Cockney, only sufferable when sick — the runaway bank-clerk — the Hamburg Jew — the young lady going to Paris for spring fashions — the newly-married barrister, with his bit of tawdry finery from Norwood, silly, simpering, and fidgety — the Irish landlord, sulky and familiar by turns; all, even to the *danseuse*, who, too refined for such association, sits in her carriage on deck, have a terrible sameness when seen, as I have done them, something like fifty times; nor can I suppose their united attractions greatly heightened by the figure of the pale gentleman, who coughs so incessantly, and whose wan cheek and colorless eye are seen to such formidable contrast with the bronzed and resolute face of the courier beside him.

Yet I would far rather think this want of due tolerance for my travelling companions was a symptom of my malady,

than of that truly English disease — self-importance. I know of nothing that tracks our steps on the Continent so invariably, nor is there any quality which earns for us so much ill-will.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that these airs of superiority are only assumed by persons of a certain rank and fortune — far from it. Every denizen of Cheapside and the Minories that travels abroad, deems himself immeasurably above “the foreigner.” Strong in his City estimation, and charged with the leader in the “Times,” he struts about like an upstart visiting the servants’ hall, and expecting every possible demonstration of respect in return for his condescension. Hence the unhappy disparity between the situation of an Englishman and that of any other native abroad. Instead of rejoicing at any casualty which presents to him a chance meeting with a countryman, he instinctively shrinks from it. He sees the Frenchman, the Italian, the German, overjoyed at recognition with some stranger from his own land, while he acknowledges, in such a contingency, only another reason for guardedness and caution. It is not that our land is wanting in those sterling qualities which make men respected and venerated — it is not that we are not, from principle and practice, both more exacting in all the requisites of good faith, and more tenacious of truth, than any people of the Continent; — it is simply that we are the least tolerant to everything that differs from what we have at home, that we unscrupulously condemn whatever is un-English; and, not satisfied with this, we expect foreigners to respect and admire us for the very censure we pass upon their institutions.

There is, therefore, nothing so compromising to an Englishman abroad as a countryman; except — *hélás* that I should say so! — a countrywoman!

Paris is very beautiful in spring. There is something radiant and gorgeous in the commingled splendor of a great city, with the calmer beauties of leafy foliage and the sparkling eddies of the bright river. Better, however, not to dwell longer on this theme, lest my gloomy thoughts should stray into the dark and crime-trodden alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, or the still more terrible filets de St. Cloud! How sad is it when one’s temperament should, as if instinc-

tively, suggest the mournful view of each object! Rather let me jot down a little incident of this morning — an event which has set my heart throbbing, and my pulse fluttering, at a rate that all the prussic acid I have learned to take cannot calm down again.

There come now and then moments to the sick man, when to be well and vigorous he would consent to be poor, unfriended in the world — taking health alone for his heritage. I felt that half an hour ago — but it is gone again. And now to my adventure, for, in my unbroken dream of daily life, it seemed such.

I have said I am lodged at the *Hôtel des Princes*. How different are my quarters from those I inhabited when first I saw this city! This would entail a confession, however, and I shall make it some other day. My salon is No. 21, the first drawing-room to the right as you turn from the grand staircase, and opening by the three spacious windows on a balcony overlooking the Rue de Richelieu. It is, indeed, a very splendid apartment, as much so as immense mirrors, gilding, bronze, and ormolu can make it. There are soft couches and chairs, and ottomans too, that would inspire rest, save when the soul itself was restless.

Well, I lounged out after breakfast for a short stroll along the Boulevards, where the shade of the trees and the well-watered path were most inviting. Soon wearied — I cannot walk in a crowd — I returned to the *hôtel*; shortly toiled up-stairs, waking the echoes with my teasing cough; and, instead of turning to the right, I went left, taking the wrong road, as I have so often done in life; and then mistaking the numerals, I entered No. 12 instead of No. 21. Who would credit it, that the misplacement of a unit could prove so singular?

There was one change alone which struck me. I could not find the book I was reading — a little volume of Auerbach's village stories of the Schwartz-Walders. There was, however, another in its place, one that told of humble life in the provinces — not less truthful and heart-appealing — but how very unlike! It was Balzac's story of "*Eugénie Grandet*," the most touching tale I have ever read in any language. I have read it a hundred times, and ever with

renewed delight. Little troubling myself to think how it came there — for, like an old and valued friend, its familiar features were always welcome — I began again to read it.

Whether the result of some peculiar organization, or the mere consequence of ill-health, I know not, but I have long remarked, that when a book has taken a strong hold upon me — fascinating my attention and engaging all my sympathies, I cannot long continue its perusal. I grow dreary and speculative; losing the thread of the narrative, I create one for myself, imagining a variety of incidents and scenes quite foreign to the intention of the writer, and identifying myself usually with some one personage or other of the story — till the upshot of all is, I drop off asleep, to awake an hour or so afterwards with a very tired brain, and a very confused sense of the reality or unreality of my last waking sensations.

It is, therefore, rather a relief to me, when, as in the present case, the catastrophe is known to me, and all speculation on the future denied. Poor Eugénie, how I felt for all your sorrows! — wondrous spectacle of a heart that could transmute its one absorbing passion into another, and from love, the fondest and most confiding, beget a pure and disinterested friendship!

At last the book glided unnoticed from my hand, and I slept. The sofa where I lay stood in a part of the room where a deep shadow fell from the closed *jalousies* of a window, so that any person might easily have entered or traversed the apartment without noticing me. I slept calmly and without a stir — my dreaming thoughts full of that poor girl's love. How little does any first passion depend upon the excellence of the object that creates it! How ideal, purely ideal, are those first emotions of the heart! I knew something of this, too; for, when young, very young, and very impressionable, with a strong dash of romance in my nature, that lent its Claude Lorraine tint to all I looked at, I fell in love. Never was the phrase more fitting. It was no gradual or even imperceptible declension, but a headlong, reckless plunge; such as some confident and hardy swimmer, or very often a bold bather, makes into the water, that all may be quickly over.

I had been appointed *attaché* at Vienna, where Lord Newington was then ambassador, — a widower with an only daughter. I was very young, fresh from Woolwich, where I had been studying for the Artillery service, when the death of a distant relative, who but a year before had refused to see me, put me in possession of a very large fortune. My guardian, Lord Elderton, an old *diplomate*, at once removed me from Woolwich, and after a short sojourn at his house, near Windsor, I was introduced into what Foreign-office people technically denominate “The Line,” and what they stoutly uphold as the only career for a gentleman.

I must some day or other jot down a few recollections of my life at Gortham, Lord Elderton’s seat, where, with Grotius and Puffendorf of a morning, and old Sir Robert Adams and Lord Hailieburay of an evening, I was believed to be inhaling the very atmosphere of learned diplomacy. Tiresome old gentlemen, whose thoughts stood fast at the time of Fox and Pitt, and like a clock that went down in the night, steadily pointed to an hour long bygone. How wearied I was of discussions as to whether the King of Prussia would declare war, or the Emperor of Austria make peace! whether we should give up Malta and lose Hanover! Pitt must, indeed, have been a man of “dark counsels;” for whether he wished for an alliance with France or not was a nightly topic of debate without a chance of agreement.

All these discussions, far from tending to excite my ardor for the career, served to make me dread it, as the most tiresome of all possible pursuits. The light gossip, too, over which they regaled themselves with such excellent relish, was insupportably dull. Who could care for the pointless repartees of defunct Grand Dukes, or the meaningless caprices of long-buried Archduchesses?

If, then, I was glad to escape from Gortham and its weary company, I had formed no very sanguine expectations of pleasure at Vienna.

I saw very little of the Continent in this my first journey. I was consigned to the charge of a cabinet messenger, who had orders to deliver me “safe” at Vienna. Poor M’Kaye, slight as I was, he left me very little of the small

coupé we travelled in. He weighed something more than twenty stone, — a heaving mass of fat and fretting: the great misery of his life being that Washington Irving had held him up to European ridicule, for he was the original “Stout Gentleman” whose heavy perambulations overhead suggested that inimitable sketch.

We arrived at Vienna some hours after dark, and after speedily traversing the narrow and winding streets of the capital, drew up within the *porte cochère* of the English embassy. There was a grand ball at the embassy, — a sovereign’s birthday, or a coronation, I forget which; but I can well remember the dazzling splendor of the grand staircase, a blaze of waxlights, and glittering with the brilliant lustre of jewelled dresses and gorgeous uniforms; but, perhaps, even more struck by the frequent announcement of names which were familiar to me as almost historical personages, — the Esterhazeys, the Schwarzenbergs, and the Lichtensteins; when suddenly, with almost a shock, I heard my own untitled name called aloud, — “Mr. Horace Templeton.” It is, I believe, a very old gentry name, and has maintained a fair repute for some half-dozen centuries; but, I own, it clinked somewhat meagre on the ear amid the high-sounding syllables of Austrian nobility.

I stood within the doorway of the grand salon, almost stunned by the sudden transition from the dark monotony of a night journey to the noonday blaze of splendor before me, when a gentle tap from a bouquet on my arm aroused me, and a very silvery voice, in accents every one of which sank into my heart, bade me welcome to Vienna. It was Lady Blanche Newington that spoke, — the most lovely creature that ever beauty and station combined to form. Fascinations like hers were new to me. She mingled gentleness of manner with a spiritual liveliness that seemed ever ready to say the right thing at the right moment. The ease with which, in different languages, she addressed the various individuals of the company, employing all the little delicate forms of those conventionalities French and Italian so abound in, and through all, an unobtrusive solicitude to please that was most captivating.

My whole occupation that night was to steal after her

unobserved, and gaze with delight at traits of manner that my ardent imagination had already elevated into graces of mind. I was very much in love, — so much so that, ere a few weeks went over, my brother *attachés* saw it, and tormented me unceasingly on the subject. Nay, they went further; they actually told Lady Blanche herself, so that I dreaded to meet her, not knowing how she might treat my presumption. I fancied all manner of changes in her bearing towards me, — reserve, coldness, perhaps disdain. Nothing of the kind! She was only more familiar and cordial than ever. Had I known more of the world, or of the feminine part of it, I should have read this differently; as it was, it overwhelmed me with delight. There was a frankness in her tone towards me, too; for now she discussed the temper and character of our mutual acquaintances, and with a shrewdness of criticism strange in one so young. At last we came to talk of a certain Count de Favancourt, the secretary of the French embassy; and as I mentioned his name, she said, somewhat abruptly, —

“I half suspect you don’t like the Count?”

“Who could?” replied I, eagerly. “Is he not a ‘*Fat*’?” — using that precious monosyllable by which his countrymen designate a certain class of pretenders.

She laughed, and I went on, not sorry to have an opportunity of severity on one for whom I had conceived an especial hatred, — indeed, not altogether without cause, since he had, on more than one occasion, marked the difference of our official rank in a manner sufficiently pointed to be offensive; and yet, the rigid etiquette observable to another embassy forbade all notice of whatever could be passed over.

Like a very young man, I did not bound my criticism on the Count by what I saw and observed in his manner, but extended it to every possible deduction I could draw from his air and bearing; winding up all by a very broadly-hinted doubt that those ferocious whiskers and that deep baritone were anything but a lion’s skin over a very craven heart.

The last words were scarcely uttered, when a servant announced the Count de Favancourt. There is something,

to a young person, at least, — I fancy I should not mind it now, — so overwhelming on the sudden appearance of any one on whom the conversation has taken a turn of severity, that I arose confused and uneasy, — I believe I blushed; at all events, I perceived that Lady Blanche remarked my discomfiture, and her eyes glanced on me with an expression I never observed before. As for the Count, he advanced and made his deep reverence without ever noticing me, nor, even while taking his seat, once showed any consciousness of my presence.

Burning with indignation that I could scarce repress, I turned towards a table, and affected to occupy myself tossing over the prints and drawings that lay about, — my maddened thoughts rendered still more insufferable from fancying that Lady Blanche and the Count seemed on far better and more intimate footing than I had ever known them before.

Some other visitors being announced, I took the occasion to retire unobserved, and had just reached the landing of the stairs when I heard a foot behind me. I turned; it was Favancourt. For the first time in my life, I perceived a smile upon his countenance, — an expression, I own, that became it even less than his habitual stern scowl.

“You have done me the honor, sir,” said he, “to make some observations on my manner, which, I regret to learn, has not acquired your favorable opinion. Now, I have a strong sense of the *inconvénance* of anything like a rupture of amicable relations between the embassy I have the honor to serve and that to which you belong. It is, then, exceedingly unpleasant for me to notice your remarks, — it is impossible for me to let them pass unnoticed.”

He made a pause at these words, and so long that I felt bound to speak, and, in a voice that passion had rendered slightly tremulous, said, —

“Am I to receive this, sir, in the light of a rebuke? because, as yet, I only perceive it conveys the expression of your own regret that you cannot demand an explanation I am most ready to afford you.”

“My demand is somewhat different, sir, but, I trust, will be as readily accorded. It is this: that you resign your

position as attaché to this embassy, and leave Vienna at once. There is no necessity that any unfavorable notice of this affair should follow you to another mission, or to England."

"Stop, sir, I beg of you; I cannot be answerable for my temper, if you persist to outrage it. While you may press me to acknowledge that, while half an hour ago I only deemed you a 'Fat,' I now account you an 'imbécile.' "

"Enough!" said the Count, passing down the stairs before me.

When I reached my lodgings, I found a "friend" from him, who arranged a speedy meeting. We fought that same evening, behind the Prater, and I received his ball in my shoulder, — mine pierced his hat. I was recalled before my wound permitted me to leave my bed. The day I left Vienna Lady Blanche was married to Count Favancourt!

Some fourteen years had elapsed since that event and the time in which I now lay sleeping on the sofa; and yet, after all that long interval, with all its scenes of varied interests, its stormy passions, its hopes, its failures, its successes, the image of Blanche was before my mind's eye, as brightly, joyously fair, as on the evening I first beheld her. I had forgotten all that time and worldly knowledge had taught me, that, of all her attractions, her beauty only was real; that the graceful elegance of her bearing was only manner; that her gentleness was manner; her winning softness and delicacy mere manner; that all the fair endowments that seemed the rich promise of a gifted mind, united to a nature so bounteously endowed, were mere manner. She was *spirituelle*, lively, animated, and brilliant, — all, from nothing but manner. To this knowledge I did not come without many a severe lesson. The teaching has been perfect, however, and made me what I am. Alas! how is it that mere gilding can look so like solid gold, — nay, be made to cover more graceful tracery, and forms more purely elegant, than the real metal?

I have said that I slept; and, as I lay, dreams came over me, — dreams of that long-past time, when the few shadows that fell over my path in life were rather spots where, like the traveller on a sunny road, one halts to

breathe awhile, and taste in the cool shade the balmy influence of repose. I thought of Blanche, too, as first I had seen her, and when first she taught my heart to feel the ecstasy of loving, breathing into my nature high hopes and longings, and making of life itself an ideal of delight and happiness. And, as I dreamed, there stole over my senses a faint, thrilling memory of that young joy my heart had known, and a feeling like that of health and ardent buoyancy, which for years long I had not experienced. *Her* voice, tremulous with feeling, vibrating in all the passionate expression of an Italian song, was in my ears,—I could hear the words,—my very heart throbbed to their soft syllables as she sung the lines of Metastasio,—

“E tu, qui sa si te
Ti sovrerai di me.”

I started; there she was before me, bending over the harp, whose cords still trembled with the dying sounds; the same Blanche I had known and loved, but slightly changed, indeed; more beautiful perhaps in womanhood than as a girl. Her long and silky hair fell over her white wrist and taper hand in loose and careless tresses, for she had taken off her bonnet, which lay on the floor beside her. Her attitude was that of weariness,—nay, there was a sigh! Good heavens! is she weeping? My book fell to the ground; she started up, and, in a voice not louder than a whisper, exclaimed, “Mr. Templeton!”

“Blanche!—Lady Blanche!” cried I, as my head swam round in a strange confusion, and a dim and misty vapor danced before my eyes.

“Is this a visit, Mr. Templeton?” said she, with that soft smile I had loved so well; “am I to take this surprise for a visit?”

“I really—I cannot understand—I thought—I was certain that I was in my own apartment. I believed I was in Paris, in the Hôtel des Princes.”

“Yes, and most correct were all your imaginings; only that at this moment you are *chez moi*—this is our apartment, No. 12.”

“Oh, forgive me, I beg, Lady Blanche! the similarity of



"Blanchon, Strictly 'Blanchon, now, I."

the rooms, the inattentive habit of an invalid, has led to this mistake."

"I heard you had been ill," said she, in an accent full of melting tenderness; while taking a seat on a sofa, by a look rather than an actual gesture, she motioned me to sit beside her. "You are much paler than you used to be."

"I have been ill," said I, struggling to repress emotion and a fit of coughing together.

"It is that dreadful life of England, depend upon it," said she, eagerly, — "that fearful career of high excitement and dissipation combined; the fatigues of Parliament; the cares and anxieties of party; the tremendous exertions for success; the torturing dread of failure. Why did n't you remain in diplomacy?"

"It looked so very like idling," said I, laughingly, and endeavoring to assume something of her own easy tone.

"So it is. But what better can one have, after all?" said she, with a faint sigh.

"When they are happy," added I, stealing a glance at her beneath my eyelids. She turned away, however, before I had succeeded, and I could merely mark that her breathing was quick and hurried.

"I hope you have no grudge towards Favancourt?" said she, hastily, and with a manner that showed how difficult it was to disguise agitation. "He would be delighted to see you again! He is always talking of your success in the House, and often prophesies the most brilliant advancement for you."

"I have outlived resentment," said I, in a low whisper. "Would that I could add, other feelings were as easily forgotten."

Not at once catching my meaning, she turned her full and lustrous eyes upon me; and then suddenly aware of my words, or reading the explanation in my own looks, she blushed deeply, and after a pause said, —

"And what are your plans now? Do you remain here some time?"

"No, I am trying to reach Italy. It has become as classic to die there nowadays, as once it was to live in that fair land."

"Italy!" interrupted she, blushing still deeper. "Favancourt is now asking for a mission there, — Naples is vacant."

This time I succeeded in catching her eyes, but she hastily withdrew them, and we were both silent.

"Have you been to the Opera yet?" said she, with a voice full of all its habitual softness.

"You forget," said I, smiling, "that I am an invalid; besides, I only arrived here last night."

"Oh, I am sure that much will not fatigue you. The Duc de Blancard has given us his box while we stay here, and we shall always have a place for you, and I pray you to come; if not for the music, for my sake," she added, hastily: "for I own nothing can be possibly more stupid than our nightly visitors. I hear of nothing but ministerial intrigue, the tactics of the *centre droit* and the opposition, with a little very tiresome gossip of the Tuilleries; and Favancourt thinks himself political when he is only prosy. Now, I long for a little real chit-chat about London and our own people. *A propos*, what became of Lady Frances Gunnington? Did she really marry the young cornet of dragoons and sail for India?"

"The saddest is to be told. He was killed in the Punjaub, and she is now coming home a widow."

"How very sad! was she as pretty as they said? — handsomer than Lucy Fox, I have heard!"

"I almost think so."

"That is great praise from you, if there be any truth in *on dits*. Had not you a kind of tenderness in that quarter?"

"Me!"

"Nay, don't affect surprise. We heard the story at Florence, and a very funny story it was; that Lucy insisted upon it, if you did n't propose for her, that she would for you, since she was determined to be mistress of a certain black Arabian that you had; and that you, fearing consequences, sent her the horse, and so compromised the affair."

"How very absurd!"

"But is it not true? Can you deny having made a present of the steed?"

"She did me the honor to accept of a pony, but the attenuating circumstances are all purely imaginary."

"*Si non è vero è ben trovato.* It was exactly what she would do!"

"An unfair inference, which I feel bound to enter a protest against. If we were only to charge our acquaintances with what we deem them capable of—"

"Well, finish, I pray you."

"I was only about to add, what would become of ourselves?"

"Meaning you and me, for instance?"

I bowed an assent.

"*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse,*" says the adage," rejoined she, gayly. "I neither do one nor the other. At the same time, let me confess to one thing of which I am capable; which is, of detesting any one who in this age of the world affects to give a tone of moralizing to a conversation. Now I presume you don't wish this. I will even take it for granted that you would rather we were good friends, as we used to be long ago. — Oh, dear, don't sigh that way!"

"It was you that sighed."

"Well, I am very sorry for it. It was wrong of *me*, and very wrong of *you* to tell me of it. But dear me! is it so late? can it really be three o'clock?"

"I am a quarter past; but I think we must both be fast. You are going out?"

"A mere drive in the Champs Elysées, where I shall pay a few visits and be back to dinner. Will you dine with us?"

"I pray you to excuse me — don't forget I am a sick man."

"Well, then, we shall see you at the Opera?"

"I fear not. If I might ask a favor, it would be to take the volume of Balzac away with me."

"Oh, to be sure! But we have some others, much newer. You know 'Le Recherche de l'Absolu' already?"

"Yes, but I like 'Eugénie' still better. It was an old taste of mine, and as you quoted a proverb a few moments ago, let me give you another as trite and as true. —

"*On revient toujours.*"

"*A ses premiers amours,*"

said she, finishing; while, with a smile, half playful, half sad, she turned toward the window, and I retired noiselessly, and without an adieu.

Heigho! how nervous and irritable I feel! The very sight of that handsome barouche that has driven from the hôtel, with its beautiful occupant lying listlessly back among the cushions, has set my heart a-beating far, far too hurriedly. How is it that the laws that govern material nature are so inoperative in ours, and that a heart that never felt can make another feel? Heaven knows! It is not love; even my first passion, perhaps, little merited the name; but now, reading her as worldliness has taught me to do—seeing how little relation exists between attractions and fascinations of the very highest order and any real sentiment, any true feeling—knowing how “Life” is her idol, how in that one idea is comprised all that vanity, self-love, false pride, and passion can form—how is it that she, whom I recognize thus, that *she* can move me? There is nothing so like a battle as a sham fight in a review.

CHAPTER II.

I MUST leave Paris at once. The weather is intolerably hot; the leaves that were green ten days ago already are showing symptoms of the sear and yellow. Is it in compliment to the august inhabitant of the palace that the garden is so *empressé* to turn its coat? Shame on my ingratitude to say so, for I find that his Majesty has sent me a card of invitation to dine on Friday next. Another reason for a hurried departure! Of all moderate endurances, I know of none to compare with a dinner at the Tuileries. "Stay! — halt!" cries Memory; "I'll tell you of one worse again, — a dinner at Neuilly!"

The former is sure to include a certain number of distinguished and remarkable men, who, even under the chill and restraint of a royal entertainment, venture now and then on some few words that supply the void where conversation should be. At Neuilly it is strictly a family party, where, whatever ease may be felt by the illustrious hosts, the guests have none of it. Juvenal quaintly asks, If that can be a battle where you strike and I am beaten? so one is tempted to inquire if that can be called society where a royal personage talks rapidly for hours, and the listener must not even look dissent? The King of the French is unquestionably a great man, but not greater in anything than in the complete mystification in which he has succeeded in enveloping his real character, mingling up together elements so strange, so incongruous and seemingly inconsistent, that the actual direction or object of any political move he has ever made will always bear a double appreciation. The haughty monarch is the citizen king; the wily and secret politician, the most free-spoken and candid of men: the most cautious in an intrigue, the very

rashest in action. How is it possible to divine the meaning, or guess the wishes, of one whose nature seems so Protean?

His foreign policy is, however, the master-stroke of his genius, — the cunning game by which he has conciliated the party of popular institutions and beguiled the friends of absolutism, delighting Tom Duncombe and winning praise from Nicholas. Like all clever men who are vain of their cleverness, he has always been fond of employing agents of inferior capacity, but of unquestionable devotion to his interests. What small intelligences — to use a phrase more French than English — were the greater number of the French ministers and secretaries I have met accredited to foreign courts! I remember Talleyrand's observation on the remark being made, was, "His Majesty always keeps the trumps in his own hand." Though, to be sure, he himself was an evidence to the contrary — a "trump" led boldly out, the first card played!

So well did that subtle politician comprehend the future turn events must take, that on hearing, at two o'clock in the morning, that his Royal Highness the Duc d'Orléans had consented to assume the crown, he exclaimed, "And I am now ambassador at St. James's!" It must have been what the Londoners call "good fun" to have lived in the days of the Empire, when all manner of rapid elevations occurred on every hand. The *commis* of yesterday, the special envoy to-day; a week ago a corporal, and now gazetted an officer, with the cross of the Legion — on the *grande route* to become a general. A General! why not a Marshal of France — ay, or a King?

We have seen something of this kind in Belgium within a few years back — on a small scale, it is true. What strange ingredients did the Revolution throw up to the surface! what a mass of noisy, turbulent, self-opinionated incapables, who, because they had led a rabble at the Porte de Flandre, thought they could conduct the march of an army! And the statesmen! — good lack! the miserable penny-a-liners of the "Indépendant" and the "Lion Belge," — that admirable symbol of the land, who carries his tail beween his legs. The really able, and, I believe, honest

men were soon overwhelmed by the influence of the priest party, — the vultures who watched the fight from afar, and at last descended to take all the spoils of the victory.

Wandeweyer and Nothomb are both men of ability; the latter a kind of Brummagem Thiers, with the same taste for intrigue, the same subtle subserviency to the head of the state, and, in his heart, the same cordial antipathy to England. But why dwell on these people? they will scarce occupy a foot-note in the old "Almanach."

The diplomatic history of our day, if it ever be written, will present no very striking displays of high-reaching intellect or devoted patriotism; the men who were even greatest before the world were really smallest behind "the fact." We deemed that Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston, and Messrs. Guizot and Thiers, and a few more, were either hurrying us on to war or maintaining an admirable peace. But the whole thing resolves itself into the work of one man and one mind; neither very conspicuous, but so intently occupied, so devotedly persevering, that persistence has actually elevated itself to genius; and falling happily upon times when mediocrity is sublime, he has contrived to make his influence felt in every state of Europe. I speak not of Louis Philippe, but of his son-in-law, King Leopold.

"Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," said the great statesman; and in something of the same spirit his Majesty of Belgium may have said, "Let me make the royal marriages of Europe, and any one who pleases may choose the ministry."

A propos of the Roi Leopold, is it not difficult to understand a Princess Charlotte falling in love with his good looks? There is no disputing on this point. The most eminently successful man I ever knew in ladies' society was Jack Beauclerc, — "Caucasian Jack" we used to call him at Brookes's. Everybody knows Jack was no beauty. Heavy beetling brows, a dark, saturnine, ill-omened expression, was ever on his features. Nor did his face light up at times, as one occasionally sees with such men; he was always the same sad, misanthropic-looking fellow. Neither could one call him agreeable, — at least I, meeting

him very often, never found him so. But he was of a determined, resolute nature; one of those men that appear never to turn from any object on which they have set a strong will. This may have gone very far with ladies, who very often conceive a kind of esteem for whatever they fear. He said himself that his secret was, "always using them ill;" and certainly, if facts could bear out such a theory, one might believe him. Probably no man ever cultivated these tastes with such assiduity,—these, I say, for play and duelling were also passions with him.

He was *attaché* to our mission at Naples before he was sixteen, and had the honor of wounding the old Marquis d'Espagna with the small sword at the same precocious era. The duel originated after a truly Italian manner; and as there are at Naples many incorrect reports of it, I will take the trouble to give the real one. The Marquis was an old man, married to one of the most beautiful women in Italy. She was a Venetian, and if my memory serves me right, a Guillardini by birth. She married him at eighteen to escape a convent, he being the richest noble under the rank of the blood royal at Naples. Very unlike the majority of Italian husbands, the Marquis was excessively jealous, would not permit the most innocent freedoms of his young and lovely wife, and eventually secluded himself and — worse still — her from all society, and never appeared except at a court ball, or some such festivity that there were no means of avoiding. It was at one of these festivities that the King, who liked to see his ball-room put forth its fairest aspect, bantered the Marquis on the rumor that had even reached the ears of royalty, as to his inordinate jealousy. The Marquis, whose old spirit of courtiership predominated even as strongly as his jealousy, assured his Majesty that the worthy people of Naples did him great injustice, and that, although conscious of the Marchesa's great beauty and attractiveness, he had yet too high a sense of the distinguished place he and his family had always held in the esteem of his sovereign to feel jealous of any man's pretension; adding, "If I have not admitted the conventional addition of a *cavaliere servante* to my household, I would beg your Majesty to believe it is simply

because I have seen no one as yet worthy to hand la Marchesa to her carriage or fold her shawl."

"Admirably spoken, Marquis!" said the King. "The sentiment is quite worthy of one who has the best blood of Sicily in his veins. But remember what an artificial state of society we live in; think of our conventional usages, and what a shock it gives to public opinion when one placed in so exalted a position as you are so palpably affronts universal and admitted custom; recollect that your reserve involves a censure on others, less suspicious, and, we would hope, not less rigidly honorable men, than yourself."

"But what would your Majesty counsel?"

"Select a *cavaliere* yourself, as little likely to excite your jealousy as you please; as little agreeable as possible if you prefer it; but comply, at least, so far with the world's prescription, and do not shock our worthy Neapolitans by appearing to reflect upon them. There, what say you to that boy yonder? he is only a boy — he has just joined the English mission here. I'm sure he has formed no tender engagements to prevent your adopting him, and you will at least seem to conform with the usages of your neighbors."

"If your Majesty commands — "

"Nay, Marquis, I but advise."

"Your Majesty's wish is always a command. I feel proud to obey."

"Then I am very happy to say I wish it," said the King, who turned away, dying to tell the court-party how miserable he had made the old Marquis.

Such are *débauché* kings. The glorious prerogative of power becomes the mere agent of perverted ingenuity to work mischief and do wrong!

The poor Marquis lost no time to follow out the royal commands, and at once made acquaintance with Beauclerc — only too happy to be noticed in such a quarter. I know not whether the lady was much gratified by the result of this kingly interposition in her favor. Some said, Yes, and that the youth was really gifted and *spirituel*, with a vein of quiet, caustic humor, most amusing; others — and I half incline to this notion — pronounced him dull and unin-

teresting. At all events, the Marchesa enjoyed the liberty of appearing often in public, and seeing more of the world than heretofore. She usually visited the San Carlos, too, twice a week; a great improvement in her daily life, as previously the Opera was denied her.

Immediately over the Marchesa's box was the large box, or rather *salon*, belonging to the club of the Italian *nobili*, who frequented the theatre far less for the pleasures of the opera and the ballet than for the more exciting delights of *faro* and *écarté*; and here, nightly, were assembled all the most dissipated and spendthrift youth of a capital whose very gravest and most exemplary citizens would be reckoned "light company" anywhere else.

High play, with all its consequences of passionate outbreaks, ruin, and duelling, were the pastimes of this ill-fated *loge*; and, notwithstanding the attractions the box underneath contained, Jack Beauclerc was far oftener in the second tier than the first. He was, indeed, a most inveterate gambler; and the few moments which he devoted to attending the Marchesa to her box or her carriage were so many instants of pregnant impatience till he was back at the play-table.

It was on one evening, when, having lost a very heavy sum, that his turn came to deal; and, with the superstitious feeling that only a play-man can understand, he resolved to stake a very large amount upon the game. The attention of the bystanders — never very deeply engaged by the *scène* — was now entirely engrossed by the play-table, where Beauclerc and his adversary were seated at *écarté*. It was that critical moment when the cards were dealt, but the trump not yet turned, and Beauclerc sat enjoying, with a gambler's "malign" delight, the eager anxiety in the other player's countenance, when suddenly a voice said:—

"Ha, Beauclerc! the Marchesa is rising — she is about to leave the theatre."

"Impossible!" said he; "it is only the second act."

"It is quite true, though," rejoined another. "She is putting on her mantle."

"Never mind our party, then," cried Beauclerc's antagonist; "I will hold myself ready to play the match out whenever you please."

"I please it now, then!" said he, with a degree of energy that heavy losses had, in spite of him, rendered uncontrollable.

"Il Signor Beauclerc!" said a servant, approaching; "the Marquis d'Espagna desires to see you."

"Tell him I am engaged—I can't come," said Beauclerc, turning up the trump-card, which he held out triumphantly before his adversary, saying, "The king!"

At the same instant the old Marquis entered, and, approaching the table, whispered a few words in his ear. If an adder had pierced him with its sting, Beauclerc could not have started with a more agonized expression; and he sprang from the chair and rushed out of the theatre, not by the door, however, where the Marchesa's carriage was yet standing, but by a private passage, which led more easily towards his lodgings.

"What is this piece of news, that all are so amused by?" said the King, the next morning, as he was rising.

"Your Majesty alludes to the Marquis d'Espagna, no doubt," said Count Villafranca. "He challenged the young English *attaché* last night, at the theatre, and they have been out this morning; and, strange to say, that the Marquis, the very best swordsman we have ever had here, was disarmed and run through the side by his antagonist."

"Is the wound dangerous?" said the King, coolly.

"I believe not, your Majesty. Beauclerc has behaved very well since it happened; he has not left the Marquis for a moment, and has, they say, asked pardon most humbly for his offence, which was, indeed, a very gross neglect of the Marchesa no husband could pardon."

"So I heard," said the King, yawning. "The Marquis is very tiresome, and a great bore; but, for all that, he is a man of spirit; and I am glad he has shown this young foreigner that Italian honor cannot be outraged with impunity!"

Such is the true version; and, let people smile as they like at the theory, I can assure them it is no laughing matter. It is, doubtless, somewhat strange to our northern ideas of domestic happiness that a husband should feel called on to punish a want of sufficient attention to his wife, from the man whom the world regards as her lover.

We have our own ideas on the subject; and, however sensitive we may feel on this subject, I sincerely hope we shall never push punctilio so far as the Neapolitans.

Such, without the slightest exaggeration, are the pictures Italy presents, far more impressive on the minds of our travelling youth than all that Correggio has touched, or Raphael rendered immortal. Will their contemplation injure us? Shall we become by habit more lenient to vice, and less averse to its shame? or shall we, as some say, be only more charitable to others, and less hypocritical ourselves? I sadly fear that, in losing what many call "our affected prudery," we lose the best safeguard of virtue. It was, at the least, the "livery of honor," and we showed ourselves not ashamed to wear it. And yet there are those who will talk to you—ay, and talk courageously—of the **DOMESTIC LIFE OF ITALY!**

The remark has been so often made, that by the mere force of repetition it has become like an acknowledged truth, that, although strangers are rarely admitted within its precincts, there exists in Italy and in Italian cities a state of domestic enjoyment to which our boasted homelife in England must yield the palm. Never was there any more absurd assertion less propped by fact—never was the "*ignotum*" so easily taken "*pro beatifico*."

The domestic life of England has no parallel in any part of Europe save, perhaps, in some of the French provinces, where the old "*vie du château*" presents something similar; but, even there, it rather lingers like the spirit of a departed time, the relic of bygone associations, than in the full reign of a strong national taste. In Germany, notwithstanding the general impression to the contrary, there is still less of it. The passion for household duties by the woman, the irresistible charms of beer and tobacco to the men, suggest different paths; and while she indulges her native fondness for cookery and counting napkins at home, he, in some wine-garden, dreams away life in smoke-inspired visions of German regeneration and German unity. In Italy, however, the points of contact between the members of a family are still fewer again. The meal-times, that summon around the board the various indi-

viduals of a house, are here unknown; each rises when he pleases, and takes his cup of coffee or chocolate in solitary independence — unseen, unknown, and, worse still, unwashed!

The drawing-room, that paradise of English home-existence, has no place in the life of Italy. The lady of the house is never seen of a morning; not that the cares of family, the duties of a household, engross her — not that she is busied with advancing the education of her children, or improving her own. No, she is simply *en déshabillé*. That is, to be sure, a courteous expression for a toilet that has cost scarce five minutes to accomplish, and would require more than the indulgence one concedes to the enervation of climate to forgive.

The master of the family repairs to the *café*. His whole existence revolves around certain little tables, with lemonade, sorbets, and dominos. His physical wants are, indeed, few, but his intellectual ones even fewer; he cares little for politics — less for literature, his thoughts have but one theme — intrigue; and his whole conversation is a sort of *chronique scandaleuse* on the city he lives in.

There is a tone of seeming good-nature — an easy mock charity, in the way he treats his neighbors' backslidings — that have often suggested to strangers favorable impressions as to the kindness of the people; but this is as great an error as can be. The real explanation of the fact is the levity of national feeling, and the little impression that breaches of morality make upon a society dead to all the higher and better dictates of virtue — such offences being not capital crimes, but mere misdemeanors.

The dinner-hour occasionally, but not always, assembles the family to a meal that in no respect resembles that in more civilized communities. The periodical return of a certain set of forms — those *convenances* which inspire, at the same time, regard for others and self-respect — the admixture of courtesy with cordial enjoyment — have no representatives around a board where the party assemble, some dusty and heated, others wrapped up in dressing-gowns — all negligent, inattentive to each other, and weary of themselves — tired of the long unbroken morning, which no occupation lightens, no care beguiles, no duty elevates.

The Siesta follows, evening draws near, and at last the life of Italy dawns—dawns when the sun is setting! It is the hour of the theatre, — the Theatre, the sole great passion of the nation, the one rallying point for every grade and class. Thither, now, all repair; and for a brief interval the silent streets of the city bustle with the life and movement of the inhabitants, as, on foot or in carriages, they hasten past.

The “business of the *scène*” is the very least among the attractions of a theatre in Italy. The opera-box is the drawing-room, — the only one of an Italian lady; it is the club-room of the men. Whist and faro, ombre and piquet, dispute the interest with the prima donna or the danseuse in one box; while in another the fair occupant turns from the ardent devotion of stage-passion to listen to the not less impassioned, but as unreal, protestation of her admirer beside her.

That the drama, as such, is not the attraction, it is sufficient to say that the same piece is often played forty, fifty, sometimes seventy nights in succession, and yet the boxes lose few, if any, of their occupants. Night after night the same faces re-appear, as regularly as the actors; the same groupings are formed, the self-same smiles go round; and were it not that no trait of *ennui* is discernible, you would say that levity had met its own punishment in the dreariness of monotony. These boxes seldom pass out of the same family; from generation to generation they descend with the family mansion, and are as much a part of the domestic property of a house as the rooms of the residence. Furnished and lighted up according to the taste and at the discretion of the owner, they present to eyes only habituated to our theatres the strangest variety, and even discordance, of aspect; some, brilliant in waxlight and gorgeous in decoration, glitter with the jewelled dresses of the gay company; others, mysteriously sombre, show the shadowy outlines of an almost shrouded group, dimly visible in the distance.

The theatre is the very spirit and essence of life in Italy. To the merchant it is the Bourse. It is the club to the gambler, the *café* to the lounger, the drawing-room and the boudoir to the lady. But where is the domestic life?

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER note from Favancourt, asking me to dine and meet Alfred de Vigny, whose "Cinque Mars" I praised so highly. Be it so; I am curious to see a Frenchman who has preferred the high esteem of the best critics of his country to the noisy popularity such men as Sue and Dumas write for.

De Vigny is a French Washington Irving, with more genius, higher taste, but not that heartfelt appreciation of tranquil, peaceful life that the American possesses. As episode, his little tale, the "Canne de Jonc," is one of the most affecting I ever read. From the outset you feel that the catastrophe must be sad, yet there is nothing harassing or wearying in the suspense. The cloud of evil, not bigger than a man's hand at first, spreads gradually till it spans the heavens from east to west, and night falls solemn and dark, but without storm or hurricane.

I scarcely anticipate that such a writer can be a brilliant converser. The best gauge I have ever found of an author's agreeability is in the amount of dialogue he throws into his books. Wherever narrative, pure narrative, predominates, and the reflective tone prevails, the author will be, perhaps necessarily, more disposed to silence. But he who writes dialogue well, must be himself a talker. Take Scott, for instance; the very character of his dialogue scenes was the type of his own social powers: a strong and nervous common sense; a high chivalry that brooked nothing low or mean; a profound veneration for antiquity; an innate sense of the humorous ran through his manner in the world, as they display themselves in his works.

See Sheridan, too; he talked the "School for Scandal" all his life; whereas Goldsmith was a dull man in company. Taking this criterion, Alfred de Vigny will be quiet,

reserved, and thoughtful; pointed, perhaps, but not brilliant. *A propos* of this talking talent, what has become of it? French *causerie*, of which one hears so much, was no more to be compared to the racy flow of English table-talk some forty years back, than a group of artificial flowers is fit to compete with a bouquet of richly-scented dew-spangled buds, freshly plucked from the garden. Lord Brougham is our best man now, the readiest — a great quality — and, strange as it may sound to those who know him not, the best-natured, with anecdote enough to point a moral, but no story-teller; using his wit as a skilful cook does lemon-juice — to flavor, but not to sour the *plat*.

Painters and anglers, I have remarked, are always silent, thoughtful men. Of course I would not include under this judgment such as portrait and miniature painters, who are about, as a class, the most tiresome and loquacious twaddlers that our unhappy globe suffers under. Wilkie must have been a real blessing to any man sentenced to sit for his picture: he never asked questions, seldom, indeed, did he answer them; he had nothing of that vulgar trick of calling up an expression in his sitter; provided the man stayed awake, he was able always to catch the traits of feature, and, when he needed it, evoke the *prevailing* character of the individual's expression by a chance word or two. Lawrence was really agreeable — so, at least, I have always heard, for he was before my day; but I suspect it was that officious agreeability of the artist, the smartness that lies in wait for a smile or the sparkle of the eye, that he may transmit it to the panel.

The great miniature painter of our day is really a specimen of a miniature intelligence — the most incessant little driveller of worse than nothings: the small gossip that is swept down the back stairs of a palace, the flat common-places of great people, are his stock-in-trade; the only value of such contributions to history is, that they must be true. None but kings could be so tiresome! I remember once sitting to this gentleman, when only just recovering from an illness, and when possibly I endured his forced and forty-horse power of small talk with less than ordinary patience. He had painted nearly every crowned head in

Europe — kings, kaisers, arch-dukes and grand-duchesses in every principality, from the boundless tracts of the Czar's possessions to those states which emulate the small green turf deposited in a bird's cage. Dear me! how wearisome it was to hear him recount the ordinary traits that marked the life of great people, as if the greatest Tory of us all ever thought kings and queens were anything but men and women!

I listened, as though in a long distressing dream, to narratives of how the Prince de Joinville, so terribly eager to burn our dockyards and destroy our marine, could be playful as a lamb in his nursery with the children. How Louis Philippe held the little Count de Paris fast in his chair till his portrait was taken. (Will he be able to seat him so securely on the throne of France?) How the Emperor of Austria, with the simplicity of a great mind and a very large head, always thought he could sit behind the artist and watch the progress of his own picture! I listened, I say, till my ears tingled and my head swam, and in that moment there was not a "bounty man" from Kentucky or Ohio that held royalty more cheaply than myself. Just at this very nick, my servant came to whisper me, that an agent from Messrs. Lorch, Rath & Co., the wine merchants of Frankfort, had called, by my desire, to take an order for some hock. Delighted at the interruption, I ordered he should be admitted, and the next moment a very tall, pretentious-looking German, with a tremendously frogged and Brandenburged coat, and the most extensive beard and moustaches, entered, and with all the ceremonial of his native land saluted us both, three times over.

I received him with the most impressive and respectable politeness, and seemed, at least, only to resume my seat after his expressed permission. The artist, who understood nothing of German, watched all our proceedings with a "miniature eye," and at last whispered gently, "Who is he?"

"Heavens!" said I, in a low tone, "don't you know? — he is the Crown Prince of Hanover!"

The words were not uttered when my little friend let fall his palette and sprang off his chair, shocked at the very thought of his being seated in such presence. The Ger-

man turned towards him one of those profoundly austere glances that only a foreign bagman or an American tragedian can compass, and took no further notice of him.

The interview over, I accompanied him to the ante-chamber, and then took my leave, to the horror of Sir C—, who asked me at least twenty times “why I did not go down to the door.”

“Oh, we are old friends,” said I; “I knew him at Göttingen a dozen years ago, and we never stand on any ceremony together.” My fiction, miserable as it was, saved me from further anecdotes of royalty, since what private history of kings could astonish the man on such terms of familiarity with the Crown Prince of Hanover?

Talking of Hanover, and *à propos* of “humbugs,” reminds me of a circumstance that amused me at the time it occurred. Soon after the present king of Hanover ascended the throne, the Orangemen of Ireland, who had long been vain of their princely Grand Master, had sufficient influence on the old corporation of Dublin to carry a motion that a deputation should be despatched to Hanover, to convey to the foot of the throne the sincere and respectful gratulations of the mayor, aldermen, and livery of Dublin on the auspicious advent of his Majesty to the crown of that kingdom. The debate was a warm one, but the majority which carried the measure large, and now nothing remained but to name the happy individuals who should form the deputation, and then ascertain in what part of the globe Hanover lay, and how it should be come at.

Nothing but the cares of state, and the important considerations of duty, could prevent the mayor himself accepting this proud task: the sheriffs, however, were free. Their office was a sinecure, and they accordingly were appointed, with a sufficient suite, fully capable of representing to advantage abroad the wealth, splendor, and intelligence of the “ancient and loyal corporation.”

One of the sheriffs, and the chief member of the mission, was, if I remember aright, a Mr. Timothy Brien; the name of the “lesser bear” I have forgotten. Tim was, however, the spokesman, whenever speaking was available; and when it was not, it was he that made the most significant signs.

I was at the period a very young *attaché* of the mission at Hanover; our secretary, Melmond, being *chargé d'affaires* in the absence of our chief. Melmond was confined to bed by a feverish attack, and the duties of the mission, limited to signing a passport or two once a month, or some such form, were performed by me. Despatches were never sent. The Foreign Office told us, if we had anything to say, to wait for the Russian courier passing through, but not to worry them about nothing. I therefore had an easy post, and enjoyed all the dignities of office without its cares. If I had only had the pay, I could have asked nothing better.

It was, then, of a fine morning in May that Count Beulwitz, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, was announced, and the same moment entered my apartment. I was, I own it, not a little fluttered and flattered by this mark of recognition on the part of a minister, and resolved to play my part as deputy-assistant *chargé d'affaires* to my very utmost.

"I come, Mr. Templeton," said the minister, in a voice not quite free from agitation, "to ask your counsel on a question of considerable nicety; and as Mr. Melmond is still unable to attend to duty, you must excuse me if I ask you to bestow the very gravest attention upon the point."

I assumed the most Talleyrand of looks, and he went on.

"This morning there has arrived here in four carriages, with great pomp and state, a special mission, sent from Ireland to convey the congratulations of the Government on his Majesty's accession to the throne. Now we have always believed and understood that Ireland was a part of the British empire, living under the same monarchy and the same laws. If so, how can this mission be accredited? It would be a very serious thing for us to recognize the partition of the British empire, or the separation of an integral portion, without due thought and consideration. It would be also a very bold step to refuse the advances of a State that deputes such a mission as this appears to be. Do your despatches from England give any clew by which we may guide our steps in this difficulty? have you heard latterly what are the exact relations existing between England and

Ireland? You are aware that his Majesty is at Berlin, and Barring and Von der Decken, who know England so well, are both with him?"

I nodded assent, and, after a second's silence, a strong temptation to quiz the Minister crossed my mind; and without even a guess at what this mysterious deputation might mean, I gravely hinted that our last accounts from Ireland were of the most serious nature. It was certainly true that kingdom had been conquered by the English and subjected to the crown of England, but there were the most well-founded reasons to fear that the arrangement had not the element of a permanence. The descendant of the ancient sovereigns of the land was a man of bold and energetic and adventurous character; he was a prince of the house of O'Connell, of which, doubtless, his Excellency had heard. There was no saying what events might have occurred to favor his ambitious views, and whether England might not have found the advantage of restoring a troublesome land to its ancient dynasty.

"How does the present mission present itself — how accredited?"

"From the court of Dublin, with the great seal, so far as I can understand the representation, for none of the embassy speak French."

"That sounds very formal and regular," said I, with deep gravity.

"So I think it, too," said his Excellency, who really was impressed by the state-coach of Sheriff Timothy and three footmen in bag-wigs. "At any rate," said he, "we must decide at once, and there can be no hesitation about the matter. I suppose we must give them an audience of the Crown Prince, and then let all rest till his Majesty returns, which he will do on Friday next."

Without compromising myself by any assent, I looked as if he had spoken very wisely, and his Excellency departed.

That same afternoon two state-carriages of the court, with servants in dress livery, drew up at the Hof von London, the hôtel where the deputation had taken up their quarters, and a *maréchal de cour* alighted to inform the "Irish ambassador" that his Royal Highness the Crown

Prince would receive their homage in the absence of the King. The intimation, more conveyed by pantomime than oral intelligence, was replied to by an equivalent telegraph; but the sheriffs, in all their gala, soon took their places in the carriage and set out for the palace.

Their reception was most flattering; enough to say, they had the honor to address and he replied to by one of the most courteous princes of Europe. An invitation to dinner, the usual civility to a newly arrived mission, ensued, and the Irish embassy, overwhelmed with the brilliant success of their journey, returned to the hôtel in a state of exaltation that bordered on ecstasy.

Their corporation address, formidable by its portentous parchment and official seal, had puzzled the Foreign Office in no ordinary way, and was actually under their weighty consideration the following day, when the King most unexpectedly made his *entrée* into the capital. King Earnest heard with some amazement, not unmixed by disbelief, that an Irish diplomatic body had actually arrived at his court, and immediately demanded to see their credentials. There is no need to recount the terrible outbreak of temper which his Majesty displayed on discovering the mistake of his ministers. The chances are, indeed, that, had he called himself Pacha instead of King, he would have sentenced the Irish ambassador and his whole following to be hanged like onions on the one string. As it was, he could scarcely control his passion; and whatever the triumphant pleasures of the day before, when a dinner-card for the palace was conveyed by an aide-de-camp to the hôtel, the "second Epistle to Timothy" was a very awful contrast to its predecessor. The hapless deputation, however, got leave to return unmolested, and betook themselves to their home-ward journey, the chief of the mission by no means so well satisfied of his success in the part of the "Irish ambassador."

Now to dress for dinner. I wish I had said "No" to this same invitation.

Nothing is pleasanter when one is in health and spirits than a *petit diner*; nothing is more distressing when one is

weak, low, and dejected. At a large party there is always a means of lying *perdu*, and neither taking any share in the cookery or the conversation. At a small table one must eat, drink, and be merry, though the *plat* be your doom and the talk be your destruction. There is no help for it; there is no playing “supernumerary” in farce with four characters.

Is it yet too late to send an apology?—it still wants a quarter of six, and six is the hour. I really cannot endure the fatigue and the exhaustion. Holland, besides, told me that any excitement would be prejudicial. Here goes, then, for my excuse. . . . So! I’m glad I’ve done it. I feel myself once more free to lie at ease on this ottoman and dream away the hours undisturbed.

“Holloa! what’s this, Legrelle?”

“De la part de Madame la Comtesse, sir.”

How provoking!—how monstrously provoking! She writes me, “You really must come. I will not order dinner till I see you.—Yours, &c., B. de F——.” What a bore! and what an absurd way to incur an attack of illness! There’s nothing for it, however, but submission; and to-morrow, if I’m able, I’ll leave Paris.

“Legrelle, don’t forget to order horses for to-morrow at twelve.”

“What route does monsieur take?”

“Avignon—no, Strasbourg—Couilly, I think, is the first post. I should like to see Munich once more, or, at least, its gallery. The city is a poor thing, worthy of its people, and, I was going to say—no matter what! Germany, in any case, for the summer, as I am sentenced to die in Italy. I feel I am taking what the Irish call ‘a long day’ in not crossing the Alps till late in autumn!”

How many places there are which one has been near enough to have visited, and somehow always neglected to see! and what a longing, craving wish to behold them comes over the heart at such a time as this! What, then, is “this time,” that I speak it thus?

How late it is! De Vigny was very agreeable, combining in his manner a great deal of the refinement of a highly

cultivated mind, with the shrewd perception of a keen observer of the world. He is a *Légitimiste*, I take it, without any hope of his party. This, after all, is the sad political creed of all who adhere to the "elder branch." Their devotion is indeed great, for it wars against conviction. But where can an honest man find footing in France nowadays? Has not Louis Philippe violated in succession every pledge by which he had bound himself? Can such an example of falsehood so highly placed be without its influence on the nation? Can men cry "Shame!" on the Minister, when they witness the turpitude of the Monarch?

But what hope does any other party offer?—None. Henri Cinq, a Bourbon of the *vieille roche*, gentle, soft-hearted, sensual, and selfish, who, if he returned to France to-morrow, would never believe that the long interval since the Three Days had been anything but an accident: and would not bring himself to credit the possibility that the succession had been ever endangered.

I believe, after all, one should be as lenient in their judgment of men's change of fealty in France as they are indulgent to the capricious fancies of a spoiled beauty. The nation, like a coquette, had everything its own way. The cold austerities of principle had yielded to the changeful fortunes of success for so many years, that men very naturally began to feel that instability and uncertainty were the normal state of things, and that to hold fast one set of opinions was like casting anchor in a stream when we desired to be carried along by the current. Who are they who have risen in France since the time of the Great Revolution? Are they the consistent politicians, the men of one unvarying, unaltered faith? or are they the expediency makers, the men of emergencies and crises, yielding, as they would phrase it, to "the enlightened temper of the times" — the Talleyrands, the Soufts, the Guizots of the day — not to speak of one higher than them all, but not more conspicuous for his elevation than for the subserviency that has placed him there?

Poor Chateaubriand! the man who never varied, the man that was humblest before his rightful sovereign, and prouder than the proudest Marshal in presence of the Emperor, how completely forgotten is he — standing like some ruined sign-

post to point the way over a road no longer travelled ! A more complete revolution was never worked in the social condition of a great kingdom than has taken place in France since the time of the Emperor. The glorious career of conquering armies had invested the soldier's life with a species of chivalry that brought back the old days of feudalism again. Now, it is the *bourgeoisie* are uppermost. Trade and money-getting, railroads and mines, have seized hold of the nation's heart ; and where the *bâton* of a Maréchal was once the most coveted of all earthly distinctions, a good bargain on the Bourse, or a successful transaction in scrip, are now the highest triumphs. The very telegraph, whose giant limbs only swayed to speak of victories, now beckons to an expectant crowd the rates of exchange from London to Livorno, and with a far greater certainty of stirring the spirits it addresses.

I fell into all this moody reflection from thinking of an incident—I might almost call it story—I remembered hearing from an old cuirassier officer some years ago. I was passing through the north of France, and stopped to dine at Séダン, where a French cavalry regiment, three thousand strong, were quartered. Some repairs that were necessary to my carriage detained me till the next day ; and as I strolled along the shady boulevards in the evening I met an old soldier-like person, beside whom I dined at the *table-d'hôte*. He was the very type of a *chef-d'escadron* of the Empire, and such he really proved to be.

After a short preamble of the ordinary common-places, we began to talk of the service in which he lived, and I confess it was with a feeling of surprise I heard him say that the old soldiers of the Empire had met but little favor from the new dynasty ; and I could not help observing that this was not the impression made upon us in England, but that we inclined to think it was the especial policy of the present reign to conciliate the affections of the nation by a graceful acknowledgment of those so instrumental to its glory.

“ Is not Soult as high, or rather, is he not far higher, in the favor of his sovereign, Louis Philippe, than ever he was in that of the Emperor ? Is not Moncey a man nobly pensioned as Captain of the Invalides ? ”

"All true! But where are the hundreds — I had almost said thousands, but that death has been so busy in these tranquil times with those it had spared in more eventful days — where are they, the old soldiers, who served in inferior grades, the men whose promotions for the hard fighting at Montereau and Chalons needed but a few days more of prosperity to have confirmed, but who saw their best hopes decline as the sun of the Emperor's glory descended? What rewards were given even to many of the more distinguished, but whose principles were known to be little in accordance with the new order of things? What of Pajol, who captured a Dutch fleet with his cavalry squadrons; — ay! charged the three-deckers as they lay ice-locked in the Scheldt, dismounted half of his force and boarded them, as in a sea-fight? Poor Pajol! he died the other day, at eighty-three or four, followed to the grave by the comrades he had fought and marched beside, but with no honors to his memory from the King or his Government. No, sir, believe me, the present people never liked the Buonapartists; the sad contrasts presented by all their attempts at military renown with those glorious spectacles of the Empire were little flattering to them."

"Then you evidently think Soult and some others owe their present favor less to the eminence of their services than to the plasticity of their principles?"

"Who ever thought Soult a great general?" said he, abruptly answering my question by this transition. "A great military organizer, certainly — the best head for the administration of an army, or the Emperor's staff — but nothing more. His capacity as a tactician was always third rate."

I could not help acknowledging that such was the opinion of our own great captain, who has avowed that he regarded Massena as the most accomplished and scientific general to whom he was ever opposed.

"And Massena's daughter," cried the veteran, indignantly, "lives now in the humblest poverty — the wife of a very poor man, who cultivates a little garden near Brussels, where *femmes de chambre* are sent to buy bouquets for their mistresses! The daughter of a *Maréchal de France*, a title once

that kings loved to add to their royalty, as men love to ennable station by evidences of high personal desert!"

"How little fidelity, however, did these men show to him who had made them thus great! How numerous were the desertions! — how rapid too!"

"Yes, there was an epidemic of treason at that time in France, just as you have seen at different epochs here, other epidemics prevail: in the Revolution the passion was for the guillotine; then came the lust of military glory — that suited us best, and lasted longest; we indulged in it for twenty years: then succeeded that terrible revulsion, and men hastened to prove how false-hearted they could be. Then came the Restoration — and the passion was to be Catholic; and now we have another order of things, whose worst feature is, that there is no prevailing creed. Men live for the day and the hour. The King's health — the state of Spain — a bad harvest — an awkward dispute between the commander of our squadron in the Pacific with some of your admirals, — anything may overturn the balance, and our whole political and social condition may have to be built up once more."

"The great remedy against this uncertainty is out of your power," said I: "you abolished the claims of Sovereignty on the permanent affection of the people, and now you begin to feel the want of 'Loyalty.'"

"Our kings had ceased to merit the respect of the nation when they lost it."

"Say, rather, you revenged upon them the faults and vices of their more depraved but bolder ancestors. You made the timid Louis XVI. pay for the hardy Louis XIV. Had that unhappy monarch but been like the Emperor, his Court might have displayed all the excesses of the regency twice told, and you had never declared against them."

"That may be true; but you evidently do not — I doubt, indeed, if any but a Frenchman and a soldier can — feel the nature of our attachment to the Emperor. It was something in which personal interest partook a large part, and the hope of future advancement, *through him*, bore its share. The army regarded him thus, and never forgave him perfectly, for preferring to be an Emperor rather than a General. Now, the very desertions you have lately alluded to

would probably never have occurred if the leader had not merged into the monarch.

“There was a fascination, a spirit of infatuating ecstasy, in serving one whose steps had so often led to glory, that filled a man’s entire heart. One learned to feel that the rays of his own splendid achievements shed a lustre on all around him, and each had his portion of undying fame. This feeling, as it became general, grew into a kind of superstition, and even to a man’s own conscience it served to excuse many grave errors, and some direct breaches of true faith.”

“Then, probably, you regard Ney’s conduct in this light?” said I.

“I know it was of this nature,” replied he, vehemently. “Ney, like many others, meant to be faithful to the Bourbons when he took the command. He had no thought of treachery in his mind; he believed he was marching against an enemy until he actually saw the Emperor, and then —”

“I find this somewhat difficult to understand,” said I, dubiously. “Ney’s new allegiance was no hasty step, but one maturely and well considered. He had weighed in his mind various eventualities, and doubtless among the number the possibility of the Emperor’s return. That the mere sight of that low cocked-hat and the *redingote gris* could have at once served to overturn a sworn fealty and a plighted word —”

“Have you time to listen to a short story?” interrupted the old dragoon, with a degree of emotion in his manner that bespoke a deeper interest than I suspected in the subject of our conversation.

“Willingly,” said I. “Will you come and sup with me at my hotel, and we can continue a theme in which I feel much interest?”

“Nay; with your permission, we will sit down here — on the ramparts. I never sup: like an old campaigner, I only make one meal a day, and mention the circumstance to excuse my performance at the table d’hôte: and here, if you do not dislike it, we will take our places under this lime-tree.”

I at once acceded to this proposal, and he began thus:—

CHAPTER IV.

You are, perhaps, aware that in no part of France was the cause of the exiled family sustained with more perseverance and courage than Auvergne. The nobles, who, from generation to generation, had lived as seigneurs on their estates, equally remote from the attractions and advantages of a court, still preserved their devotion to the Bourbons as a part of religious faith; nor ever did the evening mass of a château conclude without its heartfelt prayer for the repose of that “saint roi,” Louis XVI., and for the blessing of heaven on him, his rightful successor, now a wanderer and an exile.

In one of these antique châteaux, whose dilapidated battlements and shattered walls showed that other enemies than mere time had been employed against it, lived an old Count de Vitry; so old was he, that he could remember the time he had been a page at the court of Louis XV., and could tell many strange tales of the Regency, and the characters who flourished at that time.

His family consisted of two grandchildren, both of them orphans of his two sons. One had fallen in La Vendée; the other, sentenced to banishment by the Directory, had died on the passage out to Guadalupe. The children were nearly of the same age, — the boy a few months older than the girl, — and regarded each other as brother and sister.

It is little to be wondered at if these children imbibed from the very cradle a horror of that system and of those men which had left them fatherless and almost friendless, destitute of rank, station, and fortune, and a proportionate attachment to those who, if they had been suffered to reign, would have preserved them in the enjoyment of all their time-honored privileges and possessions.

If the members of the executive government were then

remembered among the catalogue of persons accursed and to be hated, the names of the royal family were repeated among those saintly personages to whom honor and praise were rendered. The venerable Père Duclos, to whom their education was confided, certainly neglected no available means of instilling these two opposite principles of belief; and if Alfred de Vitry and Blanche were not impressed with this truth, it could not be laid to the charge of this single-hearted teacher; every trait and feature that could deform and disgrace humanity being attributed to one, and all the graces and ennobling virtues of the race associated with the name of the other. The more striking and impressive to make the lesson, the Père was accustomed to read a comment on the various events then occurring at Paris, and on the campaigns of the Republican army in Italy; dwelling, with pardonable condemnation, on the insults offered to the Church and all who adhered to its holy cause.

These appeals were made with peculiar force to Alfred, who was destined for an ecclesiastic, that being the only career which the old Count and his chaplain could satisfy themselves as offering any hope of safety; and now that the family possessions were all confiscated, and a mere remnant of the estate remaining, there was no use in hoping to perpetuate a name which must sink into poverty and obscurity. Blanche was also to become a member of a religious order in Italy, if, happily, even in that sacred land, the privileges of the Church were destined to escape.

The good Père, whose intentions were unalloyed by one thought unworthy of an angel, made the mistake that great zeal not unfrequently commits — he proved too much; he painted the Revolutionary party in colors so terrible that no possible reality could sustain the truth of the portraiture. It is true the early days of the Revolution warranted all he did, or could say: but the party had changed greatly since that, or, rather, a new and a very differently minded class had succeeded. Marat, Danton, and Robespierre had no resemblance with Sièyes, Carnot, and Buonaparte. The simple-minded priest, however, recognized no distinction. He thought that, as the stream issued from a tainted source, the current could never become purer by flowing; and he

delighted, with all the enthusiasm of a *dévot*, to exaggerate the evil traits of those whose exploits of heroism might have dazzled and fascinated unthinking understandings.

Alfred was about sixteen, when one evening, nigh sunset, a peasant approached the château in eager haste to say that a party of soldiers were coming up the little road which led toward the house, instead of turning off, as they usually did, to the village of Puy de Dôme, half a league further down the valley.

Père Duclos, who assumed absolute authority over the household since the old Count had fallen into a state of childlike dotage, hastened to provide himself with the writ of exemption from billet the Directory had conferred on the château — an *amende* for the terrible misfortunes of the ruined family — and advanced to meet the party, the leading files of which were already in sight.

Nothing could less have suggested the lawless depredators of the Republic than the little column that now drew near. Four chasseurs-à-pied led the van, their clothes ragged and torn, their shoes actually in ribbons; one had his arm in a sling, and another carried his shako on his back, as his head was bound up in a handkerchief, whose blood-stained folds showed the marks of a severe sabre-cut. Behind them came a litter, or, rather, a cart with a canvas awning, in which lay the wounded body of their officer; the rear consisting of about fourteen others, under the command of a sergeant.

They halted and formed as the old Père approached them, and the sergeant, stepping to the front, carried his hand to his cap in military salute; and then, without waiting for the priest to speak, he began a very civil, almost an humble, apology for the liberty of their intrusion.

“We are,” said he, “an invalid party, *en route* for Paris, with an officer who was severely wounded at the bridge of Lodi.” And here he lowered his voice to a whisper: “The poor lieutenant’s case being hopeless, and his constant wish — his prayer — being to see his mother before he dies, we are pushing on for her château, which is near St. Jean de Luc, I hear.”

Perhaps the mention of the word château — the claim of

one whose rank was even thus vaguely hinted at—had nearly an equal influence on the Père with the duties of humanity. Certain is it he laid less stress than he might have done on the writ of exemption, and blandly said that the out-offices of the château should be at their disposal for the night; apologizing if late events had not left its inhabitants in better circumstances to succor the unfortunate.

“We ask very little, Père,” said the sergeant, respectfully, — “some straw to sleep on, some rye-bread and a little water for supper; and to-morrow, ere sunrise, you shall see the last of us.”

The humility of the request, rendered even more humble by the manner in which it was conveyed, did not fail to strike the Père Duclos, who began to wonder what reverses had overtaken the “Blues” (the name the Republicans were called), that they were become thus civil and respectful; nor could he be brought to believe the account the sergeant gave of a glorious victory at the Ada, nor credit a syllable of the bulletin which, in letters half-a-foot long, proclaimed the splendid achievement.

A little pavilion in the garden was devoted to the reception of the wounded lieutenant, and the soldiers bivouacked in the farm-buildings, and some even in the open air, for it was the vintage time and the weather delightful. There was nothing of outrage or disturbance committed by the men; not even any unusual noise disturbed the peaceful quiet of the old château; and, except that a lamp burned all night in the garden-pavilion, nothing denoted the presence of strangers.

Before day broke the men were mustered in the court of the château; and the sergeant, having seen that his party were all regularly equipped for the march, demanded to speak a few words to the Père Duclos. The Père, who was from his window watching these signs of approaching departure with some anxiety, hastily descended on hearing the request.

“We are about to march, reverend father,” said the sergeant, saluting, “all of us, save one—our poor lieutenant; his next billet will be for another, and, we hope, a better place.”

"Is he dead?" asked the Père, eagerly.

"Not yet, father; but the event cannot now be far off. He raved all through the night, and this morning the fever has left him, but without strength, and evidently going fast. To take him along with us would be inhuman, were it even possible — to delay would be against my orders; so that nothing else is to be done than leave him among those who would be kind to his last hours, and minister to the wants of a death-bed."

The Père, albeit very far from gratified by his charge, promised to do all in his power; and the sergeant, having commanded a "present arms" to the château, wheeled right-about and departed.

For some days the prediction of the sergeant seemed to threaten its accomplishment at every hour. The sick man, reduced to the very lowest stage of debility, appeared at moments as if struggling for a last breath; but by degrees these paroxysms grew less frequent and less violent. He slept, too, at intervals, and awoke, seemingly refreshed; and thus, between the benefits derived from tranquillity and rest, a mild and genial air and his own youth, his recovery became at length assured, accompanied, however, by a degree of feebleness that made the least effort impossible, and even the utterance of a few words a matter of great pain and difficulty.

If, during the most sad and distressing periods of the sick bed, the Père indirectly endeavored to inspire Alfred's mind with a horror of a soldier's life, — depicting, by the force of the terrible example before him, the wretchedness of one who fell a victim to its ambition, — so did he take especial care, as convalescence began to dawn, to forbid the youth from ever approaching the pavilion, or holding any intercourse with its occupant. That part of the garden was strictly interdicted to him, and the very mention of the lieutenant at last forbidden, or only alluded to when invoking a Christian blessing upon enemies.

In this way matters continued till the end of autumn, when the Père, who had long been anxiously awaiting the hour when the sick man should take his leave, had one morning set off for the town to make arrangements for his

departure, and order post-horses to be ready on the following day.

It was a calm and mellow day of autumn, and Alfred, who had at first determined to set out on a fishing excursion, without any reason changed his mind, and sauntered into the garden. Loitering listlessly for some time, from walk to walk, he was at length returning to the château, when he beheld, seated under the shade of a walnut tree, a young man whose pale and languid look at once bespoke the invalid, even had not the fact been proclaimed by his dress, the uniform of a *lancier rouge*.

Mindful of the Father's precept, and fully impressed with an obedience never violated, the youth was turning hastily away, when the wounded man slowly arose from his seat, and removing his cap, made a salute of deep and most respectful meaning.

Alfred returned it, and stood irresolute. The eyes of the sick man, full of an expression of mild and thankful beaming, were on him. What should he do? To retire without speaking would be a rudeness, even a cruelty; besides, what possible harm could there be in a few words of friendly greeting with one so long their guest? Ere he could resolve the point, the wounded officer was slowly advancing towards him, still uncovered, and in an attitude betokening a most respectful gratitude.

"I pray you will permit me, Mons. le Comte," said he, "to express my heartfelt thanks for the hospitality and kindness of your treatment. I feared that I should leave this without the occasion of saying how grateful I feel for the remnant of life your care has been the means of preserving."

Alfred tried to answer; but a dread of his disobedience and its consequences, and a strange sense of admiration for the stranger, whose manner and appearance had deeply impressed him, made him silent.

"I see," said the lieutenant, smiling, "that you are indisposed to receive an acknowledgment for what you set such small store by — a kindness to a mere 'soldier of the Republic'; but when you wear a sword yourself, Mons. le Comte, as you will, doubtless, one of these days —"

"No," said Alfred, hastily interrupting him, "never! I shall never wear one."

"How, never! What can you mean?"

"That I shall never be a soldier," said Alfred. "I am to be a priest."

"A priest! You, Mons. le Comte de Vitry, of the best blood of Auvergne—you, a monk!"

"I did not say a monk," said Alfred, proudly; "there are other ranks among churchmen. I have heard tell of Prince-bishops and Cardinals."

"And if one were to begin life at the age they usually take leave of it, such a career might not be held so cheaply; but for a young man of good birth and blood, with a heart to feel proudly, and a hand to wield a weapon — no, no, that were a shame not to be thought of."

Stung alike by the severity of the sarcasm, and animated by the old spirit of the Père's teaching, Alfred hastily answered, —

"And if men of rank and station no longer carry arms as their forefathers did, with whom lies the blame? Why do they now bend to adopt a path that in former days was only trodden by the weak-hearted and the timid? Because they would not draw the sword in a cause they abhor, and for a faction they despise; neither would they shed their blood to assure the triumph of a rabble."

"Nor would I," interposed the lieutenant, while a slight flush colored his cheek. "The cause in which I perilled life was that of France, my country. You may safely trust that the nation capable of such conquests will neither be disgraced by bad rulers nor dishonored by cowardly ones."

"I have no faith in Republicans," said Alfred, scornfully.

"Because they were not born to a title, perhaps! But do you know how many of those who now carry victory into foreign lands belong to this same class that includes all your sympathy? — prouder, far prouder, that they sustain the honor of France against her enemies, than that they carry the blazon of a marquis or the coronet of a duke on their escutcheon? You look incredulous! Nay, I speak no more than what I well know; for instance, the humble

lieutenant who now addresses you can claim rank as high and ancient as your own. You have heard of the Liancours?"

"Le Duc de Liancourt?"

"Yes; I am, or rather I was, the Duc de Liancourt," said the lieutenant, with an almost imperceptible struggle. "My present rank is Sous-Lieutenant of the Third Lancers. Now listen to me calmly for a few moments, and I hope to show you that in a country where a dreadful social earthquake has uprooted every foundation of rank, and strewed the ground with the ruins of everything like prescription, it is nobler and better to show that nobility could enter the lists, unaided by its prestige, and win the palm, among those who vainly boasted themselves better and braver. This we have done, not by assuming the monk's cowl and the friar's cord, but by carrying the knapsack and the musket; not by shirking the struggle, but by confronting it. Where is the taunt now against the nobility of France? Whose names figure oftenest in the lists of killed and wounded? Whose lot is it most frequently to mount first to the assault or the breach? No, no, take to the alb and the surplice if your vocation prompt it, but do not assume to say that no other road is open to a Frenchman because his heart is warmed by noble blood."

If Alfred was at first shocked by hearing assertions so opposed to all the precepts of his venerated tutor, he was soon ashamed of offering opposition to one so far more capable than himself of forming a just judgment on the question; while he felt, inwardly, the inequality of the cause for which he would do battle against, — that glorious and triumphant one of which the young officer assumed the championship.

Besides, De Liancourt's history was his own; he had been bred up with convictions precisely like his, and might, had he followed out the path intended for him, have been a priest at the very hour that he led a charge at Lodi.

"I was saved by an accident," said he. "In the march of Berthault's division through Chalons, a little drummer-boy fell off a wagon when asleep, and was wounded by a wheel passing over him; they brought him to our château,

where we nursed and tended him till he grew well. The curé, wishing to snatch him as a brand saved from the burning, adopted him, and made him an acolyte; and so he remained till one Sunday morning, when the 'Chasseurs gris' marched through the town during Mass. Pierre stole out to see the soldiers; he heard a march he had often listened to before. He saw the little drummers stepping out gayly in front; worse, too, *they* saw him, and one called out to his comrades, 'Regarde donc le Prêtre; ce petit drôle là — c'est un Prêtre.'

"'Du tout,' cried he, tearing off his white robe, and throwing it behind him, 'Je suis tambour comme toi,' and snatching the drum, he beat his 'Rantap-plan' so vigorously and so well, that the drum-major patted him on the head and cheek, and away marched Pierre at the head of the troop, leaving Chalons, and curé, and all behind him without a thought or a pang.

"I saw it all from the window of the church; and suddenly, as my eyes turned from the grand spectacle of the moving column, with its banners flying and bayonets glistening, to the dim, half-lighted aisles of the old church, with smoky tapers burning faintly, amid which an old decrepit priest was moving slowly, a voice within me cried, 'Better a tambour than this!' I stole out, and reached the street just as the last files were passing. I mingled with the crowd that followed, my heart beating time to the quick march. I tracked them out of the town, further and further, till we reached the wide open country.

"'Will you not come back, Pierre?' said I, pulling him by the sleeve, as, at last, I reached the leading files, where the little fellow marched, proud as a tambour-major.

"'I go back, and the regiment marching against the enemy!' exclaimed he, indignantly; and a roar of laughter and applause from the soldiers greeted his words.

"'Nor I either!' cried I. And thus I became a soldier, never to regret the day I belted on the knapsack. But here comes the Père Duclos; I hope he may not be displeased at your having kept me company. I know well he loves not such companionship for his pupil, — perhaps he has reason."

Alfred did not wait for the priest's arrival, but darted from the spot and hastened to his room, where, bolting the door, he threw himself upon his bed and wept bitterly. Who knows if these tears decided not all his path in life?

That same evening the lieutenant left the château; and in about two months after came a letter, expressing his gratitude for all the kindness of his host, and withal, a present of a gun and a chasseur's accoutrement for Alfred. They were very handsome and costly, and he was never weary of trying them on his shoulder and looking how they became him; when, in examining one of the pockets, for the twentieth time, he discovered a folded paper. He opened it, and found it was an appointment for a cadet in the military school of St. Cyr. Alfred de Vitry was written in pencil where the name should be inscribed, but very faintly, and so that it required sharp looking to detect the letters. It was enough, however, for him to read the words. He packed up a little parcel of clothes, and, with a few francs in his pocket, he set out that night for Chalons, where he took the *malle*. The third day, when he was tracked by the Père, he was already enrolled a cadet, and not all the interest in France could have removed him against his consent.

I will not dwell on a career which was in no respect different from that of hundreds of others. Alfred joined the army in the second Italian campaign, — was part of Dessaix's division at Marengo, — was wounded at Aspern, and finally accompanied the Emperor in his terrible march to Moscow. He saw more service than his promotion seemed to imply, however; for, after Leipsic, Dresden, Bautzen, he was carried on a litter, with some other dying comrades, into a little village of Alsace, — a lieutenant of hussars, nothing more.

An hospital, hastily constructed of planks, had been fitted up outside the village, — there were many such on the road between Strasbourg and Nancy, — and here poor Alfred lay, with many more, their sad fate rendered still sadder by the daily tidings, which told them that the cause for which they had shed their blood was hourly becoming more hopeless.

The army that never knew defeat now counted nothing but disasters. Before Alfred had recovered from his wound, the allies bivouacked in the Place du Carrousel, and Napoleon was at Elba!

When little dreaming that he could take any part in that general joy by which France, in one of her least-thinking moments, welcomed back the Bourbons, Alfred was loitering listlessly along one of the quays of Paris, wondering within himself by what process of arithmetic he could multiply seven sous — they were all he had — into the price of a supper and bed; and while his eyes often dwelt with lingering fondness on the windows of the restaurants, they turned, too, with a dreadful instinct, towards the Seine, whose eddies had closed over many a sorrow and crime.

As he wandered thus, a cry arose for help. An unfortunate creature — one whose woes were greater, or whose courage to bear them less, than his own — had thrown herself from the Pont-Neuf into the river, and her body was seen to rise and sink several times in the current of the rapid stream. It was from no prompting of humanity, — it was something like a mere instinct, and no more; mayhap, too, his recklessness of life had some share in the act, — whatever the reason, he sprang into the river, and after a long and vigorous struggle, he brought her out alive; and then, forcing through the crowd that welcomed him, he drew his miserable and dripping hat over his eyes. He continued his road, — Heaven knows he had little purpose or object to warrant the persistence!

He had not gone far when a number of voices were heard behind him, calling out, —

“ That is he! — there he is! ” and at the same instant an officer rode up beside him, and, saluting him politely, said that her Royal Highness the Duchess of Berri desired to speak to him; her carriage was just by.

Alfred was in that humor when, so indifferent is every object in life, that he would have turned at the bidding of the humblest *gamin* of the streets; and, wet and weary, he stood beside the door of the splendid equipage.

“ It was *thou* that saved the woman? ” said the Duchess,

addressing him, and using the conventional "Tu," as suitable to his mean appearance.

"Madame," said Alfred, removing his tattered hat, "I am a gentleman! These rags were once — the uniform of the Guard."

"My God! — my cousin!" cried a voice beside the Duchess; and, at the same instant, a young girl held out her hands towards him, and exclaimed, —

"Knowest thou not me, Alfred? I am Alice — Alice de Vitry — thy cousin and thy sister!"

It would little interest you to dwell on the steps that followed, and which, in a few weeks, made of a wretched outcast — without a home or a meal — an officer of the *Guard du Corps*, with the order of St. Louis at his breast.

Time sped on, and his promotion with it; and at length his Majesty, graciously desiring to see the old nobility resume their place and grade, consented to the union of Alfred with his cousin. There was no violent love on either side, but there was sincere esteem and devoted friendship; and if they neither of them felt that degree of attachment which becomes a passion, they regarded each other with true affection.

Alice was a devoted Royalist; all that she had suffered for the cause had endeared it to her, and she could forgive, but not forget, that her future husband had shed his blood for the Usurper.

Alfred was what every one, and with reason, called a most fortunate fellow; a colonel at twenty-eight, — a promotion that, under the Empire, nothing but the most distinguished services could have gained, — and yet he was far from happy. He remembered with higher enthusiasm his first grade of "corporal," won at Aspern, and his epaulettes that he gained at Wilna. His soldiering had been learned in another school than in the parade-ground at Versailles, or the avenue of the Champs Elysées.

"Come, *mon ami*," said Alice, gayly, to him one morning, about ten days before the time appointed for their marriage, "thou art about to have some occasion for thy long-rusting sword: the Usurper has landed at Cannes."

"The Emperor at Cannes!"

“The Emperor, if thou wilt—but without an Empire.”

“No matter. Is he without an army?” said Alfred.

“Alone—with some half-dozen followers, at most. Ney has received orders to march against him, and thou art to command a brigade.”

“This is good news,” said Alfred; for the very name of war had set his heart a-throbbing; and as he issued forth into the streets, the stirring sounds of excitement and rapid motion of troops increased his ardor.

Wondering groups were gathered in every street; some discussing the intelligence, others reading the great placards, which, in letters of portentous size, announced that “the Monster” had once more polluted by his presence the soil of France.

Whatever the enthusiasm of the old Royalists to the Bourbon cause, there seemed an activity and determination on the part of the Buonapartists who had taken service with the King to exhibit their loyalty to the new sovereign; and Ney rode from one quarter of Paris to the other, with a cockade of most conspicuous size, followed by a staff equally remarkable.

That same day Alfred left Paris for Lyons, where his regiment lay, with orders to move to the south, by forced marches, and arrest the advance of the small party which formed the band of the invader. It was Alice herself fastened the knot of white ribbon in his shako, and bade him adieu with a fondness of affection he had never witnessed before.

From Paris to Lyons, and to Grenoble, Alfred hastened with promptitude. At Lesseim, at last, he halted for orders.

His position was a small village, three leagues in advance of Lesseim, called Dulaure, where, at nightfall on the 18th of March, Alfred arrived with two companies of his regiment, his orders being to reconnoitre the valley towards Lesseim, and report if the enemy should present himself in that quarter.

After an anxious night on the alert, Alfred lay down to sleep towards morning, when he was awoke by the sharp report of a musket, followed immediately after by the roll

of the drum and the call for the guard to "turn out." He rushed out, and hastened towards the advanced picket. All was in confusion. Some were in retreat; others stood at a distance from their post, looking intently towards it; and at the picket itself were others, again, with piled arms, standing in a close group. What could this mean? Alfred called out, but no answer was returned. The men stared in stupid amazement, and each seemed waiting for the other to reply.

"Where is your officer?" cried De Vitry, in an angry voice.

"He is here," said a pale, calm-featured man, who, buttoned up in a great *surtout*, and with a low *chapeau* on his head, advanced towards him.

"You the officer!" replied Alfred, angrily. "You are not of our regiment, sir."

"Pardon me, Colonel," rejoined the other. "I led the Twenty-second at Rovigo, and they were with me at Wagram."

"*Grand Dieu!*" said Alfred, trembling; "who are you, then?"

"Your Emperor, Colonel de Vitry!"

Alfred stepped back at the words. The order to arrest and make him prisoner was almost on his lips. He turned towards his men, who instinctively had resumed their formation. His head was maddened by the conflict within it; his eyes turned again towards Napoleon. The struggle was over: he knelt and presented his sword.

"Take mine in exchange, *General* de Vitry," said the Emperor; "I know you will wear it with honor."

And thus, in a moment, was all forgotten, — plighted love and sworn faith, — for who could resist the Emperor?

The story is now soon told. Waterloo came, and once more the day of defeat descended, never to dawn upon another victory. Alfred, rejected and scorned, lived years in poverty and obscurity. When the fortunes of the Revolution brought up once more the old soldiers of the Empire, he fought at the Quai Voltaire and was wounded severely. The Three Days over, he was appointed to a sous-lieutenancy in the dragoons. He is now *chef-d'escadron*, the last of his

race, weary of a world whose vicissitudes have crushed his hopes and made him broken-hearted.

The relator of this tale was Alfred de Vitry himself, who, under the name of his maternal grandfather, St. Amand, served in the second regiment of Carabiniers.

CHAPTER V.

12 o'clock, Tuesday night,
May 31st, 184-.

“*QTE bella cosa*” to be a king! Here am I now, returned from Neuilly, whither I dreaded so much to venture, actually enchanted with the admirable manner of his Majesty Louis Philippe, adding one more to the long list of those who, beginning with Madame de Genlis and Johnson, have delighted to extol the qualities whose pleasing properties have been expended on themselves.

There is, however, something wonderfully interesting in the picture of a royal family living *en bourgeois*, — a king sitting with his spectacles on his forehead and his newspaper on his knee, playfully alluding to observations whose fallacy he alone can demonstrate; a queen busily engaged amid the toils of the work-table, around which princesses of every European royalty are seated, gayly chatting over their embroidery, or listening while an amusing book is read out by a husband or a brother: even an American would be struck by such a view of monarchy.

The Duc de Nemours is the least prepossessing of the princes. His deafness, too, assists the impression of his coldness and austerity; while the too studied courtesy of the Prince de Joinville towards Englishmen is the reverse of an amicable demonstration.

I could not help feeling surprised at the freedom with which his Majesty canvassed our leading political characters; for his intimate acquaintance with them all, I was well prepared. One remark he made worth remembering, — “The Duke of Wellington should always be your Minister of Foreign Affairs, no matter what the changes of party. It is not that his great opportunities of knowing

the Continent, assisted by his unquestionable ability, alone distinguish him, but that his name and the weight of his opinion on any disputed question exert a greater influence than any other man's over the various sovereignties of Europe. After the Emperor himself, he was the greatest actor in the grand drama of the early part of the century; he made himself conspicuous in every council, even less by the accuracy of his views than by their unerring, unswerving rectitude. The desperate struggle in which he had taken part had left no traces of ungenerous feeling or animosity behind, and the pride of conquest had never disturbed the equanimity of the negotiator."

What other statesman in England had dared to ratify the Belgian revolution, and, by his simple acknowledgment, place the fact beyond appeal? It is with statesmen as with soldiers; the men who have been conversant with great events maintain the prestige of their ascendancy over all who "never smelt powder;" and Metternich wields much of his great influence on such a tenure.

A propos of Metternich; the King told a trait of him which I have not heard before. In one of those many stormy interviews which took place between him and the Emperor, Napoleon, irritated at the tone of freedom assumed by the Austrian envoy, endeavored by an artifice to recall him to what he deemed a recollection of their relative stations, and then, as it were, inadvertently let fall his hat for the Prince to take it up; instead of which Metternich moved back and bowed, leaving the Emperor to lift it from the ground himself.

Napoleon, it would seem, was ever on the watch to detect and punish the slightest infraction of that respect which "doth hedge a king," even in cases when the offender had nothing further from his mind than the intention to transgress; a rather absurd illustration was mentioned by the King. The Emperor was one day seeking for a book in the library at Malmaison, and at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Moncey, one of the tallest men in the army, who was present, immediately stepped forward, saying, "Permettez, Sire. Je suis plus grand que votre Majesté!" "Vous voulez dire plus long,

Maréchal," said the Emperor, with a frown that made the reproof actually a severity.

From the tone of his Majesty's observations on our nobility, and the security such an order necessarily creates, I thought I could mark a degree of regret at the extinction of the class in France. How natural such a feeling! For how, after all, can a monarchy long subsist with such a long interval between the crown and the people? The gradations of rank are the best guarantees against any assault on its privileges; a House of Lords is the best floating breakwater against the storms of a people in revolt.

With a marked condescension, his Majesty inquired after my health and the object of my journey; and when I mentioned Naples, hastily remarked, "Ah, well! I can promise you a very agreeable house to pass your evenings in; we are going to send Favancourt there as envoy, and Madame la Comtesse is your countrywoman. This, however, is a secret which even Favancourt himself is ignorant of."

I am not casuist enough to say if this intimation of the King is binding on me as to secrecy; but, possibly, I need not risk the point, as I shall not be likely to see Favancourt or Madame de Favancourt before I start to-morrow.

I am already impatient for the hour to go; I want to be away — afar from the gorgeous glitter of this splendid capital. Something nigh to misanthropy creeps over me at the sight of pleasures in which I am no more to take a part, and I would not that a feeling thus ungenerous should be my travelling companion. I do not experience the inordinate love of life which, we are told, ever accompanies my malady. If I have a wish to live, it is to frame a different kind of existence from what I have hitherto followed, and I believe most sick people's love of life is the desire of dwelling longer amid the pursuits they have followed. And now for the map, to see how I may trace a route, and see — shame that I must say so! — fewest of my countrymen. Well, then, from Strasbourg to Fribourg, and through the Hohlen-Thal. So far, so good! This is all new to me. Thence to Munich, or direct to Innspruck, as I may decide later on. This, at least, avoids Switzerland, and all its radicalism and roguery, not to speak of the

“Perkinses,” who are “out” by this time, touring it to Lausanne and Chamouni.

What a tremendous noise a carriage makes coming through these *portes-cochères*! Truly, the luxury is heavily paid for by all the inhabitants of a house. Is that a tap at my door?

A few lines before I lie down to sleep. It is already daybreak. What would poor Dr. S—— say if he knew I had been sitting up to this hour, and at a *petit souper*, too, with some half-dozen of the wealthiest people in Paris, not to speak of the prettiest? Madame de F—— would take no refusal, however, and averred she had made the party expressly for me; that V—— H—— had declined another engagement to come; and, in fact, — no matter what little flatteries, — I went. And here I am, with my cheek flushed and my head on fire, my brain whirling with mad excitement, laughter still ringing in my ears, and all the exaltation he feels who, drinking water while others sip champagne, is yet the only one whose faculties are intoxicated.

What a brilliant scene in a comedy would that little supper have been, just as it really was, — scenery, decorations, people all unchanged, the dimly lighted boudoir, where all the luxury of modern requirement was seen through a chiaroscuro, that made it seem half unreal; and then the splendid brilliancy of the supper-room beyond, where, amid the gorgeous display of *vaisselle* and flowers, shone still more brightly the blaze of beauty and the fire of genius.

How often have I remarked in these little “jousts of the table,” where each man puts forth his sharpest weapons of wit and pleasantry, that the conqueror, like an Ivanhoe, is an unknown knight, and with a blank shield.

So was it, I remember, once, where we had a sprinkling of every class of celebrity, from the Chamber of Deputies to the Théâtre Français; and yet the heart of all was taken by a young Spaniard, whom nobody seemed to know whence or how he came, — a handsome, dark-eyed fellow, with a short upper lip, that seemed alive with energy, combining in his nature the stern dignity of the Castilian and the hot

blood of Andalusia. It was the Marquis de Brabançon brought him, presenting him to the lady of the house in a half whisper.

There are men it would be utter ruin to place in positions of staid and tranquil respectability, and yet who make good names. They are born to be adventurers. I remained the last, on purpose to hear who he was, feeling no common curiosity, even though — as so often happens — the name, when heard, conveys nothing to the ear, and leaves as little for the memory.

I could not avoid remarking that he bore, in the mild and thoughtful character of his brow, a strong resemblance to the portraits of Claverhouse.

“Alike in more than looks,” said the hostess. “They have many traits in common, and show that the proud Dundee was no exceptional instance of humanity uniting the softness of a girl with a courage even verging upon ferocity.”

The stranger was the Spanish General Cabrera.

“And now that you have seen him, let me tell you a short anecdote of him, only worth remembering as so admirably in coloring with his appearance on entering.

“Last year, at the head of a division of the army, the Bishop of Grenada, accompanied by all his clergy, received him in a grand procession, and safely escorted him to the episcopal palace, where a splendid collation was prepared. The soldierlike air and manly beauty of the young General were even less the theme of admiration than his respectful reception of the Bishop, to whom he knelt in devout reverence, and kissed the hand with deep humility, walking at his side with an air of almost bashful deference.

“At table, too, his manner was even more marked by respect. As the meal proceeded, the Bishop could not fail remarking that his guest seemed deeply possessed by some secret care, which made him frequently sigh, in a manner betokening heavy affliction. After some pressing, it came out; the source of the grief was the inability of the General to pay his troops, for the military chest was quite empty, and daily desertions were occurring. The sum required was a large one, — twenty thousand contos, — and the

venerable Bishop hastened to assure him, with unfeigned sorrow, that the poor and suffering city could not command one-fourth of the amount. Cabrera rose and paced the room in great excitement, ever throwing, as he passed, a glance into the courtyard, where a party of grenadiers stood under arms, and then, resuming his place at the table, he seemed endeavoring, but vainly, to join in the festivity around him.

“‘It is evident to me, my son,’ said the Bishop, ‘that some heavier sorrow is lying at your heart; tell it, and let me, if it may be, give you comfort and support.’ Cabrera hesitated, and at last avowed that such was the case. Considerable entreaty, however, was necessary to wring the mystery from him; when at last he said, in a voice broken and agitated, ‘You know me, Holy Father, for a good and faithful son of the Church; for one who reveres its ordinances, and those who dispense them. Think, then, of my deep misery when — but I cannot — I am utterly unable to proceed.’ After much pressing he resumed, with sudden energy, ‘Yes — I know I shall never feel peace and happiness more, for although I have done many a hard and cruel deed, I never, till now, had the dreadful duty to order a Bishop to be shot. This is what is breaking my heart; this is my secret misery.’

“It is scarcely necessary to say that he was speedily recovered from so dreadful an embarrassment, for the Bishop was too good a Christian to see a devout soldier reduced to such extremity. The money was paid, and the Bishop ransomed.”

Our celebrity of to-night was of less mark, — indeed, nominally, of none, — but he has but to escape “rope and gun,” and he will make a name for himself.

He is a young Frenchman, one who, beginning at the lowest rung of the ladder, may still climb high. Strange paths are open to eminence nowadays, and there is no reason why a man may not begin life as a “Vaudevillist,” and end it “Pair de France.”

Jules de Russigny, — whence the “de” came from we must not inquire, — like most of the smart men of the day, is a Provençal; he was educated at a *Séminaire*, and

destined for the priesthood. Some slight irregularity caused his dismissal, and he came to Paris on foot to seek his fortune. When toiling up a steep ascent of the road at St. Maurice, he saw before him, on the way, a heavily laden travelling carriage, which, with the aid of the struggling post-horses, was also laboring up the hill, an elderly gentleman had descended to walk, and was plodding wearily after his lumbering equipage. As Jules reached the crest of the ridge, all were gone, and nothing but a deep column of dust announced the course of the departed carriage. At his feet, however, he discovered a paper, which, closely written, and, by its numerous corrections, appeared as closely studied, must have fallen from the pocket of the traveller.

Jules sat down to inspect it, and found to his surprise it was a species of memorandum on the subject of the educational establishments of France, with much statistic detail, and a great amount of information, evidently the result of considerable labor and research. There were many points, of course, perfectly new to him; but there were others with which he was well acquainted, and some on which he was so well informed as to be able to detect mistakes and fallacies in the memorandum. Conning the theme over, he reached a little wayside inn, and inquiring who the traveller was that passed, he heard, to his surprise, it was the Minister of Public Instruction.

When Jules reached Paris, it was about a fortnight before the opening of the Chambers, and the newspapers were all in full cry discussing the various systems of education, and with every variety of opinion pronouncing for and against the supposed views of the Government. Most men, in his situation, would have sought out the Minister's residence, and, restoring to him the lost paper, retired. well satisfied with a very modest recompense for a service that cost so little.

Not so Jules; he established himself in a cheap corner of the *Pays Latin*, and spent his days conning over the various journals of Paris, until, by dint of acute study and penetration, he had possessed himself of every shade and hue of political opinion professed by each. At last he dis-

covered that the “*Siècle*” was the most decidedly obnoxious to the Government, and the “*Moniteur*” most favorable to the newly projected system. To each he sent an article: in one, setting forth a dim, but suggestive idea, of what the Minister might possibly attempt, with a terrific denunciation annexed to it; in the other, a half defence of the plan, supported by statistic detail, and based on the information of the manuscript.

These two papers both appeared, as assertion and rejoinder: and so did the polemic continue for above a week, increasing each day in interest, and gradually swelling in the number of the facts adduced, and the reasons for which the opinion was entertained. Considerable interest was created to know the writer, but although he was then dining each day, and that his only meal, for four sous in the “*Ile St. Louis*,” he preserved his incognito unbroken, and never divulged to any one his secret. At last came an announcement in the “*Siècle*,” at the close of one of the articles, that on the next day would appear a full disclosure of the whole Government measure, with the mechanism by which its views were to be strengthened, and the whole plan of conception on which it was based. That same evening a young man, pale and sickly-looking, stood at the *porte-cochère* of a splendid mansion in the Rue St. George, and asked to see the owner. The rude repulse of the porter did not abash him, nor did the insolent glance bestowed on his ragged shoes and threadbare coat cost him a pang of displeasure: he felt that he could bide his time, for it would come at last.

“ His Excellency is at the Council!” at last said the porter, somewhat moved by a pertinacity that had nothing of rudeness in it.

With a calm resolve he sat down on a stone bench, and fell a-thinking to himself. It was full three hours later when the Minister’s carriage rolled in, and the Minister, hastily descending, proceeded to mount the stairs.

“ One word, your Excellency,” cried Jules, in a voice collected and firm, but still of an almost imploring sound.

“ Not now—at another time,” said the Minister, as he took some papers from his secretary.

"But one word, sir—I crave no more," repeated Jules.

"See to that man, Delpierre," said the Minister to his secretary; but Jules, passing hastily forward, came close to the Minister, and whispered in his ear, "M. le Ministre, je suis Octave," the name under which the "*Siècle*" articles appeared. A few words followed, and Jules was ordered to follow the Minister to his cabinet. The article of the "*Siècle*" did appear the next day, but miserably inefficient in point of ability; and so false in fact, that the refutation was overwhelming. The "*Moniteur*" had a complete triumph, only to be exceeded by that of the Minister's own in the Chamber. The Council of Ministers was in ecstasy, and Jules de Russigny, who arrived in Paris by the mail from Orleans—for thither he was despatched, to make a more suitable entry into the great world—was installed as a clerk in the office of the Finance Minister, with very reasonable hopes of future advancement. Such was the fortune of him who was one, and, I repeat it, the pleasantest of our convives.

This is the age of smart men—not of high intelligences. The race is not for the thoroughbred, but the clever hackney, always "ready for his work," and if seldom pre-eminent, never a dead failure.

Of my own brief experience, all the first-rate men, without exception, have broke down. All the moderates—the "clever fellows"—have carried the day. Now I could pick out from my contemporaries, at school and university, some half-dozen brilliant, really great capacities, quite lost—some, shipwrecked on the first venture in life—some, disheartened and disgusted, have retired early from the contest, to live unheard of and die brokenhearted. But the smart men! What crowds of them come before my mind in high employ—some at home, some abroad, some waxing rich by tens of thousands, some running high up the ambitious road of honors and titles! There is something in inordinate self-esteem that buoys up this kind of man. It is the only enthusiasm he is capable of feeling—but it serves as well as the "real article."

For the mere adventurer, the man of ready wit and a fearless temperament, politics offer the best road to fortune.

The abilities that would have secured a mere mediocrity of position in some profession will here win their way upwards. The desultory character of reading and acquirements, so fatal to men chained to a single pursuit, is eminently favorable to him who must talk about everything, with, at least, the appearance of knowledge; while the very scantiness of his store suggests a recklessness that has great success in the world.

In England we have but one high road to eminence — Parliament. Literature, whose rewards are so great in France, with us only leads to intimacy with the “Trade” and a name in “the Row.” It is true, Parliamentary reputation is of slow growth, and dependent on many circumstances totally remote from the capacity and attainments of him who seeks it. Are you the son of a great name in the Lords, the representative of an immense estate, or of great commercial wealth? are you high in the esteem of Corn men or Cotton men? are you a magnate of Railroads, or is your word law in the City? then your way is open and your path easy. Without these, or some one of them, you must be a segment of some leading man’s party.

My own little experience of Parliament — about the very briefest any man can recall — presents little pleasurable in the retrospect. Lord Collyton was one of my Christ-church acquaintances, and at his invitation I spent the autumn of 18 — at his father, the Duke of Wrexington’s.

The house was full of company, and, like an English house in such circumstances, the most delightful *séjour* imaginable. Every second day or so brought a relay of new arrivals, either from town or some other country-house, full of the small-talk of the last visit — all that strange but most amusing farrago which we designate by the humble title of “gossip,” but which, so far as I can judge, is worth ten thousand times more than the boasted *causerie* of France, and the perpetual effort at smartness so much aimed at by our polite neighbors.

The guests were numerous, and presented specimens of almost every peculiarity observable in Englishmen of a certain class. We had great lords and high court functionaries, deep in the mysteries of Buckingham House and Windsor;

a sprinkling of distinguished foreigners; ministers, and secretaries of embassy; some parliamentary leaders, men great on the Treasury benches or strong on the Opposition. Beauties there were too, past, present, and some, coming; a fair share of the notorieties of fashion, and the last winner of the Derby, with — let me not forget him — a *Quarterly Reviewer*. This last gentleman came with the Marquis of Deepdene, and was, with the exception of a certain pertinacity of manner, a very agreeable person.

Although previously unknown to the host, he had come down “special” under the protection of his friend Lord Deepdene, hoping to secure his Grace’s interest in the borough of Collyton, at that time vacant. He was a man of very high attainments, had been an *optime* at Cambridge, was a distinguished essayist, and his party had conceived the very greatest expectations of his success in Parliament. Of the world, or at least that portion of it that moves upon Tournay carpets, amid Vandykes and Velasquez, with side-boards of gold and lamps of silver, he had not seen much, and learned still less; and it was plain to see that, in the confidence of his own strong head, he was proof against either the seductions of fashion or the sneers of those who might attempt to criticise his breeding.

Before he was twenty-four hours in the house he had corrected his Grace in an historical statement, caught up the B — of D — in a blunder of prosody, detected a sapphire in Lady Dollington’s suite of yellow diamonds, and exposed an error of Lord Sloperton’s in his pedigree of Brown Menelaus. It is needless to say he was almost universally detested, for of those he had suffered to pass free, none knew how soon his own time might arrive. His patron was miserable; he saw nothing but failure where he looked for triumph. The very acquirements he had built upon for success were become a terror to every one, and “the odious Mr. Kitely” became a proverb. His political opponents chuckled over the “bad tone” of such men in general; the stupid ones gloried over the fall of a clever man; and the malignant part of the household threw out broad hints that he was a mere adventurer, and they should not wonder if actually — an Irishman! Indeed, he had been heard to say “entirely,” twice upon the

same evening in conversation, and suspicion had almost become a certainty.

It was towards the end of my first week, as I was one day dressing for dinner, Lord Collyton came hastily into my room, exclaiming, "By Jove, Templeton! Mr. Kitely has done the thing at last, as he would say himself, entirely."

"How do you mean? what has he done?"

"You know my father is excessively vain of his landscape-gardening, and the prodigious improvements which he has made in this same demesne around us. Well, compassionating some one whom Kitely was mangling, *more suo*, in an argument, he took that gentleman out for a walk, and, with a conscious pride in his own achievements, led him towards the Swiss cottage beside the waterfall. Kitely was pleased with everything; the timber is really well grown, and he praised it; the view is fine, and he said so. Even of the *chalet* he condescended a few words of approval, as a feature in the scene. The waterfall, however, he would not praise; it might foam, and splash, and whirl as it would; in vain it threw its tiny spray aloft, and hissed beneath the rocks below; he never wasted even a word upon it.

"'You'd scarce fancy, Mr. Kitely,' said my father, whose patience was sorely tried, 'you'd scarce fancy that river you see there was only a mill-stream.'

"'I'd scarcely think of calling that mill-stream a river, my Lord,' was the reply.

"Hence the borough of Collyton is still open, and I have come, by his Grace's request, to say that if you desire to enter Parliament it is very much at your service."

This was my introduction to the House.

My Parliamentary life was, as I have said, a brief one, but not without its triumphs. I was long enough a member to have excited the ardent hopes of my friends, and make my name a thing quoted in the lists of party.

Had I remained, I was to have spoken second to the Address on the opening of the new session. There was, I own, a most intoxicating sense of pleasure in the first success. The moment in which, fatigued and almost over-powered, I sank into a chair at Bellamy's, with some twenty

around me, congratulating, praising, flattering, and foretelling, was worth living for; and yet, perhaps, in that same instant of triumph were sown the seeds of my malady. I was greatly heated; I had excited myself beyond my strength, and spoken for two hours — to myself it seemed scarce twenty minutes; and then, with open cravat and vest, I sat in the current of air between a door and window, drinking in delicious draughts of iced water and flattery. I went home with a slight cough, and something strange, like an obstruction to full breathing, in my chest. Brodie, who saw me next day, I suppose guessed the whole mischief; for these men look far ahead, and, like sailors, they see storm and hurricane in the cloud not bigger than a man's hand.

I often regret — I shall continue to do, perhaps, still oftener — that I did not die in the harness. To quit the field for the sake of life, and not secure it after all, was a paltry policy. But what could I do? a severe and contested election would have killed me, and for Collyton it was impossible I could continue to sit.

Irish politics would seem the rock ahead of every man in the House. On these unhappy questions all are shipwrecked: the Premier loses Party — Party loses confidence — members displease constituents, and *protégés* offend their patrons. Such was my own case. The Duke who owned the borough of Collyton, resolved on making a great stand and show of his influence in both Houses. All his followers, myself among the number, were summoned to a conference, when the tactic of attack should be adopted, and each assigned his fitting part. To me was allotted the office of replying to the first speaker of the Treasury Bench — a post of honor and of danger, and only distasteful because impossible: the fact was, that my own opinions were completely with the Government on the subject in dispute, and consequently at open variance with those of my own friends. This I declared at once, endeavoring to show why my judgment had so inclined, and what arguments I believed to be unanswerable.

Instead of replying to my reasons, or convincing me of their inefficiency, my colleagues only appealed to the “neces-

sity of union" — the imperative call of party — and "the impossibility," as they termed it, "of betraying the Duke."

I immediately resolved to resign my seat, and accept the Chiltern Hundreds. To this there was a unanimous cry of dissent, one and all pronouncing that such a step would damage them more even than my fiercest opposition. The Duke sat still and said nothing. Somewhat offended at this, I made a personal appeal to him, resolving by the tone of his reply to guide my future conduct. He was too old a politician to give me any clew to his sentiments, shrouding his meaning in vague phrases of compliment to my talents, and his perfect confidence that, however my judgment inclined, I should be able to show sufficient reasons for my opinion. I went home baffled, worried, and ill. I sent for Brodie. "You cannot speak on the coming question," said he; "there is a great threat of hemorrhage from the lungs — you must have rest and quiet. Keep beyond the reach of excitement for a few weeks — don't even read the newspapers. Go over to Spa, — there you can be quite alone."

I took the advice, and without one word of adieu to any one — without even leaving any clew to my hiding-place — I left London. Spa was as quiet and retired as Brodie described it. A little valley shut in among the hills, that a Cockney would have called mountains; a clear little trout stream, and some shady alleys to stroll among, being all I wanted. Would that I could have brought there the tranquil spirit to enjoy them! But my mind was far from at ease. The conflict between a sense of duty and a direct obligation, raged continually within me. What I owed to my own conscience, and what I owed to my patron, were at variance, and never did the sturdiest Radical detest the system of nomination boroughs as I did at this moment. Each day, too, I regretted that I had not done this or that — taken some line different from what I adopted, and at least openly braved the criticism that I felt I had fled from.

To deny me all access to newspapers was a measure but ill calculated to allay the fever of my mind. Expectation and imagination were at work, speculating on every possible turn of events, and every likely and unlikely version of my own conduct. The first two days over, all my impatience

returned, and I would have given life itself to be once again back "in my place," to assert my opinions, and stand or fall by my own defence of my motives.

About a week after my arrival I was sitting under the shade of some trees, at the end of the long avenue that forms the approach to the town, when I became suddenly aware that, at a short distance off, an Englishman was reading aloud to his friend the report of the last debate on the "Irish Question." My attention was fettered at once; spellbound, I sat listening to the words of one of the speakers on the Ministerial side, using the very arguments I had myself discovered, and calling down the cheers of the House as he proceeded. A sarcastic allusion to my own absence, and a hackneyed quotation from Horace as to my desertion, were interrupted by loud laughter, and the reader, laying down the newspaper, said,—

"Can this be the Duke of Wrexington's Templeton that is here alluded to?"

"Yes. He wrote a paper on this subject in the last 'Quarterly,' but the Duke would not permit of his taking the same side in the House, and so he affected illness, they say, and came abroad."

"The usual fortune of your *protégé* members — they have the pleasant alternative of inconsistency or ingratitude. Why did n't he resign his seat?"

"It is mere coquetry with Peel. They told me at Brookes's that he wanted a mission abroad, and would 'throw over' the Duke at the first opportunity. Now Peel gives nothing for nothing. For open apostasy he will pay, and pay liberally; but for mere defalcation he 'll give nothing."

"Templeton has outwitted himself, then; besides that he has no standing in the House to play the game alone."

"A smart fellow, too, but no guidance. If he had been deep, he must have seen that old Wrexington only gave him the borough till Collyton was of age to come in. It was meant for Kitely, but he refused the conditions. 'I cannot be a tenant-at-will, my Lord,' said he; and so they took Templeton."

I could bear no more. How I reached my inn I cannot

remember. A severe fit of coughing overtook me as I ascended the stairs, and a small vessel gave way — a bad symptom, I believed; but the doctor of the place, whom my servant soon brought to my bedside, applied leeches, and I was better a few hours after.

The first use I made of strength was to write a brief note to the Duke, resigning the borough. The next post brought me his reply, full of compliment and assurance of esteem, accepting my resignation, and acknowledging his full concurrence in the reasons I had given for my step. The division was against him; and he half-jestingly remarked, it might have been otherwise if I had fought on his side.

The letter was civil throughout, but in that style that shows a tone of careless ease had been adopted to simulate frankness. I had had enough of his Grace, and of politics too!

CHAPTER VI.

So, all is settled! — I leave Paris to-morrow. I hate leave-takings, even where common acquaintanceship only is concerned. I shall just write a few lines to the Favancourts, with the volume of Balzac — happily I know no one else here — and then for the road!

Why this haste to set out, I cannot even tell to myself. I know, I feel, I shall never pass this way again; I have that sense of regret a last look at even indifferent objects suggests, and yet I would be *en route*. There are places and scenes I wish to see before I go hence, and I feel that my hours are numbered.

And now for a moonlight stroll through Paris! Already the din and tumult is subsiding — the many-voiced multitude that throngs the streets, long after the roll of equipage and the clattering hoofs of horses have ceased. How peacefully the long shadows are sleeping in the garden of the Tuileries! and how clearly sounds the measured tread of the sentinel beneath the deep arch of the palace!

Not a light twinkles along that vast *façade*, save in that distant pavilion, where a single star seems glistening — it is the apartment of the King. “The cares of Agamemnon never sleep;” and royalty is scarce more fortunate now than in the days of Homer.

Louis Philippe has a task not less arduous than had Napoleon to found a dynasty. There is little prestige any longer in the name of Bourbon; and the members of his family, brave and high-spirited though they be, are scarcely of the stuff to stand the storm that is brewing for them.

As for the Emperor, the incapacity of his brothers was a weight upon his shoulders all through life. His family contributed more to his fall than is generally believed: it was a never-ending struggle he had to maintain against

the childish vanity and extravagance of Josephine, the wrong-headedness of Joseph, the simple credulity of Louis, and the fatuous insufficiency of Jerome and Lucien. All, more good than otherwise, were manifestly unsuited to the places they occupied in life, and were continually mingling up the associations and habits of their small indentities with the great requirements of newly-acquired station.

Napoleon created the Empire—the vast drama was his own. However he might please to represent royalty, however he might like to ally the splendors of a throne with the glories of a great captain, it was all his own doing. But how miserably deficient were the others in that faculty of adaptation that made him *de pair* with every dynasty of Europe!

Into these thoughts I was led by finding myself standing in the Rue Taibout, opposite the house which was once celebrated as the “Café du Roi”—a name which it bore for many years under the Empire, and, in consequence, was held in high esteem by certain worthy *Légitimistes*, who little knew that the “King” was only a pretender, and, so far from being his sainted majesty Louis Dix-huit, was merely Jerome Buonaparte, King of Westphalia.

The name originated thus:—One warm evening in autumn, a young man, somewhat overdressed in the then *mode*, with a very considerable border of pinkish silk stocking seen above the margin of his low boots, à revers, and a most inordinate amount of coat-collar, lounged along the Boulevard des Italiens, occasionally ogling the passers-by, but oftener still throwing an admiring glance at himself, as the splendid windows of plate-glass reflected back his figure. His whole air and mien exhibited the careless *insouciance* of one with whom the world went easily, asking little from him of exertion, less still of forethought.

He had just reached the angle of the Rue Vivienne, and was about to turn, when two persons advanced towards him, whose very different style of dress and appearance bespoke very different treatment at the hands of Fortune. They were both young, and, although palpably men of a certain rank and condition, were equally what is called out-at-elbows; hats that exhibited long intimacy with rain and

wind, shoes of very questionable color, coats suspiciously buttoned about the throat, being all signs of circumstances that were far from flourishing.

"Ah, Chopard, is 't thou?" said the fashionably dressed man, advancing with open hand to each, and speaking in the "tu" of intimate friendship. "And thou, too, Brissolle, how goes it? What an age since we have met! Art long in Paris?"

"About two hours," said the first. "Just as I stepped out of the Place des Victoires I met our old friend here; and, strange enough, now we have come upon *you*: three old schoolfellows thus assembled at hazard!"

"A minute later, and we should have missed each other," said Brissolle. "I was about to take my place in the *malle* for Nancy."

"To leave Paris?" exclaimed both the others.

"Even so — to leave Paris! I 've had enough of it."

"Come, what do you mean by this?" said Chopard; "it sounds very like discouragement to me, who have come up here with all manner of notions of fortune, wealth and honors."

"So much the worse for you," said Brissolle, gayly; "I 've tried it for five years, and will try it no longer. I was vaudevillist, journalist, novelist, feuilletonist — I was the glory of the Odéon, the prop of the 'Moniteur,' the hope of the 'Siècle' — and look at me —"

"And thou?" said the fashionable, addressing him called Chopard.

"I have just had a little opera damned at Lyons, and have come up to try what can be done here."

"Poor devil!" exclaimed Brissolle, shrugging his shoulders; then, turning abruptly towards the other, he said. "And what is thy luck? for, so far as externals go, thou seemest to have done better."

"Ay, Jerome," chimed in Chopard. "tell us, how hast thou fared? — thou wert ever a fortunate fellow."

"Pretty well," said he, laughing. "I 've just come from St. Cloud — they 've made me King of Westphalia!"

"The devil they have!" exclaimed Chopard; "and dost know, *par hazard*, where thy kingdom lies on the map?"

“ Why should he torment himself about that?” said Brissole. “ It’s enough to know they have capital hams there.”

“ What if we sup together,” said Jerome, “ and taste one? I am most anxious to baptize my new royalty in a glass of wine. Here we are in the Rue Taibout — this is Villaret’s. Come in, gentlemen — I’m the host. Make your minds easy about the future: you, Brissole, I appoint to the office of my private secretary. Chopard, you shall be *maître de chapelle*.”

“ Agreed,” cried the others, gayly; and with a hearty shake of hands was the contract ratified.

Supper was quickly prepared, and, in its splendor and profusion, pronounced, by both the guests, worthy of a king. Villaret could do these things handsomely, and as he was told expense was of no consequence, the entertainment was really magnificent. Nor was the spirit of the guests inferior to the feast. They were brilliant in wit, and overflowing in candor; concealing nothing of their past lives that would amuse or interest, each vied with the other in good stories and ludicrous adventures — all their bygone vicissitudes so pleasantly contrasting with the brilliant future they now saw opening before them. They drank long life and reign to the King of Westphalia in bumpers of foaming champagne.

The pleasant hours flew rapidly past — bright visions of the time to come lending their charm to the happiness, and making their enjoyment seem but the forerunner of many days and nights of festive delight. At last came daybreak, and, even by the flickering of reason left, they saw it was time to separate.

“ Bring the bill,” said Jerome to the exhausted-looking waiter, who speedily appeared with a small slip of paper ominously marked “ eight hundred francs.”

“ *Diable!*” exclaimed Jerome; “ that is smart, and I have no money about me. Come, Brissole, this falls among your duties — pay the fellow.”

“ *Parbleu!* then — it comes somewhat too soon. I am not yet installed, and have not got the key of our treasury.”

“ No matter — pay it out of thine own funds.”

“ But I have none — save this;” and he produced two francs, and some sous in copper.

" Well, then, Chopard must do it."

" I have not as much as himself," said Chopard.

" Send the landlord here," said Jerome; but indeed the command was unnecessary, as that functionary had been an anxious listener at the door to the very singular debate.

" We have forgotten our purses, Villaret," said Jerome, in the easy tone his last ten hours of royalty suggested; " but we will send your money when we reach home."

" I have no doubt of it, gentlemen," said the host, obsequiously; " but it would please me still better to receive it now — particularly as I have not the honor of knowing the distinguished company."

" The distinguished company is perfectly satisfied to know you: the *cuisine* was excellent," hiccupped Brissole.

" And the wine unexceptionable."

" The champagne might have been a little more *frappé*," said Brissole; " the only improvement I could suggest."

" Perhaps there was a *nuance*, only a *nuance*, too much citron in the *rognons à la broche*, but the *filets de sole* were perfect."

" If I had the happiness of knowing messieurs," said Villaret, " I should hope, that at another time I might be more fortunate in pleasing them."

" Nothing easier," said Chopard. " I am *maître de chapelle* to the King of Westphalia."

Villaret bowed low.

" And I am the Private Secretary and Privy Purse of his Majesty."

Villaret bowed again — a slight smile of very peculiar omen flitting across his cunning features, while, turning hastily, he whispered a word in the ear of the waiter. " And this gentleman here?" said he, looking at Jerome, who, with his legs resting on a chair, was coolly awaiting the termination of the explanation. " And this gentleman, if I might make so bold, what office does he hold in his Majesty's service?"

" I am the King of Westphalia!" said Jerome.

" Just as I suspected. François," said the landlord insolently, " go fetch the gendarmes."

" No, no, *parbleu!*" said Jerome, springing up in alarm:

" no gendarmes, no police. Here, take my watch—that is surely worth more than your bill? When I reach home I'll send the money."

The landlord, more than ever convinced that his suspicions were well grounded, took the watch, which was a very handsome one, and suffered them to depart in peace.

They had not been gone many minutes when, on examining the watch, the landlord perceived that it bore the emblematic "N" of the Emperor within the case, and at once suspecting that it had been stolen from some member of the imperial household, he hurried off in terror to communicate his fears to the commissary of police. This functionary no sooner saw it than he hastened to Fouché, the minister, who, making himself acquainted with the whole details, immediately hurried off to the Tuileries and laid it all before the Emperor. The watch had been a present from Napoleon to Jerome; but this was but a small part of the cause of indignation. The derogation from dignity, the sacrifice of the regard due to his station, were crimes of a very different order; and, summoned to the imperial presence, the new-made king was made to hear, in terms of reproachful sarcasm, a lesson in his craft that few could impart with such cutting severity.

As for the *maître de chapelle* and the Secretary, an agent of the police waited on each before they were well awake, with strict injunctions to them to maintain a perfect secrecy on the whole affair; and while guaranteeing them an annual pension in their new offices, assuring them that the slightest indiscretion as to the mystery would involve their ruin and their exile from France forever.

It was years before the landlord learned the real secret of the adventure, and, in commemoration of it, called his house "Le Café du Roi," a circumstance which the Government never noticed, for the campaign of Russia and the events of 1812-13 left little time to attend to matters of this calibre.

The "Café du Roi" is now a shop where artificial flowers are sold; as nearly like nature perhaps, or more so, than poor Jerome's royalty resembled the real article.

CHAPTER VII.

BADEN-BADEN.

It is like a dream to me now to think of that long, dusty road from Paris, with its rattling pavement, its noisy postilions, shouting ostlers, bowing landlords, dirty waiters, garlic diet, and hard beds; and here I sit by my open window, with a bright river beneath my feet, the song of birds on every side, a richly wooded mountain in front, and at the foot a winding road, which ever and anon gives glimpses of some passing equipage, bright in all the butterfly glitter of female dress, or, mayhap, resounding with merry laughter and sweet-voiced mirth. How brilliant is everything! — the cloudless sky, the sparkling water, the emerald grass, the foliage in every tint of beauty, the orange-trees and the cactus along the terraces, where lounging parties come and go; and then the measured step of princely equipages, in all the panoply of tasteful wealth! Truly, Vice wears its holiday suit in Baden, and the fairness of this lovely valley seems to throw a softened light over a scene where, as in a sea, the stormy waves of every bad passion are warring.

When, in all the buoyant glow of youth and health, I remembered feeling shocked as I strolled through the promenade at Carlsbad, at the sight of so many painful objects of sickness and suffering; the eager, almost agonizing, expressions of hoping convalescence; the lustreless stare of those past hope; the changeful looks of accompanying friends, who seemed to read the fate of some dear one in the compassionate pity of those who passed, were all sights that threw a chill, like death, over the warm current of my blood. Yet never did this feeling convey the same intense horror and disgust that I felt last night as I walked through the Cursaal.

To pass from the mellow moonlight, dappling the pathway among the trees, and kissing the rippling stream, from the calm, mild air of a summer's night, when every leaf lay sleeping, and none save the nightingale kept watch, into the glare and glitter of a gilded saloon, is somewhat trying to the jarred nerves of sickness. But what was it to the sight of that dense crowd around the play-tables, where avarice, greed of gain, recklessness and despair are mingled, giving, even to faces of manly vigor and openness, expressions of low cunning and vulgar meaning? There is a terrible sameness in the gambler's look, a blending of slavish terror with a resolution to brave the worst, almost demoniacal in its fierceness. I knew most of the persons present; I need not say not personally, but from having seen them before at various other similar places. Many were professed gamblers, men who starved and suffered for the enjoyment of that one passion, living on the smallest gain, and never venturing a stake beyond what daily life demanded; haggard, sad, wretched-looking creatures they were, the abject poverty of their dress and appearance vouching that this *métier* was not a prosperous one. Others farmed out their talents, and played for those who were novices. These men have a singular existence; they exact a mere percentage on the winning, and are in great request among elderly ladies, whose passion for play is modified by the fears of its vicissitudes. Then there were the usual sprinkling of young men, not habitually gamblers, but always glad to have the opportunity of tempting Fortune, with here and there some old votary of the "table" satisfied to witness the changeful temper of the game without risking a stake.

Into many vices men are led by observing the apparent happiness and pleasure of others who indulge in them. Not so with regard to play. No man ever became a gambler from this delusion, there being no such terrible warning against the passion as the very looks of its votaries.

But it is not in such a low *tripot* of vice I care to linger. It was a ball-night, and I turned with a sense of relief from the aspect of sordid, vulgar iniquity, to gaze on its more polished brother (*quære, sister?*) in the *salle de danse*.

Here there was a large — I might almost call it a brilliant — company assembled. A less exclusive assemblage cannot be conceived; five francs and clean gloves being the only qualification needed. The guests were as varied, too, in nation as in rank. About equal numbers of German and French, several Russians, and a large proportion of English, with here and there a bilious-looking American, or a very dubious marquis from beyond the Alps. Many of the men I knew to be swindlers and blacklegs of the very lowest stamp; some others I recognized as persons of the highest station in my own country. Of the lady part of the company the disparities were even greater.

There was, it is true, a species of sifting process discernible, by which the various individuals fell among those of their own order; but though this was practicable enough where conversation and grouping were concerned, it was scarcely attainable in other circumstances, and thus, the mazurka and the polka assembled ingredients that should never have been placed in close propinquity.

The demoralizing influence of such *réunions* upon the daughters of our own land need not be insisted upon. Purity of mind and simplicity of character are no safeguard against the scenes which, in all the propriety of decorum, are ever occurring. And how terribly rapid are the downward steps when the first bloom and blush of modesty have faded! It demands but a very indifferent power of observation to distinguish the English girl for the first time abroad from her who has made repeated visits to foreign watering-places; while, even among those who have been habituated to the great world at home, and passed the ordeal of London seasons, there is yet much to learn in the way of cool and self-possessed effrontery from the habits of Baden and its brethren.

I was dreadfully shocked last night by meeting one I had not seen for many years before. How changed from what I knew her once! — what a terrible change! When first I saw her, it was during a visit I made to her mother's house in Wales; her brother was an Oxford friend, and brought me down with him for the shooting season to Merionethshire. Poor fellow! he died of consumption at two-and-

twenty, and left all he possessed — a handsome estate — to his only sister. Hence all her misery. Had she remained comparatively portionless, rich only in her beauty and the graces of a manner that was fascination itself, she might now have been the happy wife of some worthy Englishman — one whose station is a trust held on the tenure of his rectitude and honor; for such is public feeling in our country, and such is it never elsewhere.

She was then about eighteen or nineteen, and the very ideal of what an English girl at that age should be. On a mind highly stored and amply cultivated, no unworthy or depreciating influence had yet descended; freedom of thought, freshness almost childish, had given her an animation and buoyancy only subdued by the chastening modesty of coming womanhood. Enthusiastic in all her pursuits, for they were graceful and elevating, her mind had all the simplicity of the child, with the refinement of the highest culture; and, like those who are brought up in narrow circles, her affections for a few spread themselves out in the varied forms that are often scattered and diffused over the wider surface of the world. Thus her brother was not merely the great object of her affection and pride, but he was the companion of her rides and walks, the confidant of all her secret feelings, the store in which she laid up her newly acquired knowledge, or drew, at will, for more. With him she read and studied; delighted by the same pursuits, their natures blended into one harmonious *chord*, which no variance or dissonance ever troubled.

His death, although long and gradually anticipated, nearly brought her to the grave. The terrible nature of the malady, so often inherent in the same family, gave cause for the most anxious fears on her account, and her mother, herself almost broken-hearted, took her abroad, hoping by the mildness of a southern climate and change of scene to arrest the progress of the fell disease.

In this she was successful; bodily health was indeed secured. But might it not have been better that she had wasted slowly away, to sleep at last beneath the yews of her own ancient churchyard, than live and become what she has done?

Some years after this event I was, although at the time only an *attaché* of the mission, acting as *chargé d'affaires* at Naples, during the absence of the minister and the secretary. I was sitting one morning reading in my garden, when my servant announced the visit of an Italian gentleman, il Signor Salvatori. The name was familiar to me, as belonging to a man who had long been employed as a spy of the Austrian government, and, indeed, was formerly intrusted in a secret capacity by Lord W. Bentinck in Sicily, — a clever, designing, daring rascal, who obtained his information no one knew how; and, although we had always our suspicions that he might be "selling" us, as well as the French, we never actually traced any distinct act of treachery to his door. He possessed a considerable skill in languages, was very highly informed on many popular topics, and, I have been told, was a musician of no mean powers of performance. These and similar social qualities were, however, never displayed by him in any part of his intercourse with us, although we have often heard of their existence.

As I never felt any peculiar pleasure in the relations which office compels with men of his stamp. I received him somewhat coldly, and asked, without much circumlocution, the reason of his visit.

He replied, with his habitual smile of self-possession, that his present duty at "the Mission" was not a business-call, but concerned a matter purely personal; — in fact, "with his Excellency's permission, he desired to get married."

Not stopping him on the score of his investing me with a title to which, no one knew better than himself. I had no pretensions, I quietly assured him that his relation with "the Mission" did not, in any way, necessitate his asking for such a permission: that, however secret and mysterious the nature of his communications, they were still beyond the pale of affairs personally private.

He suffered me to continue my explanation, somewhat scornful as it was, to the end, and then calmly said, —

"Your Excellency will pardon my intrusion, when I inform you that the marriage should take place here, at 'the Mission,' as the lady is an Englishwoman."

Whether it was the fact itself, or his manner of delivering it, that outraged me, I cannot now remember; but I do recollect giving expression to a sentiment of surprise and anger not exactly suitable.

He merely smiled, and said nothing.

"Very well, M. Salvatori," said I, corrected by the quietude of his manner, "what is your day?"

"Wednesday, if your Excellency pleases."

"Wednesday be it, and at eight o'clock."

"As your Excellency desires," said he, bowing and retiring.

It had never occurred to me to ask for any information about the happy fair one; indeed, if I had given a thought at all to the matter, it would have been that she was of the rank of a *femme de chambre*, or, at least, some unhappy children's governess, glad to exchange one mode of tyranny for another. As he was leaving the room, however, some sense of remorse, perhaps, at the *brusquerie* I had shown towards him, suggested the question, "Who might the lady be?"

"Mademoiselle Graham."

"Ah! a very good name indeed," said I; and so, with a word or two of commonplace, I bade him good-bye.

The Wednesday morning arrived, and two carriages drove into the court of "the Mission." Out of one sprang Signor Salvatori and a very bearded gentleman, who accompanied him as his friend; from the other alighted, first, an elderly lady, whose dress was a mixture of wedding finery and widow's mourning. Then came a very elegant-looking girl, veiled from head to foot, followed by her maid; and, lastly, the chaplain to "the Mission."

They were some minutes too early, and I equally behind my time; but I dressed hastily, and descended to the *salon*, where M. Salvatori received me with a very gracious expression of his self-satisfaction. Passing him by, I advanced to address a few words to the old lady, who had risen from her seat; when, stepping back, I exclaimed, —

"Mrs. Graham, — my old friend, Mrs. Graham! Is this possible?"

"Oh, Caroline, it is Mr. Templeton!" said she; while

her daughter, drawing her veil still closer over her face. trembled dreadfully. Meanwhile Mrs. Graham had seized my hand with cordial warmth, and pressed it in all the earnestness of friendship. Her joy—and it was very evident it was such—was little participated in by her son-in-law elect, who stood, pale and conscience-stricken, in a distant part of the room.

“I must entreat these gentlemen’s permission to speak a few words here alone, as these ladies are very old friends I have not seen for some years.”

“I would humbly suggest to your Excellency that, as the ceremony still waits—”

“I wish it, Marquis,” said Mrs. Graham, in a tone half-command, half-entreathy; and, with a deep bow of submission, Salvatori and his friend withdrew, accompanied by the chaplain.

“The title by which you have just addressed that person, Mrs. Graham,” said I, in a voice trembling from agitation, “shows me how you have been duped and deceived by him, and in what total ignorance you are as to his real character.”

“Oh, Mr. Templeton!” broke in her daughter, now speaking for the first time, and in accents I shall never forget, such was their heart-thrilling earnestness. — “Oh, sir, this does indeed exceed the license of even old friendship! We are well aware how the Marquis of Salvatori has suffered from persecution; but we little expected to have found *you* among the number of his enemies.”

“You do me great wrong, Miss Graham,” said I, eagerly; “in nothing greater than supposing me capable of being the enemy of such a man as this. Unworthy as the sentiment is, it at least implies a sense of equality. Now, are you certain of what this person is? are you aware in what capacity he has been employed by our government, and by that of other countries?”

“We know that the Marquis has been engaged in secret missions,” said Miss Graham, proudly.

“Your reply, brief as it is, conveys two errors, Miss Graham. He is not a marquis; little as the title often implies in Italy, he has no right to it. He asked Lord

William Bentinck to let him call himself marquis, and so to address him, as a means of frequenting circles where important information was accessible. Lord William said, 'Call yourself what you please,—grand duke, if you like it; I am no dispenser of such designations.' The gentleman was modest; he stopped at marquis. As to his diplomatic functions, we have a short and expressive word for them—he was and is, a spy!"

Not heeding the scornful reception of the daughter, I turned towards Mrs. Graham, and, with all the power I possessed, urged her, at least, to defer this fatal step; that she was about to bestow her child upon a man of notoriously degraded character, and one whose assumption of rank and position was disregarded and despised in the very humblest circles. The mother wept bitterly; at one moment turning to dissuade her daughter from her rashness, at the next appealing to me against what she called my unjust prejudices against the Marquis. Miss Graham scornfully refused to vouchsafe me even a word.

I confess, more than once my temper prompted me to abandon the enterprise, and suffer wilfulness to reap its own bitter harvest; but then my better feelings prevailed, and old memories of my poor friend Graham again enlisted me in defence of his sister.

Of no avail was it that I followed these worthier promptings. It seemed as if the man had thrown a spell over these two unhappy women, one being perfectly enthralled, the other, nearly so, by the artful fascinations of his manner; and yet he was neither young, handsome, rich, nor of high lineage. On the contrary, the man was at least fifty-three or four,—a perfect monster of ugliness, with an expression of sardonic sycophancy actually demoniac.

If I were not relating "a fact,"—one of which I can answer, that many now living can entirely corroborate—I would hesitate about dwelling on a case where improbabilities are so strong, and where I have nothing to offer like an explanation of them.

Wilkes has long since convinced the world how little good looks are concerned in winning a woman's heart, and how, indeed, a very considerable share of ugliness can be

counterbalanced by captivations of manner and personal agreeability. But, judging from the portraits. — even Hogarth's fearful sketch, — Wilkes was handsome compared to Salvatori; and in point of reputation, low as it was, the libeller and the satirist was still better than the spy.

To go back again: I argued, I entreated, begged, threatened, and denounced. I went further; I actually transgressed the limits of official authority, and refused to sanction the ceremony, — a threat which, I soon remembered, I dare not sustain. But, do what, say what, I would, they were equally resolute and determined; and nothing was left for me but to recall M. Salvatori and his friend, and suffer the affair to proceed.

I do not remember, among the varied incidents of my life, one whose effect weighed more heavily upon me. Although acquitted by my conscience, I felt at moments horror-struck at even my share in this infamy, and would have given anything that it had never occurred. It may be believed I was happy to hear that they all left Naples the same day.

Years rolled over, and I never even heard of them, till one morning, when waiting along with a diplomatic friend for an interview with the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, a person hastily passed through the room, saluting us as he went.

"I have seen that face before," said I to my friend. "Do you know him?"

"To be sure," said he, smiling. "One must be young in diplomacy not to know the Mephistophiles of the craft; and I guess why he is here, too. That fellow is in the pay of the Prince de Capua, but has sold him to Louis Philippe. The reconciliation with Naples would have been long since effected but for the King of the French."

"And his name, — this man's name, — what is it?"

"Salvatori."

"What! the same who married an English girl at Naples?"

"And sold her to the Marquis Brandini for ten thousand sequini. The very man. But here comes the messenger to say his Excellency will receive us."

My friend quitted Paris the moment his interview ended, and I heard no more.

Last night I saw her in the Cursaal, — beautiful, perhaps more beautiful than ever! At least there was a lofty elegance and a splendor about her that I never remember in her girlish days; nor was it till she smiled that I could now believe that the queen-like beauty before me was the timid, delicate girl I first saw tripping along the narrow path of a Welsh mountain.

Even from the gossip of Baden I could learn no more about her than that she was a Sicilian countess of great wealth, and a widow; that she was intimately received into the very highest circles, — even of royalty, — and constantly was seen driving in the carriage of the Archduchess. It was, then, possible that I might be mistaken, after all. Great people are not accessible so easily.

I tried in various quarters to get presented to her, — for she showed not the slightest sign of having ever met me, — but failed everywhere. They who knew her did not do so intimately enough to introduce me.

The reminiscences I have just jotted down have made me miserably feverish and ill; for, although I now begin to doubt that I ever saw this countess before, the sad story of Caroline Graham is ever present to my mind, — a terrible type of the fortune of many a fair English girl left to the merciless caprice of a foreign husband.

I am not bigot enough to fancy that happy, eminently happy, marriages do not exist abroad as well as with us; but I am fully minded to say that the individuals should be of the same nation, reared in the midst of the same traditions, imbued with feelings that a common country, language, and religion bestow.

I know of nothing that presents so pitiable a picture of unhappy destiny as a fair and delicately-minded English girl the wife of a foreigner. How I wish to resolve my doubts in this case! for, although I began this memorandum fully persuaded it was Caroline Graham that I had seen, every line I write increases my uncertainty.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was with a rare audacity that the devil pitched his tent in Baden! Perhaps on the whole Continent another spot could not be found so fully combining, in a small circuit, as many charms of picturesque scenery; and it was a bold conception to set down vice, in all its varieties, in the very midst of — in open contrast, as it were, to — a scene of peaceful loveliness and beauty.

I do confess myself one of those who like living figures in a landscape. I like not only those groupings which artists seem to stereotype, so nearly alike they all are, of seated foreground figures, dark-shadowed observers of a setting sun, or coolly watering cattle beneath a gushing fountain. I like not merely the red-kirtled peasant knee-deep in the river, or the patient fisherman upon his rock; but I have a strong regard — I mean here, where the scene is Nature's own, and not on canvas — a strong regard for those flitting glimpses of the gayer world which, in the brightest tints that fashion sanctions, are caught, now in some deep dell of the Tyrol, now on some snow-peaked eminence of a Swiss glacier, beside the fast-rolling Danube or the sluggish Nile.

I have no sympathy for those who exclaim against the incongruity of pink parasols and blue reticules in scenes of mild and impressive grandeur. Methinks it speaks but scanty store of self-resources in those who thus complain, not knowing anything of the feelings that have prompted their presence there. No one holds cheaper than I do the traveller who, under the guidance of his John Murray, sees what is set down for him through the eyes of the "Hand-book" — mingling up in his addled brain crude notions of history and antiquarianism, with the names of inns and post-houses — counsels against damp sheets — cheating land-

lords — scraps of geology, and a verse of “Childe Harold.” This is detestable; but far otherwise is the meeting with those whose dress and demeanor tell of the world of fashion, — the intertwined life of dissipation and excess in solitary unfrequented places. Far from being struck by their inaptitude and unfitness for such scenes, I willingly fall back upon the thought of how such people must be unpressed by objects so far beyond the range of daily experience, of objects whose wondrous meaning speaks to hearts the most cloyed and jaded, “as never man spoke.” I can luxuriate in fancying how long-forgotten feelings, old memories of the past, long buried beneath the load of daily cares, come back fresh and bright under the influence of associations that recall purer, happier hours. I can dwell in imagination on the sudden spring made from the stern ordinances of a world of forms and conventionalities, to that more beautiful and grander world, whose incense is the odor of wild flowers and whose music is the falling cataract.

I love to speculate how the statesman, the wily man of forecasting thought and deep devices, must feel in presence of agencies which make those of mere man’s contrivance seem poor and contemptible; and how the fine lady, whose foot knows no harder surface than a velvet carpet, and whose artificial existence palls by its own voluptuousness, contemplates a picture of grand and stern sublimity. Disguise it how they will, feign indifference how they may, such scenes always are felt, and deeply felt. The most accomplished lounger of St. James’s Street does not puff his cigar so coolly as he affects to do, nor is that heart all unmoved that throbs beneath the graceful folds of a rich Cashmere. Now and then some Brummagem spirit intrudes, who sees in the falling torrent but a wasted “water-power;” but even he has his own far-reaching thoughts imbued with a poetry of their own. He sees in these solitudes new cities arise, the busy haunts of acting heads and hands. He hears in imagination the heavy bang of the iron hammer, the roar of the furnace, the rush of steam, the many-voiced multitude called by active labor to new activity of mind; and perhaps he soars away, in thought, to those far-off wilds of the new world, whose people, clothed by

these looms, are brought thus into brotherhood with their kindred men.

I myself have few sympathies in common with these; but I respect the feelings that I do not fathom. "*Nihil humani a me alienum puto.*"

What has suggested these thoughts? A little excursion that I made this evening from the village of Lichtenthal towards the Waterfall, a winding glen, narrowing as you advance; wilder, too, but not less peopled; every sheltered spot having its own dwelling-place. — the picturesque *chalet*, with its far-stretching eave, and its quaint galleries of carved wood, its brightly shining windows sparkling between the clustering vine leaves, and its frieze of Indian corn hung up beneath the roof to dry. Leaving the carriage, I followed the bank of the stream, — just such a river as in my boyish days I loved to linger by, and fancy I was fishing. It was no more than fancy; for, although my rod and landing-net were in most fitting perfection, my hackles and orange bodies, my green drakes and may-flies, all that could be wished, I was too dreamy and *distrait* for "the gentle craft," and liked Walton better in his rambling excursions than in his more practical teaching. What a glorious day for scenery, too! Not one of those scorching, blue-sky, cloudless days, when a general hardness prevails, but a mingled light of sun and cloud shadow, with misty distances, and dark, deep foregrounds on the still water, where ever and anon a heavy splash, breaking in widening circles, told of the speckled trout: save that, no other sound was heard. All was calm and noiseless, as in some far-off valley of the Mississippi, a little surging of the water on the rocky shore, — a faint, melancholy splash, — scarce heard, even in the stillness.

I sat thinking, not sadly, but seriously, of the past, and of that present time that was so soon to add itself to the past; for the future, I felt, by sensations that never deceive, it must be brief! My malady gained rapidly on me; symptoms, I was told to guard against, had already shown themselves, and I knew that the battle was fought and lost.

"It is sad to die at thirty," saith Balzac somewhere; and to the Frenchman of Paris, who feels that death is the ces-

sation of a round of pleasures and dissipations, whose hold is hourly stronger; who thinks that life and self-indulgence are synonymous; whose ideal is the ceaseless round of exciting sensations that spring from every form of human passion nurtured to excess; — to him the sleep of the grave is the solitude, and not the repose, of the tomb.

To me, almost alone in the world, to die suggests few sorrows or regrets; without family, without friends, save those the world's complaisance calls such; with no direct object for exertion, nothing for hope or fear to cling to; no ambition that I could nourish, no dream of greatness or distinction to elevate me above the thought of daily suffering; life is a mere monotony, — and the monotony of *waiting*.

While watching the progress of my malady, seeing, day by day, the advancing steps of the disease that never sleeps, I recognize in myself a strange adaptation in my mind and feelings to the more developed condition of my illness. At first, my cough irritated and fevered me. It awoke me if I slept, it worried me as I read. My fast and hurried breathing, too, exciting the heart's action, rendered me impatient and discontented. Now, both these symptoms are in excess; and yet, by habit and some acquired power of conforming to them, I am scarcely aware of their existence. I have learned to look on them as my normal, natural condition. My cough on awaking in the morning, my hectic as night falls, only tell of the day's dawn and decline. I fancy that this dreamy calm, this spirit of submissive waiting that I feel, is dependent on my infirmity; for how otherwise could I, if strong in mind and body, endure the thraldom of my present life? The watchful egotism of sickness demands the mind of sickness.

In the whole phenomena of malady, nothing is more striking than the accommodation of the mind to the condition of suffering. I remember, once — I was then in all the strength and confidence of youth and health — discussing this point with a friend, a physician of skill and eminence, now no more, and was greatly struck by a theory which was new, at least, to me. He regarded every species of disease, from the most simple to the most complicated, as a sanatory

process, an effort — not always successful, of course — on the part of Nature to restore the system to its condition of health. He instanced maladies the most formidable, some of them attended by symptoms of terrible suffering; but in every case he assumed to show that they were efforts to oppose the march of some other species of disorganization. So far from there being any taint of Materialism in these views, he deduced from them a most devout and conscientious belief in a Supreme Power; and instead of resting upon Contrivance and Design as the great attributes of the Deity, he went further, and made the Forethought, the Providence of God for His creatures, the great object of his wonderment and praise. His argument, if I dare trust my memory, was briefly this: the presence of a superintending guardian spirit, ever watchful to avert evil from its charge, is the essential difference which separates every object of God's creation from the mere work of man's hand. The ingenuity that contrived the mechanism of a steam-engine or a clock was yet unable to endow the machinery with latent powers of reparation; secret resources against accident or decay, treasured up for the hour of necessity, and not even detectable, if existent, before the emergency that evoked them. Not so with the objects of creation. *They* are each and all, according to various laws, provided with such powers; their operations, whether from deficient energy or misdirection, constituting what we call disease. What is dropsy, for instance, save the resolution of an inflammatory action that would almost inevitably prove fatal? Formidable as the malady is, it yet affords time for treatment; its march is comparatively slow and uniform, whereas the disease that originated it would have caused death, if effusion of fluid had not arrested the violence of the inflammation.

Take the most simple case, — a wounded blood-vessel, a cut finger: by all the laws of hydraulics, the blood must escape from this small vessel, and the individual bleed to death as certainly, though not so speedily, as from the largest artery. But what ensues? after a slight loss of blood, the vessel contracts, a coagulum forms, the bleeding is arrested, the coagulum solidifies and forms a cicatrix;

and the whole of these varied processes — a series of strange and wonderful results — will follow, without any interference of the will, far less any aid from the individual himself, being powers inherent in the organization, and providentially stored up for emergency.

The blood poured out upon the brain from an apoplectic stroke must, and does, prove fatal, save when the *vis medicatrix* is able to interpose in time, by encircling the fluid, enclosing it with a *sac*, and subsequently, by absorption, removing the extraneous pressure. All these are vital processes, over which the sufferer has no control, — of which he is not even conscious.

The approach of an abscess to the surface of the body, by a law similar to that which determines the approach of a plant to the surface of the earth — the reparation of a fractured bone, by the creation and disposition of elements not then existing in the body — and many similar cases, warranted him in assuming that all these processes were exactly analogous to what we call disease, being disturbances of the animal economy accompanied by pain; and that disease of every kind was only a curative effort, occasionally failing from insufficient energy, — occasionally from the presence of antagonistic agency, — and occasionally from our ignorance of its tendency and object.

I feel I have been a lame expositor of my friend's theory. I have omitted many of his proofs, — some of them the best and strongest. I have, besides, not adverted to objections which he foresaw and refuted. Indeed, I fell into the digression without even knowing it, and I leave it here in the same fashion. I fancy a kind of comfort in the notion that my malady is, at least, an attempt at restoration. The idea of decay — of declining slowly away, leaf by leaf, branch by branch — is very sad; and even this conceit is not without its consolation.

And now to wander homewards. How houseless the man is who calls his inn his home! It was all very well for Sir John to say, "I like to take mine ease in mine inn;" and in his day the thing was practicable. The little parlor, with its wainscot of walnut-wood and its bright tiles, all shining in the tempered light through the diamond-paned

window; the neatly-spread table, where smoked the pasty of high-seasoned venison, beside the tall cup of sack or canary; and the buxom landlady herself, redolent of health, good spirits, and broad jest;—these were all accessories to that abandonment to repose and quiet so delightful to the weary-minded. But think of some “Cour de Russie,” some “Angelo d’Oro,” or some “Schwarzen Adler.” all alive with dusty arrivals and frogged couriers,—the very hall a fair, with fifty bells, all ringing: postboys blowing, whips cracking, champagne corks flying, and a babel of every tongue in Europe, making a thorough-bass din that would sour a saint’s temper! . . .

I’ll leave at once—I’ll find some quiet little gasthaus in the Tyrol for a few weeks, till the weather moderates, and it becomes cool enough to cross the Alps—and die!

CHAPTER IX.

THESE watering-place doctors have less tact than their *confrères* elsewhere: their theory is, “THE WELLS AND AMUSEMENT;” they never strain their faculties to comprehend any class but that of hard-worked, exhausted men of the world, to whom the regularity of a Bad-ort, and the simple pleasures it affords, are quite sufficient to relieve the load of over-taxed minds and bodies. The “distractions” of these places suit such people well; the freedom of intercourse, which even among our strait-laced countrymen prevails, is pleasant. My Lord refreshes in the society of a clever barrister, or an amusing essayist of the “Quarterly.” The latter puts forth all his agreeability for the delectation of a grander audience than he ever had at home. But to one who has seen all these ranks and conditions of men—who finds nothing new in the *morgue* of the Marquis, or the last *mot* of the Bench—it is somewhat too bad to be told that such intercourse is a part of your treatment.

My worthy friend Dr. Guckhardt has mistaken me; he fancies my weariness is the result of solitude, and that my exhaustion is but *ennui*; and, in consequence, has he gone about on the high roads and public places inquiring if any one knows Horace Templeton, who is “sick and ill.” And here is the fruit: a table covered with visiting-cards and scented notes of inquiry. My Lord Tollington—a Lord of the Bedchamber, a dissolute old fop—very amusing to very young men, but intolerable to all who have seen anything themselves. Sir Harvey Clifford, a Yorkshire Jesuit, who travels with a *socius* from Oscot and a whole library of tracts controversial. Reginald St. John, a “levanter” from the Oaks. Colonel Morgan O’Shea, absent without leave for having shot his father-in-law. Such are among the first I find. But whose writing is this? . . . I know the hand

well Frank Burton, that I knew so well at Oxford! Poor devil! he joined the 9th Lancers when he came of age, and ran through everything he had in the world in three years. He married a Lady Mary somebody, and lives now on her family. What is his note about?

DEAR TEMPY, — I have just heard of your being here, and would have gone over to see you, but have sprained my ankle in a hopping-match with Kubetskoi — walked into him for two hundred, nevertheless. Come and dine with us to-day at the France, and we'll show you some of the folk here. That old bore, Lady Bellingham Blakely, is with us, and gives a picnic on Saturday at the Waterfall — rare fun for you, who like a field-day of regular quizzes! Don't fail — sharp seven — and believe me,

Yours,

F. B.

This requires but brief deliberation; and so, my dear Frank, you must excuse my company, both at dinner and picnic. What an ass he must be to suppose that a man of thirty has got no farther insight into the world, and knows no more of its inhabitants, than a boy of eighteen! These "quizzes," doubtless, had been very amusing to me once — just as I used to laugh at the "School for Scandal" the first fifty times I saw it; but now that I have *épuisé les ridicules* — have seen every manner of absurdity the law of Chancery leaves at large — why hammer out the impression by repetition?

What is here by way of postscript?

"Lady B. has made the acquaintance of a certain Sicilian Countess, the handsomest woman here, and has engaged her for Saturday. If you be the man you used to be, you'll not fail to come."

DEAR F —, I cannot dine out. I can neither eat, drink, nor talk, nor can I support the heat or "confuz" of a dinner; but, if permitted, will join your party on Saturday for half an hour.

Yours truly,

H. TEMPLETON.

Now has curiosity — I have no worthier name to bestow on it — got the better of all my scruples and dislikes to such an agglomeration as a picnic? Socially I know noth-

ing so bad ; the liberty is license, and the license is an intolerable freedom, where only the underbred are at ease. *N'importe* — I 'll go ; for while I now suspect that I was wrong in believing the Countess to have been my old acquaintance Caroline Graham, I have a strange interest, at least, in seeing how one so like her, externally, may resemble her in traits of mind and manner. And then I 'll leave Baden.

I am really impatient to get away. I feel—I suppose there is nothing unusual in the feeling — that, as I meet acquaintances, I can read in their looks those expressions of compassion and pity by which the sick are admonished of their hopeless state ; and for the very reason that I can dare to look it steadily in the face myself, I have a strong repugnance to its being forcibly placed before me. My greatest wish to live — if it ever deserved the name of wish — is to see the upshot of certain changes that time inevitably will bring out. I have watched the game in some cases so closely, I should like to know who rises the winner.

What will become of France under a regency ? How will the new government turn the attention of the *mauvaises-têtes*, and where will they carry their arms ? What will Austria do, when the Pope shall have given the taste for free institutions, and the Italians fancy that they are strong enough for self-government ? What America, when the government of her newly acquired territory must be a military dictation, with a standing army of great strength ? What Ireland, when the landlords, depressed by an increasing poor-rate, have brought down the gentry to a condition of mere subsistence, with Romanism hourly assuming a bolder, higher tone, dictating its terms with the Minister, and treating the Government *de pair* ?

What Prussia, when democracy grows quicker, when Constitutional Liberty and Freedom of the Press get ahead of the Censor ?

For Belgium and Switzerland I have little interest. Priest-ridden and mob-ridden, they may indulge their taste for domestic quarrel so long as a general war is remote ; let *that* come, and their small voices will be lost in the louder din of far different elements.

As for the Peninsula, Spain and Portugal are in as miserable a plight as free institutions combined with Popery can make them. If Romanism is to be the religion of the State, let it be allied with Absolutism. The right to think, read, and speak are incompatible with the dictates of a Church that forbids all three. Rome is the type. It is a grand and a stupendous tyranny. *Gare!* to those who try to make it a popular rule!

So . . . I find that all Baden is full of our great picnic! Ours, I say, for here lies Lady B — B —'s respectful compliments, &c., and my own replication is already delivered. It seems that we have taken the true way to create popular interest, by trespassing on popular enjoyment. We have engaged M. Gougon, the *chef* of the Cursaal; engaged the band who usually perform before the promenade; engaged all the saddle-horses, and most of the carriages — in fact, we have enlisted everything save the *genius loci*, the hump-backed croupier of the roulette-table.

Why we should travel twelve miles or so, out of our way, to bring Baden with us. I cannot so clearly see. Why we cannot be satisfied with vice without a change of *renue* I do not understand. But with this I have nothing to do. Like the Irishman, “I am but a lodger.” Indeed, I believe my own poor presence was less desired at this *rête* than that of my London phaeton and my two black ponies, which, I am told, are very much admired here — a certain sign that they are not in the most correct taste. However, I have my revenge. As Hussars, when invited to dine out at questionable places, always appear in plain clothes, so shall I come to the rendezvous in a *fiafre*; though, I own, it is very like obtaining a dinner under false pretences.

Already the little town is astir; servants are hastening to and fro; ominous-looking baskets and hampers are seen to pass and repass; strange quadrupeds are led by as saddle-horses, their gay head-stalls and splendid saddle-cloths scarce diverting the eye from “groggy” fore-legs and drawn-up quarters; curiously dressed young gentlemen, queer combinations of jockeyism with an Arcadian simplicity, stand in groups about; and, now and then, a carriage

rolls by, and disappears up some steep street in search of its company.

Ah! there go the Tollingtons! and in a “conveniency,” too, they’d scarcely like to be seen with in Hyde Park. What a droll old rattle-trap! and what a pair of wretched hacks to draw it! After all, one cannot help avowing that these people, seated there in that most miserable equipage, where poverty exhibits its most ludicrous of aspects, even there they preserve as decisive an air of class and rank as — as — yes, I have found the exact equivalent — as almost every foreigner seated in a handsome carriage does of the opposite. Prejudice, bigotry, narrow-mindedness, or anything else of the same kind it may be; but, after a great part of a life spent abroad, my testimony is, that for one person of either sex, whose appearance unmistakably pronounces condition, met abroad — I care not where — at least one hundred are to be seen in England. So much for the nation of shopkeepers!

Ah! a tandem, by Jove! and rather well got up. Of course it could be no other than Burton — “the ruling passion strong in ‘debt!’” Well, he may have forgotten his creditors, but he has not forgotten how to hold the ribbons.

What’s this heavy old coach with a cabriolet over the rumble? — the Russian Minister, Kataffsky! Lord bless us! from all the strong braces and bars of wood and iron, one would say that it was built to stand a journey to Siberia. Who knows but it may travel that road yet! Pretty woman the Princess, but with all the characteristic knavery of her race in the eyes. Paul was right when he refused to license Jews in Russia, because he knew his subjects would cheat *them!*

“*Bon jour, Marquis.*” Monsieur de Tavanne, a very absurd but a chivalrous Frenchman of the old school. They say that, meeting the late Duc d’Orléans at Lady Grenville’s, he took a very abrupt leave, expressing as his reason that he did not know her Ladyship received *des gens comme cela*.

A Vienna *coupé*, with a Vienna coachman, and a Vienna countess inside, are very distinctive in their way. The *Grafin von Löwenhaufen*, one of those pretty *intrigantes* of modern political warfare who frequent watering-places

and act as the tirailleurs for Metternich and Guizot. Talleyrand avowed the great advantage of such assistance, which he said was impossible for an English Minister, for “*les Anglaises*” always fell in love and blabbed!

Here comes a showy affair! — a real landau with four horses, as fine as bouquets and worsted tassels can make them! No mistaking it — *Erin go bragh!* Sir Roger M’Causland and my lady and the four Misses and Master M’Causland. They are the invincibles of modern travel; they have stormed every court in Europe, and are the terror of Grand Maréchals from Naples to the Pole. Heaven help the English Minister in whose city they squat for a winter! He would have less trouble with a new tariff or a new boundary than in arranging their squabbles with court functionaries and the police. Sir Roger *must* know the King and his Ministers, and expound to them his own notions of the government, with divers hints about free trade and other like matters. My lady *must* be invited to all court balls and concerts, and a fair proportion of dinners; and this, *de droit*, because “*the M’Causland*” was a King of Ballyshandera in the year 4, and my lady herself being an O’Dowde, also of blood royal. People may laugh at these absurd, shameless pretensions, but “*il rit le mieux qui rit le dernier*,” says the proverb; and if the sentiment be one the M’Causlands’ dignity permit, they have the right to laugh heartily. Boredom, actual boredom — a perseverance that is dead to all shame — a persistence that no modesty rebukes — a steady resolve to push forward, wins its way socially as well as strategically; and even the folding-doors of court saloons fly open before its magic sesame.

And who are these gay equestrians with prancing hackets, flowing plumes, and flaunting habits? — The Fothergills, four handsome, dashing, *effronté* girls, who, under the mock protection of a small schoolboy brother, are really escorted by a group of moustachioed heroes, more than one of whom I already recognize as scarcely fit company for the daughters of an English church dignitary. *Mais que voulez-vous?* They would not visit the curate’s wife and sister in Durham, but they will ride out at Baden with blacklegs and swindlers! The Count yonder, Monsieur de Mallenville, is

a noted character in Paris, and is always attended, when there, by an emissary of the police, who, with what Alphonse Karr calls an *empressement de bonne compagnie*, never leaves him for a moment.

And here we have the “dons” of the entertainment, la Princesse de Rubetzki, as pretty a piece of devilry as ever Poland manufactured to sow treason and disaffection, accompanied by her devoted admirer the Austrian general, Count Cohary. Poor fellow! all his efforts to appear young and *volupte* are as nothing to the difficulties he endures in steering between the fair Princess’s politics and her affection. An Austrian of the *vieille roche*, he is shocked by the Liberalism of his lady-love; and yet, with Spielberg before him, he cannot tear himself away.

They who are not acquainted with the world of the Continent may think it strange that society, even in a watering-place, should assemble individuals so different in rank and social position; but a very little experience will always show that intercourse is really as much denied between such parties as though they were in different hemispheres. As the Rhone rolls its muddy current through the blue waters of the Lake of Geneva, and never mingles its turbid stream with the clear waves beside it, so these people are seen pouring their flood through every assemblage, and never disturbing the placid surface in their course. To effect this, two requisites are indispensable to the company—a very rigid good-breeding and a very lax morality. No one can deny that both are abundant.

And here, if I mistake not, comes my own *char-à-banc*. Truly, my excellent valet has followed my directions to the letter. I said, “Something of the commonest,” and he has brought me a *fiacre* that seems as moribund and creaky as myself. No matter, I am ready. And now to be off!

CHAPTER X.

Now has there happened to me one of the strangest adventures of my strange life, and before I sleep I have determined to note it down, for no other reason than this: that my waking thoughts to-morrow will refuse to credit mere memory, without some such corroboration. Nay. I have another witness — this glove!

Were it not for this, I should have chronicled our *réte*, which really was far more successful than such things usually are. Not only was there no *contresép*, but all went off well and pleasantly. The men were witty and good-tempered; the women — albeit many of them handsome — were *aimable*, and disposed to be pleased; the weather and the champagne were perfect. They who could eat — which I could n't — say that Gougon was admirable; and the band played some of Donizetti's pieces with great precision and effect. *Ainsi*, the elements were all favorable: each instrument filled its part; and the *ensemble* was good — rather a rare event where people come out expressly bent on enjoyment, and determined to take pleasure by storm. Premeditated happiness, like marriage for love, is often too much premeditated. Here, however, "the gods were propitious." Unlike most picnics, there neither was rain nor rancor; and considering that we had specimens of at least half-a-dozen different nationalities, and frequently as many different languages going at once, there was much amusing conversation, and a great deal of pleasant gossiping anecdote: not that regular story-telling which depends upon its stage-effect of voice and manner, but that far more agreeable kind of narrative that claims interest from being about people and places that we know beforehand, conveying traits of character and mind of well-known persons, always amusing and interesting.

There was a French secretary of legation for Berne, a most pleasant *convive*; and the Austrian general was equally amusing. Some of his anecdotes of the campaign of 1805 were admirable: by the way, he felt dreadfully shocked at his own confession that he remembered Wagram. The Countess Giordani came late. We were returning from our ramble among rocks and cliffs when she appeared. I did not wish to be presented; I preferred rather the part of observing her, which acquaintance would have prevented. But old Lady B — did not give me the choice: she took my arm, and, after a little tour through the company, came directly in front of the Countess, saying, with a bluntness all her own, —

“ Madame la Comtesse, let me present a friend whose long residence in your country gives him almost the claim of a countryman: — M. Templeton.”

If I was not unmoved by the suddenness of this introduction — appealing as it did, to me at least, to old memories — the Countess was composure itself: a faint smile in acknowledgment of the speech, a gentle expression of easy satisfaction on meeting one who had visited her country, were all that even my prying curiosity could detect.

“ What part of Sicily have you seen? ” said she to me.

“ My friend Lady B —, ” said I, “ has made me a greater traveller than I can pretend to be: I have been no further south than Naples.”

“ Oh! I am not Neapolitan, ” said she, hastily, and with an air like disappointment.

I watched her closely as she spoke, and at once said to myself, “ No! this is not, this cannot be, Caroline Graham.”

We conversed but little during dinner. She evidently did not speak French willingly, and my Italian had been too long in rust for fluency. Of English she showed not the least knowledge. There were stories told in her hearing, at some of which to avoid laughter would have been scarcely possible, and still she never smiled once. If I wanted any additional evidence that she was not of English origin, chance presented one, as she was referred to by the Russian for the name of a certain Sicilian family where a “ vendetta ” had been preserved for two entire centuries; and the Count-

ess replied, with a slight blush, "The Marquis of Bianconetti — my uncle."

I own that, while it was with a sense of relief I learned to believe that the Countess was not the sister of my poor friend, I still could not help feeling something akin to disappointment at the discovery. I felt as though I had been heaping up a store of care and anxiety around me for one I had never seen before, and for whom I could really take no deep interest. One husbands their affections as they grow older. The spendthrift habit of caring for people without even knowing why, or asking wherefore, which is one of the pastimes — and sometimes a right pleasant one, too — of youth, becomes rarer as we go further on in life, till at last we grow to be as grudging of our esteem as of our gold, and lend neither, save on good interest and the best security. Bad health has done for me the work of time, and I am already oppressed and weary of the evils of age.

Something, perhaps, of this kind — some chagrin, too, that the Countess was not my old acquaintance, though. Heaven knows, it had grieved me far more to know she had been — some discontent with myself for being discontented — or "any other reason why." — but so was it, I felt what in fashionable slang is called "put out," and, in consequence, resolved to leave the party and make my way homeward at the first favorable opportunity. Before setting out I had determined, as the night would be moonlit, to make a slight *détour* and thus avoid all the fracas and tumult of driving home in a mob; and, with this intention, had ordered my phaeton to meet me in the Mourg-Thal, at a small inn, whither I should repair on foot, and then make my tour back by the Castle of Eberstein.

A move of the company to take coffee on a rock beside the waterfall gave me the opportunity I desired, and I sauntered along a little path which in a few moments led me into the Pine Forest, and which, from the directions I had received, I well knew conducted over the mountain, and descended by a series of steep zigzags into the valley of the Mourg.

Although I had quitted the party long before sunset, the moon was high and bright ere I reached the spot where my carriage awaited me. Exhilarated by the unwonted exertion,

— half-gratified, too, by the consciousness of supporting a degree of fatigue I had been pronounced incapable of, — I took my seat in good spirits, to drive back to Baden. As I ascended the steep road towards Eberstein, I observed that lights were gleaming from the windows of the large *salon* of the castle, that looks towards the glen. I knew that the Grand Ducal family were at Carlsruhe, and was therefore somewhat surprised to see these signs of habitation in one of the state apartments of the château.

Alternately catching glimpses of and again losing these bright lights, I slowly toiled up the steep acclivity, which, to relieve my ponies, I ascended on foot. We were near the top, the carriage had preceded me some fifty yards or so, and I, alone, had reached a deeply-shaded spot, over which an ancient outwork of the castle threw a broad shadow, when suddenly I was startled by the sound of voices, so close beside me that I actually turned to see if the speakers were not following me; nor was it till they again spoke that I could believe that they were standing on the terrace above me. If mere surprise at the unexpected sound of voices was my first sensation, what was it to that which followed, as I heard a man's voice say, —

“ But how comes this M. Templeton to be of any consequence in the matter? It is true he was a witness, but he has no interest in troubling himself with the affair. He is an invalid besides — some say, dying.”

“ Would he were dead! ” interrupted a lower voice; but although the accents were uttered with an unusual force, I knew them — at once I recognized them. It was the Countess spoke.

“ Why so, if he never recognized you? ”

“ How am I certain of this? ” said she again. “ How shall I satisfy my own fears, that at every instant are ready to betray me? I dread his reserve more than all.”

“ If he be so very inconvenient, ” interposed the man, in a half-careless tone, “ there may surely be found means to induce him to leave this. Invalids are often superstitious. Might not a civil intimation that his health was suffering from his *séjour* incline him to depart? ”

The Countess made no reply; possibly the bantering tone

assumed by her companion displeased her. After a brief silence, he resumed.—

“ Does the man play? does he frequent the Saal? There surely are a hundred ways to force a quarrel on him.”

“ Easier than terminate it with advantage.” said she, bitterly.

I heard no more; for, although they still continued to speak, they had descended from the terrace and entered the garden. I was alone. Before me, at the turn of the road, stood my servant, waiting with the horses. All was still as the grave. Was this I had heard real? were the words truly spoken, or were they merely some trick of an overwrought, sickly imagination? I moved into the middle of the road, so as to have a better view of the old “ Schloss;” but, except a single light in a remote tower, all was shrouded in darkness: the *salon* I believed to have been lit up lay in deepest shadow. There was nothing I had not given, at that instant, to be able to resolve my doubts.

I walked hurriedly on, eager to question my servant both as to the voices and the lights; and as I went my eye fell upon an object before me in the road. I took it up—it was a glove—a lady’s glove! How came it there, if it had not fallen from the terrace?

With increased speed I moved forward, my convictions now strengthened by this new testimony. My servant had neither seen nor heard anything; indeed, his replies to me were conveyed in a tone that showed in what light he regarded my questioning. It was scarcely possible that he could not have been struck with the bright glare that illuminated a portion of the castle, yet he had not seen it: and as to voices, he stoutly averred that, although he could distinctly note the clatter of the mill in the valley below us, he had heard no human sound since we left the little inn.

It was to no purpose that I questioned and cross-questioned. I soon saw that my eagerness was mistaken by him for evidence of wandering faculties; and I perceived, in his anxiety that I should return, a fear that my malady had taken some new turn. So far, too, was he right. My head was, indeed, troubled—strange fancies and shadowy fears crossing my excited mind as I went; so that, ere I reached

my inn, I really was unable to collect my faculties, and separate the dream-land from the actual territory of fact. And now it is with painful effort I write these lines, each moment doubting whether I should not erase this, or insert that. Were it not for this glove, that lies on my paper before me, I should believe all to be mere illusion. What a painful struggle this is, and how impossible to allay the fears of self-deception! At one moment I am half resolved to order saddle-horse and return to Eberstein—for what?—with what hope of unravelling the mystery? At the next I am determined to repair to the Countess's villa near the town, and ask if she has returned: but how shall I venture on such a liberty? If my ears had not deceived me, she is and must be Caroline Graham; and yet would I not rather believe that my weary brain had wandered, than that this were so?

But what are these sounds of voices in the antechamber? I hear Guckhardt's voice!

Yes; my servant had thought it prudent to fetch the doctor, and he has been here and felt my pulse, and ordered cold to my temples, and a calming draught. It is clear, then, that I have been ill, and I must write no more!

CHAPTER XI.

GASTHAUS, ZUM BÄR, DALLAS, TIROL.

IT is exactly seven weeks this day since I last opened my journal. I promised Guckhardt not to look into it for a month, and so I have well kept my word! It would seem, indeed, a small privation in most circumstances to abstain from chronicling the ebbing hours of a life; but Egotism is next of kin to Sickness, and I can vent mine more harmlessly here than if spent in exhausting the patience of my friends. Some listener must be found to the dreamy querulousness of the invalid, and why not his own heart?

Even to those nearest and dearest to our affections, there is always a sense of shame attendant on the confessions of our weakness, more so than of our actual vices. But what a merciful judge is Self! how gentle to rebuke! how reluctant to punish! how sanguine to hope for reformation! Hence is it that I find a comfort in jotting down these "mems" of the past; but from a friend, what shaking of the head, what regretful sorrowings, should I meet with! How should I hear of faculties and fortune — life itself — wasted without one object, even a wish, compassed! When I reflect upon the position in life attainable by one who starts with moderate abilities, a large fortune, reasonable habits of industry, and a fair share of well-wishers, and then think of what I now am, I might easily be discontented and dispirited; but if I had really reached the goal, can I say that I should be happy? can I say that all the success within my reach could have stilled within me the tone of peaceful solitude I have ever cherished as the greatest of blessings? But why speculate on this? I never could have been highly successful. I have not the temper, had I the talent, that climbs high. I must always have done my best *at once*; put forth

my whole strength on each occasion — husbanded nothing, and consequently gained nothing.

Here I am at Dallas, in the Tyrol, a wild and lonely glen, with a deep and rushing river foaming through it. The mountain in front of me is speckled with wooden *chalets*, some of them perched on lofty cliffs, not distinct from realms of never-melting snow.

All is poverty on every side; even in the little church, where Piety would deck its shrine at any sacrifice, the altar is bare of ornament. The curé's house, too, is humble enough for him who is working yonder in his garden, an old and white-haired man, too feeble and frail for such labor; and already the sun has set, and now he ceases from his toil; for the “Angelus” is ringing, and soon the village will be kneeling in prayer. Already the bell has ceased, and through the stilly air rises the murmur of many voices.

There was somewhat of compassionate pity in the look of the old man who has just passed the window; he stopped a moment to gaze at me — at the only one whose unbended knee and closed lips had no brotherhood in the devotion. He seemed very poor, and old, and feeble, and yet he could look with a sense of pity upon me, as an outcast from the faith. So did I feel his steady stare at least; for, at that instant, the wish was nearest to my heart that I, too, could have knelt and prayed with the rest. And why could I not? was it that my spirit was too stubborn, too proud, to mingle with the humble throng? did I feel myself better, or nobler, or greater than the meanest there, when uttering the same words of thankfulness or hope? No, far from it; a very different, but not less powerful barrier interposed. Education, habits of thought, prejudices, convictions, even party spirit, had all combined to represent Romanism to my mind in all the glaring colors of its superstitions, its cruelties, and its deceptions. Then arose before me a kind of vision of its tyranny over mankind, — its inquisitions, its persecutions, its mock miracles, and its real bloodshed; and I could not turn from the horrible picture, even to the sight of those humble worshippers who knelt in all the sincerity of belief.

I actually dreaded the sway of the devotional influence lest, when my heart had yielded to it, some chance inter-

ruption of ceremonial, some of those fantastic forms of the Church, should turn my feelings of trust and worship to one of infidelity and scorn.

There, all is over now, and the villagers are returning homeward — some to the little hamlet — others are wending their way upwards, to homes high amid the mountains — and here I sit alone, in my little whitewashed room, watching the shadows as they deepen over the glen, and gazing on that mountain peak that glows like a carbuncle in the setting sun.

It is like a dream to me how I have come to sojourn in this peaceful valley. The last entry I made was in Baden, the night of that party at the Waterfall. The next day I awoke ill — fevered from a restless night. Guckhardt came early, and thinking I was asleep, retired without speaking to me. He laid his hand on my temples, and seemed to feel that I required rest and quiet, for he cautioned my servant not to suffer the least disturbance near me.

I conclude I must have been sleeping, for the sudden noise of voices and the tramp of many feet aroused me. There was evidently something strange and unexpected going forward in the town. What could it mean? My servant seemed most unwilling to tell me, and only yielded to my positive commands to speak. Even now I tremble to recall the tidings — a murder had been committed! One of the guests at our late *fête*, a young Englishman named Lockwood, had been discovered dead on the side of the road about two miles from the Waterfall; his watch, and purse with several gold pieces, were found on his person, so that no robbery had been the reason of the crime. I remember his having come on foot, and hearing that I should not require my *char-à-banc* to return, he engaged it. The driver's story is, that the stranger always got out to walk at the hills, usually lingering slowly in his ascent of them; and that at last, at the top of the highest, he had waited for a considerable time without his appearing, and growing weary of expectancy he returned, and at the foot of the hill discovered something dark, lying motionless beside the pathway; he came closer, and saw it was the stranger quite dead. Three wounds, which from their depth and direction

seemed to have been given by a dagger, were found in the chest; one entered from the back between the shoulders; the fingers of the right hand were also cut nearly through, as though he had grasped a sharp weapon in his struggle. Death must have been immediate, as the heart was twice wounded; probably he expired almost at once. The direction and the position of the wounds refuted every idea of a suicide — and yet how account for the crime of murder? The stranger was scarcely a week in Baden, not known to any one before his arrival here, and since had merely formed those chance acquaintanceships of watering-places. There was not, so far as one could see, the slightest ground to suspect any malice or hatred towards him. The few particulars I have here set down were all that my servant could tell me. But what from the terrible nature of the tidings themselves, my own excitable state when hearing them, but, more than either, the remembrance of the dialogue I had overheard the night before — all combined and increased my fever to that degree that ere noon I became half wild with delirium. What I said, or how my wandering faculties turned, I cannot — nor would I willingly — remember. There was enough of illness in my ravings, and of method in them too, to bring Guckhardt again to my bedside, accompanied by a high agent of the police. The attempt to examine a man in such a state relative to the circumstances of a dreadful crime could only have entered the head of a *préfet de police* or a *juge d'instruction*. What my revelations were I know not; but it is clear they assumed a character of independent fancy that balked the scrutiny of the official, for he left me to the unmixed cares of my doctor.

By his counsel I was speedily removed from Baden, under the impression that the scene would be prejudicial to my recovery. I was indifferent where, or in what way, they disposed of me; and when I was told I was to try the air of the Lake of Constance, I heard it with the apathy of one sunk in a trance. Nor do I yet know by what means the police, so indefatigable in tormenting the innocent, abandoned their persecution of me. They must have had their own sufficient reasons for it; so much is certain.

And now, once more, I ask myself, is all that I have

here set down the mere wanderings of a broken and disjointed brain? have these incidents no other foundation than a morbid fancy? I would most willingly accept even this sad alternative and have it so; but here is evidence too strong to disbelieve. Here before me lies an English newspaper, with a paragraph alluding to the mysterious murder of an English gentleman at Baden. The dates, circumstances, all tally in the minutest particulars. Shall I discredit these proofs?

The Countess is married to the Marquis de Courcelles; a distant relative of the Archduchess, it is said. Let me dismiss the theme forever—that is, if I can. And now for one whose interest to me is scarcely less sad, but of a very different shade of sadness.

This is my birthday, the 31st August. “Why had the month more than thirty days?” is a question I have been tempted to hazard more than once. Nor is it from ingratitude that I say this. I have long enjoyed the easy path in life; I have tasted far more of the bright, and seen less of the shady side of this world’s high road than falls to the share of most men. With fortune more than sufficient to supply all that I could care for, I have had, without any pretension to high talent, that kind of readiness that is often mistaken for ability; and, what is probably even more successful with the world, I have had a keen appreciation of talent in other men—a thorough value for their superior attainments; and this—no great gift, to be sure—has always procured me acceptance in circles where my own pretensions would have proved feeble supporters. And then, this delicacy of health—what many would have called my heaviest calamity—has often carried me triumphantly through difficulties where I must have succumbed. Even in “the House” have I heard the prognostications of what I might have been. “if my health permitted;” so that my weak point ministered to me what strength had denied me.

Then, I have the most intense relish for the life of idleness I have been leading; the lounging “do-nothingism” that would kill most men with *ennui* is to me inexpressibly delightful. All those castle-buildings which, in the real world, are failures, succeed admirably in imagination. I

overcome competitors, I convince opponents, I conciliate enemies at will, so long as they are all of my own making; and so far from falling back disappointed from the vision to the fact, I revel in the conviction that I can go to work again at new fancies; and that, in such struggles, there is neither weariness nor defeat. A small world for ambition to range in! but I value it as Touchstone did his mistress — “a poor thing, but it was mine own.”

It would be a strange record if a man were to chronicle his birthdays, keeping faithful note of his changed and changing nature as years stole on. For myself I have always regarded them somewhat like post-stations in a journey, ever expecting to find better horses and smoother roads next stage, and constantly promising myself to be more equable in temperament and more disposed to enjoy my tour. But the journey of life, like all other journeys, puts to flight the most matured philosophy, and the accidents of the way are always ready to divert the mind from its firmest resolves.

Tuesday morning.

When I had written so far last night, the arrival of a travelling carriage and four, with a courier preceding, caused such a commotion in the little inn that, notwithstanding all my assumed indifference, I could not entirely escape the contagion, and, at last, was fain to open my window and stare at the new arrival with all the hardihood that becomes him already in possession of an apartment. “I took little by my motion.” All I saw was a portly travelling carriage, heavily laden with its appurtenances and imperials, well-corded springs, rope-lashed pole, and double drag-chains — evidences of caution and signs of long-projected travel.

I might have readily forgotten the new comer — indeed, I had almost done so ere I closed the window — had not his memory been preserved for me by a process peculiar to small and unfrequented inns — a species of absorption by which the traveller of higher pretensions invariably draws in all the stray articles of comfort scattered through the establishment. First my table took flight, and in its place a small and rickety thing of white deal had arrived. Next followed a dressing-glass; then waddled forth a fat, un-

wieldy old arm-chair, that seemed by its difficulty of removal to have strong objections to locomotion. And lastly, a chest of drawers set out on its travels: but so stoutly did it resist, that it was not captured without the loss of two legs, while every drawer was thrown out upon the floor, to the manifest detriment of the waiter's shins and ankles. These "distraints" I bore well and equably, and it was only a summary demand to surrender a little sofa on which I lay that at length roused me from my apathy, and I positively demurred, asking, I suppose, querulously enough, who it was that required the whole accommodation of the inn, and could spare nothing for another traveller? An "English Prince," was the answer: at which I could not help laughing, well knowing that the title is tolerably indiscriminate in its application. Indeed, I once heard Colonel Sibthorp called such.

It is all very well to affect indifference and apathy, to pretend that you care nothing who or what your neighbor in an inn may be. This is very practicable where his identity takes no more corporeal shape than No. 42 or 53 in some great overgrown hotel. But imagine yourself in some small secluded spot, some little nook, of which you had half fancied you were the first discoverer. — conceiving yourself a kind of new Pérouse; fancy, then, when in the very ecstasy of your adventure, the arrival of a travelling carriage and four, with a belted courier and a bearded valet; not only are your visions routed, but your own identity begins to dissolve away with them. You are neither a hero to yourself nor to "mine host." His best smiles, his deepest reverence, are now for the last comer, for whose accommodation a general tribute is levied. Do what you will, say what you will, there is no remaining deaf to the incessant turmoil that bespeaks the great man's wants. There is a perpetual hurry-scurry to seek this and fetch that; sboa-water, tea, champagne, a fire, hot water, are continually echoing along the corridor, and "the Prince" seems like some vast "maelstrom" that all the larder and the cellar contain can never satiate. Such, certainly, the least exacting of men appear when under the auspices of a courier and the host of a small inn.

The poverty of the establishment makes the commonest requirements seem the demand of a Sybarite indulgence, and every-day wants are luxuries where cleanliness is the highest of virtues.

I was—I own it—worried and vexed by the clamor and movement, that not even coming night calmed down. The repose and quiet I had been so fully enjoying were gone, and, in their place, the vulgar noises and tumult of a little inn. All these interruptions, intimately associated in my mind with the traveller, invested him, to me, with a character perfectly detestable, so that there was somewhat of open defiance in my refusal to yield up my sofa.

A pause followed. What was to come next? I listened and waited in half anxiety, wondering what new aggression might ensue; but all was still: nay, there was a clattering of knives and forks, and then went the pop of a cork,—"the Prince" was eating. "Well," thought I, "there is some vengeance here, for the *cuisine* is detestable." "His Highness" thought so too, for more than one *plat* was dismissed, accompanied by a running commentary of abuse on the part of the courier.

At last came a really tranquil moment. The cheese had been sent away as uneatable, and the courier had followed it, cursing manfully, if I might pronounce from the odor wafted to my own chamber, not unreasonably. "Mi Lor le Prince" was probably composing himself to a siesta; there was a stealthy quietude in the step of his servant along the corridor that said so much. I had scarcely made the reflection when a tap came to my door. "The Prince" wished for an English newspaper, and the host had seen two on my table. The "Post" and the "Chronicle" were both before me, and I sent them, half wondering which best might suit his Highness's politics.

Another tap at the door! Really this is intolerable. Has he not had my table, my arm-chair, my newspapers—what will he ask for next? "Come in," said I, now trying English, after in vain shouting "*Entrez*" and "*Herein*" three times over.

An English servant entered, and in that peculiarly low, demure tone, so distinctive of his caste, said,—

"Sir Robert Chawuth presents his compliments, and begs to know if he may pay his respects to Mr. Templeton?"

"Is Sir Robert here? is that his carriage?" said I, hastily.

"Yes, sir; he came about an hour ago."

"Oh, very well. Say I shall feel great pleasure in seeing him. Is he disengaged at present?"

"Yes, sir, he is quite alone."

"Show me his apartment, then."

"So," thought I, as I arose to seek the chamber. "this time they were nearer right than usual; for, if not an 'English prince,' he has wielded more substantial power, and exerted a much wider sway over the destinies of the world than ever a 'foreign Prince' from the Baltic to the Bosphorus."

Strange enough, our last meeting was at Downing Street; he was then Minister. I waited upon him by appointment, as I was leaving England for the Prussian mission, and *he* desired to give me his own instructions before I sailed: and now, I visit him in a little Tyrol "Gasthaus," he destitute of power, and myself —

It would be presumptuous in one so humbly placed to hazard an opinion on the subject; but if I were to dare it, I should say that the statesmen of England possess a range of knowledge and a wider intimacy with the actual condition of the world as it is than any other class in any country. I was greatly struck with this last evening. The topics wandered far a-field, varying from the Poor Laws to Hong-Kong, from the Health of Towns to the state of the Peninsula: Austria, Ireland, Switzerland, the Navigation Laws, the policy of Louis Philippe, and the rot in the potatoes; and on each of these themes he not only spoke well, but he spoke with a degree of knowledge that smacked of a special study. "How comes it," I asked myself, "that this man, with the weighty cares of a mighty empire on his brain, has time to hear and memory to retain little traits of various people in remote quarters of the world? How, for instance, did he hear, or why remember, these anecdotes of the present Landamman of Switzerland, Ochsenbein?"

And yet there were good reasons, perhaps, to remember them. The man who has personally shown the white feather will scarcely be courageous as the head of a government, though there is great reason to suspect that he may exhibit all the rashness of cowardice, — its worst, because its most dangerous, quality.

I had often suspected, but I never knew before, how completely this Minister had usurped every department of the Cabinet, and concentrated in himself the Home, the Foreign, and the Colonial Governments. The very patronage, too, he had assumed; so that, in fact, his colleagues were comparatively without influence or occupation. I confess that, on hearing him talk so unconcernedly of mighty events and portentous changes, of great interests and powerful states, my heart beat strongly with an ambitious ardor, and a feverish throbbing of my temples suggested to me that the longing for rank, and station, and power had not yet died away within me. Was it with serious intention that he spoke to me of again entering Parliament, and taking office in some future arrangement, or was it merely from a sense of compassion that he ministered this need of encouragement to the hopes of a sick man? Whatever the motive, the result has been an increased buoyancy, more of vitality about me, than I have known for some time, — a secret wishing for life and strength to “do something” ere I die.

He rather appeared pleased with a suggestion I threw out for augmenting the elective franchise in Ireland, by making the qualification “an intellectual one,” and extending the right of voting to all who should take a certain degree or diploma in either the University of Dublin or any of the provincial colleges, all admitted as members of learned bodies, and all licentiates of law and physic. This would particularly suit the condition of Ireland, where property is a most inadequate and limited test, and at the same time, by an infusion of educated and thinking men into the mass, serve to counterbalance and even guide the opinions of those less capable of forming judgments. We are becoming more democratic every day. Let our trust be in well-informed, clear-sighted democracy, and let the transition be from the aristocracy to the cultivated middle

classes, and not to the rule of Feargus O'Connor and his Chartists.

And now to wander down this lonely glen, and forget, if I may, these jarring questions, where men's passions and ambitions have more at stake than human happiness! Do what I will, think of what I will, the image of — Caroline Graham — yes. I must call her so — rises before me at every step. It is a sad condition of the nervous system when slight impressions cut deep. Like the diseased state of the mucous membrane, when tastes and odors cling and adhere to it for days long, I suppose that the prevalence of such images in the brain would at last lead to insanity, or, at least, that form of it called monomania. Let no man suppose that this is so very rare a malady. Let us rather ask. "Who is quite free from some feature of the affection?" The mild cases are the passionate ardor we see exhibited by men in the various and peculiar pursuits in life: the bad ones, only greater in degree, are shut up in asylums.

The most singular instance that ever occurred within my own knowledge was one I met several years back in Germany: and as "thereby hangs a tale," I will set it down in the words of the relator. This is his own recital — in his own handwriting, too.

There are moments in the life of almost every man which seem like years. The mind, suddenly calling up the memory of bygone days, lives over the early hours of childhood. — the bright visions of youth, when all was promise and anticipation, — and traverses with a bound the ripe years of manhood, with all their struggles, and cares, and disappointments: and even throws a glance into the dark vista of the future, computing the "to come" from the past; and at such times as these one feels that he is already old, and that years have gone over him.

Such were to me the few brief moments in which I stood upon the Meissner hill that overhangs my native city. Dresden, the home of my childhood, of my earliest and my dearest friends, lay bathed in the soft moonlight of a sum-

mer's eve. There rose the ample dome of the cathedral in all the majesty of its splendid arch, the golden tracery glittering with the night dew; here wound the placid Elbe, its thousand eddies through purple and blushing vineyards, its fair surface flashing into momentary brilliancy, as the ripples broke upon the buttresses of that graceful bridge, long accounted the most beautiful in Europe; while from the boat that lay sleeping upon its shadow came the rich tones of some manly voices, bearing to my ear the evening hymn of my fatherland! Oh, how strong within the heart of the wanderer in distant lands is the love of country! how deeply rooted amid all the feelings which the cares and trials of after life scatter to the wind! It lives on, bringing to our old age the only touch and trace of the bright and verdant feelings of our youth. And oh, how doubly strong this love, when it comes teeming with a flood of long-forgotten scenes, — the memory of our first, best friends, the haunts of our boyhood, the feats of youthful daring, and, far more than all, the recollection of that happy home around whose hearth we met with but looks of kindness and affection, where our sorrows were soothed, our joys shared in! For me, 't is true, there remained nought of this. The parents who loved me had gone to their dark homes; the friends of my childhood had, doubtless, forgotten me. Years of absence had left me but the scenes of past happiness; the actors were gone. And thus it was as I looked down upon the city of my native land. The hour which in solitude and lowness of heart I had longed and prayed for had at length arrived, — that hour which I believed in my heart would repay me for all the struggles, the cares, the miseries of fourteen years of exile; and now I stood upon that self-same spot where I had turned to take a farewell look of my native city, which I was leaving poor, unfriended, and unknown, to seek in Italy those opportunities my forlorn condition had denied to me at home. Years of toil and anxiety had followed; the evils of poverty had fallen on me; one by one the cheerful thoughts and bright fancies of youth deserted me; yet still I struggled on, unshaken in courage. The thought of one day returning to my loved Saxon land, rich in reputation,

crowned with success, had sustained and upheld me. And now that hour was come, — my earliest hopes more than realized, my fondest aspirations accomplished. Triumphant over all the difficulties of my hard lot, I returned, bearing with me the well-won spoils of labor and exertion. But, alas! where were they who should rejoice with me, and share my happiness? The very home of my infancy was tenanted by strangers; they knew me not in my poverty, they could not sympathize in my elevation. My heart sickened within me as I thought of my lone and desolate condition; and as the tears coursed faster and faster down my cheeks, how gladly would I have given all the proud triumph of success for one short and sunny hour of boyhood's bright anticipation, shared in by those who loved me!

Oh, how well were it for us if the bright visions of happiness our imaginations picture forth should ever recede as we advance, and, mirage-like, evade us as we follow! and that we might go down to the grave, still thinking that the "morrow" would accomplish the hopes of to-day — as the Indian follows the phantom bark, ever pursuing, never reaching. The misery of hope deferred never equalled the anguish of expectation gratified, only to ascertain how vain was our prospect of happiness from the long-cherished desire, and how far short reality ever falls of the bright coloring hope lends to our imaginings. In such a frame of deep despondency I re-entered my native city, — no friend to greet, no voice to welcome me.

Happily, however, I was not long left to the indulgence of such regrets; for no sooner was my arrival made known in the city than my brother artists waited on me with congratulations; and I learned, for the first time, that the reputation of my successes had reached Saxony, and that my very best picture was at that moment being exhibited in the Dresden Gallery. I was now invited to the houses of the great, and even distinguished by marks of my sovereign's favor. If I walked the streets, I heard my name whispered as I passed; if I appeared in public, some burst of approbation greeted me. In a word, and that ere many days had elapsed, I became the reigning favorite of a city

in which the love of "art" is an inheritance; for, possessed of a gallery second to none in Europe, the Dresdners have long enjoyed and profited by the opportunity of contemplating all that is excellent in painting; and, in their enthusiastic admiration of the fine arts, thought no praise too exalted to bestow on one who had asserted the claim of a Saxon painter among the schools of Italy.

To the full and unmeasured intoxication of the flattery that beset me on every side, I now abandoned myself. At first, indeed, I did so as a relief from the sorrowful and depressing feelings my unfriended solitude suggested; and at last, as the passion crept in upon and grasped my very heart-strings, the love of praise took entire possession of my being, and in a short time the desire for admiration had so completely supplanted every other emotion, that I only lived with enjoyment when surrounded by flattery; and those praises which before I heard with diffidence and distrust, I now looked for as my desert, and claimed as my right. The "spoiled child of fortune," my life was one round of gayety and excitement. For *me* and for my amusement *fêtes* were given, parties contrived, and entertainments planned, and the charmed circle of royalty was even deserted to frequent the places at which I was expected.

From these circumstances it may readily be believed how completely I was beset by the temptations of flattery, and how recklessly I hurried along that career of good fortune which, in my mad infatuation, I deemed would last forever. I saw my name enrolled among the great ones of my art, — myself the friend of the exalted in rank and great in wealth, my very praise, patronage. Little knew I that such sudden popularity is often as fleeting as it is captivating; that the mass of those who admire and are ever loudest in their praises are alike indifferent to and ignorant of art. Led along by fashion alone, they seemed delighted, because it was the rage to appear so. They visited, because my society was courted by others; and if their knowledge was less, their plaudits were louder than those of the discriminating few, whose caution and reserve seemed to me the offspring of jealousy and envy.

It is well known to almost all, how, in the society of large cities, some new source of interest or excitement is eagerly sought after to enliven the dull routine of nightly dissipation, and awaken the palled and jaded appetite of pleasure to some new thrill of amusement. How one succeeds another, and how short-lived are all! The idol of to-day is forgotten to-morrow: and whether the object of momentary attraction be a benefactor of mankind, or some monster of moral deformity, it matters but little, so that for the hour he furnish an article for the fashionable journalist, and a subject of conversation to the *coterie*: the end and aim of his being seems to be perfectly accomplished, and all interest for him as readily transferred to his successor, who or whatever he may be, as though his existence had been as unreal as the spectre of a magic lantern.

Little did I suppose when in the full blaze of my popularity, that to such an ordinance of fashion alone I was indebted for the proud eminence I occupied. I was not long destined to enjoy the deception.

It chanced that about three months after my arrival in Dresden, circumstances required my absence from the city for a few days. The occasion which called me detained me beyond the time I had calculated on, and it was not till after a fortnight I reached my home. I had travelled that day from sunrise till late in the evening, being anxious, if possible, to redeem a promise I had made to my friend and patron, Count Lowenstein, to be present at a *réte* in honor of his sister's birthday. The weather had been unusually hot and sultry, even for the season; and although I felt much fatigued and jaded, I lost not a moment on my arrival to dress for the *réte*, over which, calculating on my late career, I deemed my absence would throw a gloom. Besides that, I longed once more to drink of that Circean cup of flattery, for which my short absence from the city had given me new zest; and it was with a high-beating heart and fevered brain I hung upon my breast the many crosses and decorations I had been gifted with in my hours of brilliant success.

Lights gleamed brightly from the ample windows of the Lowenstein palace. Numerous equipages stood at the

portico. I followed the chasseur up the spacious marble steps which led to the ante-chamber. I stopped one moment before a large mirror, and almost startled at the brilliancy of my dress, which, a present from my sovereign, I now wore for the first time. With a high-swelling heart and bounding step—for all fatigue was long since forgotten—I approached the door; and oh, the throb with which I heard my name now, for the first time, announced with the title of “Baron,” which his Majesty had conferred upon me the day of my departure! That name, which alone had, talisman like, opened for me the doors of all who were illustrious and exalted in rank,—that name, which heard, silenced the hum of voices, to break forth the moment after in accents of praise and welcome! Again it rang through the crowded *salon*, and I stood within the door. Formerly, when appearing in society, the moment I made my *entrée* I found myself the centre of a group of friends and admirers, all eagerly pressing forward to pay their homage to the star of fashion. Now, what was my amazement to mark no thrill of pleasure, as of old, animate that vast assembly!—not even surprise. Group after group passed by me, as though I were unknown, and had no claim to their attention. It is true, I heard some friendly voices and kind inquiries; but I could neither distinguish the words nor the speaker. My brain was in a whirl; for, alas! long since had I learned to care less for the language of affection than the voice of the flatterer. I stood thunderstruck and amazed, and it was some minutes before I could, with any appearance of composure, reply to the salutations I met with. Something must have occurred in my absence to weaken the interest my appearance ever excited; but what could that be? And the assembly, too! had my own baffled hopes lent their gloomy coloring to all around? I certainly thought it far less brilliant than usual; a sad and depressing influence seemed to pervade all the guests, which they appeared vainly to struggle against. Tortured with doubt and disappointment, I hastened through the crowd to where the Count was standing, surrounded by his suite. His quick eye instantly perceived me, and, familiarly kissing his hand to me, he continued to converse with those

about him. Up to this moment I had borne all the chilling indifference of manner I met with, from the secret satisfaction that told me in my heart that he, my protector, my friend, would soon vindicate my claim to notice and distinction, and that, in the sunshine of his favor, I should soon receive the attention my heart thirsted for. But now that hope deserted me, the cold distance of his manner chilled me to the very heart's core. Not one word of kind inquiry, no friendly chiding for protracted absence, no warm welcome for my coming! I looked around on every side for some clew to this strange mystery: I felt as if all eyes were upon me, and thought for a moment I could perceive the sneer of gratified malice at my downfall. But no, I was unnoticed and unobserved; and even this hurt me still more. Alas! alas! the few moments of heart-cutting, humbling misery I then endured, too dearly paid for all the selfish gratification I reaped from being the idol of fashion. While I remained thus the Count approached me, and, with something like his usual tone of familiarity, said, —

“Ah, Carl! — you here? You have, of course, heard of our sad disappointment?”

“No, my Lord,” I replied, with some bitterness of tone, “I have scarcely had time, for I have not been yet an hour in Dresden.”

Without noticing either the manner of my answer or the allusion to my absence, the Count continued, —

“This evening we were to have had the happiness to have amongst us one who seems to be gifted with some magic power of diffusing delight and ecstasy on every side where she appears. Those whose hearts were cold to beauty in all others have yielded to the fascination of hers: and the soul that never before was touched by melody has thrilled with transport at her heavenly voice. Divine La Mercia! the paragon of beauty and the soul of song! There, there stands her harp, and here you see her music; but she is absent. Alas! we have only the wand of the magician, — the spell is not there.”

In an instant the veil was lifted from my eyes; the whole truth burst on me like a lightning flash; the course

of my popularity was run, the sun of my favor had set forever.

The fatigue of my journey, the heat of the *salon*, the confusion of my mind, and the bitter conflict of my feelings, all conspired to unman me, and I sank upon a sofa. As I sat thus unnoticed (for the tone of the Count's manner had divested the few who were previously attentive of all interest to me), I overheard the conversation of those around me. But one name was mentioned, but one person seemed to engross every tongue or heart, — that was La Mercia. From what I could collect it appeared that she, a most beautiful and interesting girl, had appeared at the opera a few evenings since, and by the charms of her surpassing beauty, as well as the surprising richness and clearness of her voice, had captivated the whole city, from the palace to the cottage. The enthusiastic repetition of her praises gradually led to regrets for her absence, and surmises as to the cause, while a young nobleman, who had just joined the circle, said, —

“Trust me, La Mercia would have come if *she* alone were consulted; but I fear that ill-tempered looking old fellow, whom she calls her ‘Dottore,’ has had much to say to this refusal.”

“Yes,” said another; “so late as yesterday evening, at the palace, when she was surrounded by several members of the royal family, eagerly pressing her to repeat a song she had just sung — just as she consented, a look from the ‘Dottore’ shot across the room and met her eyes. She immediately hesitated, begged to be permitted not to sing, and immediately afterwards withdrew.”

“How strange!” said the nobleman who spoke before, — “how very strange! It was but a few nights since, at the opera, I witnessed the deference and submission with which she addressed him, and the cold indifference with which he met looks and heard tones that would have made another's heart beat beyond his bosom. It must, indeed, be a strange mystery that unites two beings so every way unlike; one all beauty and loveliness, and the other the most sarcastic, treacherous-looking wretch ever my eyes beheld.”

The deep interest with which I listened to those particu-

lars of my rival — for such I now felt her to be — gradually yielded to a sense of my own sunken and degraded condition; and envy, the most baleful and pernicious passion that can agitate the bosom, took entire possession of me, — envy of one whose very existence one hour before I was ignorant of. I felt that *she* — *she* had injured me, robbed me of all for which life and existence was dear. But for *her*, I should still be the centre of this gay and brilliant assembly, by whom I am already forgotten and neglected: and, with a fiendish malignity, I thought how soon this new idol of a fickle and ungrateful people would fall from the pinnacle from which she had displaced me, and suffer in her own heart the cruel pangs I was then enduring.

I arose from where I had been sitting, my brain maddened with my sudden reverse of fortune, and fled from the *salon* to my home. In an agony of grief I threw myself upon my bed, and that night was to me like years of sorrowing and affliction. When morning broke, my first resolve was to leave Dresden forever; my next to remain, until, by applying all my energies to the task, I had accomplished something beyond all my former efforts; and then, spurning the praise and flattery my success would inspire, take a proud farewell of my fickle and ungrateful countrymen. The longer I thought upon, the more was I pleased with, this latter resolution, and panted with eagerness for the moment of contemptuous disdain, in which, flinging off the caresses of false friends, I should carry to other lands those talents which my own was unworthy to possess. It was but a few days before this the Prior of the Augustine monastery had called upon me to beg I would paint an altar-piece for their chapel: they wished to have a kneeling figure of Mary, to whom the shrine was dedicated; but the subject, being a favorite one of Titian's, had at that time deterred me. Its difficulty was now its charm; and as I pondered over in my mind the features I wished to transfer to my canvas, I suddenly remembered a painting which I had had for some years in my possession, and which, from the surpassing loveliness of the countenance it represented, as well as the beauty of its execution, had long fascinated me. I now reverted to it at once, and opening

a secret drawer in my cabinet, took out the picture and placed it before me. It was a small and most beautifully painted enamel, representing two figures,—one that of an old and stern-visaged man, upon whose harsh and severe features there played a scowl of deadly hate and scorn. He stood, drawn up to his full height, his hands and arms widely extended before him, as if in the act of performing some mystic or sacred rite over the lovely being who knelt at his feet in an attitude of the deepest and most reverential supplication. This was a lovely girl, her age scarcely eighteen years. Her forehead, fair as alabaster, was shaded by two braids of dark brown hair, which hung back in heavy locks upon her neck and shoulders. Her eyes, of the deepest blue, were upraised and tearful, and the parted lips seemed almost to utter a murmured prayer, as her heaving bosom told some inward anguish. Her hands were firmly clasped, but the arms hung powerless before her, and the whole figure conveyed the most perfect abandonment to grief it was possible to conceive. Here were the features, here the very attitude, I desired. Could I only succeed in imparting to my Madonna the lovely and sorrow-struck countenance before me, my triumph were certain. I had walked every gallery of Europe from one end to the other; I had visited every private collection where a good picture was to be found, yet never had I beheld the same magic power of conveying, in one single scene, so much of storied interest as this small picture displayed. The features of that beautiful girl, too, had the semblance of being copied from the life. There are certain slight and indescribable traits by which a painter will, in almost every case, distinguish when nature, and when only fancy, have lent the subject; and here, everything tended to make me believe it to be a portrait. The manner in which I became possessed of it also contributed to invest it with a more than common interest in my eyes. The circumstances were these:—When a very young man, and only a short time settled at Rome, whither I had gone to prosecute my studies as a painter, the slender state of my purse had compelled me to take up my residence in one of the less known suburbs of the city. In the same humble dwelling in which I took up

my abode there lived an old and paralytic man, whom age and infirmity had rendered bed-ridden for years.

At first, my occupation being entirely without doors, left me but little opportunity to see or know much of him: but when winter closed in, and confined me whole days to the house, my acquaintance with him gradually increased, and, to my great surprise, I discovered in this poverty-struck and decrepit old man one who possessed the most intimate and critical knowledge of art. Every gallery was familiar to him; he knew the history of each celebrated picture, and distinguished originals from their copies by such traits of discernment as evinced the most consummate intimacy with the deepest secrets of coloring, and, in a word, showed himself to be, what I afterwards learned he was, a most accomplished artist; but the circumstances which threw him into his present mean and wretched condition ever remained a mystery. Various little acts of kindness and attention, which I had in my power to bestow, seemed to make a great impression on him, while my own friendless and solitary situation drew me into closer intimacy with one who seemed to have fewer of this world's comforts than myself. To him, therefore, I confided all the circumstances which led me to Rome,—my ardent desire for distinction, my longing for eminence in art; while he, by his advice and counsel, which he was well qualified to afford, directed my studies and encouraged my efforts.

Our acquaintance, thus formed, rapidly ripened into friendship, and it was with pleasure I hurried from my gayer and more volatile companions to the poor and humble abode where my old and feeble friend awaited me with impatience.

As the winter advanced, the infirmities of the old painter rapidly gained ground; he became daily weaker, and, by degrees, the calm serenity of his mind, which was his most remarkable trait, yielded to fits of impatience, in which, sometimes, his very reason seemed to struggle for empire; and at such times as these he would drop hints, and give vent to thoughts, that were awful and appalling to listen to. It appeared to me that he regarded his present afflicted state as the dreadful retribution of some real or

imaginary crime; for, in addition to the unceasing depression which seized him, his fears of death were incessant, and great beyond measure. Sometimes the thought that there was no future state would shoot across his mind, and a species of reckless gayety would follow; but in a moment after, the strong and full conviction of his self-deception would visit him—and then his agony was frightful to witness. In the sad alternation of these states of hope and fear, in which the former was, if possible, more affecting to witness, weeks rolled on. One night, when recovering from a nervous attack, which, by its duration and severity, seemed to threaten more fatally than usual, he called me to him, and desired me to bring, from a concealed drawer in his trunk, a small ebony box clasped with silver. I did so. He took it with trembling hands, and placed it beside him on the pillow, while, with a voice scarcely audible from agitation, he whispered, —

“Leave me, Carl,—leave me to myself! There is in this box what may meet no other eye than mine. And, oh, would to Heaven that its bright lightnings had struck and blighted me, rather than I should ever have looked upon it!”

The energy with which these words were spoken seemed to weary and overcome him, and he was barely able to say,—

“Leave me now, my friend. But stay; ere you go, promise me—swear to me, as you hope—ay, as you hope your deathbed may be not like mine—swear, when all is at rest within this torn and afflicted heart, that you will, with your own hands, place this box within my coffin—swear to place it there unopened: better far you had not enjoyed the blessed gift of sight, than look upon what it contains. I grow weaker—promise me this.”

“I do,” I replied hurriedly. “I promise.”

“Swear it,” he said; while the large drops of sweat stood upon his brow, and his bloodshot eyes glared upon me like a maniac.

“I swear,” said I, anxious to relieve the terrific convulsion which his eagerness brought on,—“I swear.” And as he lay back slowly upon the bed, I left the room.

When, again, after a considerable time, I entered the chamber, he had turned his face towards the wall, — his head buried between both his hands; while sobs, which he appeared struggling to control, burst from him at intervals. The casket lay locked beside him. I took it up, and placed it within my portmanteau; and, not daring to interfere with the course of that sorrow, the cause of which he had not confided to me, I stole noiselessly from the room.

When next I saw him he appeared to be somewhat better; but the feeble powers of life had received a severe shock, and his haggard and broken look showed how much a few hours had hastened the approach of death. That evening he never once alluded to the subject which had agitated him, and bade me "Good-night" earlier than usual, wishing to relieve his fatigue by sleep. I never saw him after.

I had scarcely composed myself to sleep, my mind full of the events of the day, when an express arrived from an English nobleman, who had been my most influential and steadiest friend, requiring me immediately to set out for Naples, to make a picture of his only daughter ere her body was committed to the earth. She had died of the malaria, and her funeral could not be long delayed. I immediately set out, taking with me the portmanteau that contained the casket, and such requisites for painting as I could hurriedly collect. With all my anxiety to return to my old companion, I was unable to leave Naples before the tenth day. I then turned my face homewards, with a heart beating with anxiety, lest his death should have taken place in my absence. The diligence in which I travelled was attacked near Calvi by banditti. Several of the passengers, being well armed, made resistance, and a dreadful conflict took place. Severely wounded in the side with a stiletto, I remained for dead upon the ground, and lost all remembrance of everything till the moment I discovered myself a patient in the public hospital of Naples.

Several weeks of fever and delirium had passed over me, and I lay now weak and powerless. By degrees my strength was restored, and as I lay, one day, meditating a speedy departure from the hospital, the intendant of the police came to inform me that several articles of value, contained

in a portmanteau bearing my initials, had been discovered near the scene of the late encounter, where they had probably been dropped by the robbers in their flight, and that, on my identifying and claiming them as mine they should be restored to me. Among other things he mentioned the ebony casket. I dared not ask if it were opened, lest my agitation might occasion surprise or suspicion, and promised to inspect them the following morning and identify such as were my property.

The next day I appeared at the bureau of the police. The portmanteau was produced and unlocked, and the very first thing I set my eyes upon was the picture. The case had been rudely torn open, and it lay there exposed to all. My promise — my solemnly pledged oath — came instantly to my mind, and all the awful denunciations the old man had spoken of, as in store for him who should look upon that picture. I was horror-struck and speechless, and only remembered where I was, as the *Commissaire*, who stood behind me and looked at it, asked if I were the painter? I replied not.

“The likeness is, indeed, wonderful,” said he.

I started; but immediately recovering myself, said, —

“You must be under some mistake. You could scarcely have seen the person for whom this was intended?” I said this because, from the attentive consideration I had given it, as well as the initials in the corner of the drapery, I perceived it to be one of the most beautifully executed enamels of Julio Romano, and must, at least, have been nearly two centuries old.

“Impossible I can be mistaken!” said he; “that is not only the Comtesse d’Alvini herself, but there, and even more like, stands her uncle, ‘Il Dottore Albretto,’ as he was called. Why, I remember as well as though it were but yesterday, though I was only a boy at the time, her marriage — with one of your own profession, too. How can I forget his name! — ah, I have it, — Antonio Gioventa! By the bye, they said, too, the union was none of the happiest, and that they separated soon after. But of that I know nothing myself, for they never appeared in Naples after the morning they were married.”

How I longed to make one or two inquiries: but fear prevented me, — fear lest my own ignorance concerning the history of the picture might be discovered, and I confess, too, something like dread: for the evident age of the picture tallied but ill with the account the *Commissaire* gave of the characters represented: and I longed for the moment I should put into execution, at least, so much of my promise as was yet in my power. Putting it up, therefore, with such of my effects as I recognized, I returned to my hotel.

The entire evening I could think of nothing but the story of the *Commissaire*. The artist could have been none other than my old friend Nichola Calertio, — for by this name I had known him. — and that lovely creature must have been his wife. And what was her fate? and what could have been the awful mystery that wrapt their history? These thoughts dwelt in my mind, and, framing ten thousand solutions of the secret, I at last sunk into sleep.

The following day I took my departure for Rome. On my arrival, what was my horror to discover that Nichola had died the day after my departure from Naples, and that he had been buried in the strangers' burial-ground; but in what spot, no one knew — nor had he one left who could point out his grave. Again my oath came to my mind, and I could not divest myself of the thought, that in the series of events which prevented its accomplishment chance had nothing to do; and that the hand of a guiding Providence had worked these apparent accidents for His own wise ends.

From that hour I guarded, how closely I cannot say, this picture from all human eye; but if I did so, the very impulse which drove me to conceal it from all others led me to look upon it myself. Like the miser who possesses a hidden treasure, ten thousand times dearer that it is known to him alone, I have sat, hour by hour, in the silent contemplation of it in my chamber; I have studied the features one by one, till I almost thought the figure lived and breathed before me: and often have I left the crowded and brilliant *salon* to seek, in the stillness of my own home, the delicious calm and dreamy tranquillity that painting ever inspired me with.

And so it had been my custom, when first I returned to Dresden, to sit for days long with that picture open before me. As a work of art, it possessed undoubted excellence; but I could not help feeling that its mysterious history had invested it with an interest altogether deeper and more powerful than the beauty of the execution could alone account for. This habit had been first broken in upon by the numerous and varied occupations my newly-arisen popularity brought upon me; and amid the labors of the painting-room, and the gay hours of fashionable dissipation, I had been now some weeks without once having seen it, when the events I have just detailed, and my determination to copy from it, brought it again fully to my mind.

The day which followed that long night of misery passed I know not how. When I awoke from the deep musing my thoughts had fallen into, it was already evening; the sun had set, and a soft twilight was sleeping on all around. I opened my window, and let the cool breeze of the evening blow upon my heated and fevered brain; and as I sat thus, lost in reverie, the last traces of daylight gradually faded away, and a thin, crescent-like moon showed itself over the hill of the Meissner. The city lay in deep shadow, and almost in silence; the mournful plashing of the river being plainly heard above all other sounds. There is something sad, and almost awful, in the sight of a large and populous city bathed in the silence and sleep of night; its busy voice hushed, its streets untrodden, or echoing to the tread of a solitary passer-by. To me this was now most welcome. The dreamy melancholy of my mind felt pleasure in the death-like stillness about me, and I wandered forth to enjoy the free air and balmy breeze upon the bank of the Elbe. After some time I crossed the bridge, and continued my walk through the suburb, intending to return by a beautiful garden which lies on that side of the river. As I approached the Elbe I was struck by the bright glare of light which, proceeding from some building near, illuminated the river nearly the whole way across, displaying upon its glassy surface several boats, in which the people sat resting on their oars, and scarcely moving in the gentle tide of the stream. I remembered for a moment, and then it occurred

to me that the brilliant glare of light proceeded from the villa of Count Lowenstein, which stood upon a small promontory of land, about two miles from Dresden, this being the night of a private *soirée*, to which only his nearest and most intimate friends were ever invited. Report had spoken loudly of the singular beauty of the villa itself, the splendor of its decorations, the richness and taste of its furniture; and, indeed, around the whole character of the place, and the nature of the entertainments held there, the difficulty of *entrée*, and the secrecy observed by the initiated, had thrown an air of the most romantic interest. To these *soirées*, although honored by marks of the greatest distinction, and even admitted to the closest intimacy, the Count never invited me, and in the days of my prosperity it had ever been with a sense of pique I called to mind the circumstance. Thither I now inadvertently bent my steps, and it was only when the narrowness of the path which lay between the hedge of the garden and the river required my caution in walking, that I remembered I must have entered the grounds, and was then actually within a few paces of the villa. While I stood for a moment, uncertain whether to retreat or advance, I was struck by observing that the boats had gradually and noiselessly approached the bank, a short way from where I was, and, by the attitudes of the figures, I could perceive that they were listening most eagerly and attentively. I approached a few steps, till, at the sudden turning of the walk, I found myself beneath the terrace of a splendid *salon*, brilliantly lighted, and crowded by numerous and full-dressed guests. The rarest plants and most beautiful exotics stood in jars along the balustrade, diffusing their perfume around, and the cheerful hum of voices was heard in the still night air as parties walked to and fro upon the balcony. Suddenly the din of voices was hushed; those that were walking stood still, as if spell-bound, — a few seconds of the most perfect silence followed, — then two or three chords of a harp, lightly but tastefully struck, — and then flowed forth a burst of melody, so full, so rich, so swelling, in the recitative of Rossini, “Oh, Patria! — oh, dolce ingrata Patria!” — that it filled my heart with transport, and my eyes with

tears; and to my wounded and broken spirit there came a holy and delicious calm, as if by some magic spell another had divined my inward sorrow, and, in giving it expression, had given it relief.

The recitative over, oh, with what triumphant gladness came the brilliant *aria*, diffusing joy and happiness through every fibre of my frame! and, as one delicious cadence succeeded another, I felt my heart beat stronger and stronger against my side. My sorrow — my deep, depressing sorrow — was forgotten; a very heaven of brilliant hopes was opened before me, and peace flowed in upon my soul once more. The singer paused; then came a melting cadence, followed by a thrilling shake — so low, so plaintive, and so clear, I felt as if the last emotion of happiness fled with it. A silence of a moment followed, and then a thunder of applause flowed in on every side; and the words, “Divine La Mercia!” burst from every voice around.

I stood amazed and thunderstruck. The quick transition of my feelings had completely overpowered me, and I was only aroused by hearing a voice so near me as to startle me. It was the Count who spoke. He stood directly above me, leaning against a pillar of the portico, and supported upon his arm a lady; but, from her position, I could not catch her features. From his soft, low, and earnest tone of voice, it was plain the nature of his suit was one of heartfelt interest; while the few words she spoke in answer, from their soft tones and foreign accent, left me no doubt they came from La Mercia. I crept nearer the balcony, and, concealed behind the balustrades, waited anxiously to catch a glance at her as she passed. The light fell strongly from an open window upon this part of the terrace; and I could perceive, as she came forward, that, disengaging herself from the Count’s arm, she assumed a more gay and lively manner. She was now within a few feet of where I stood eagerly waiting for the moment she would turn to enter the *salon*. She courtesied deeply to some persons in the crowd; and ere I could recover from the effect of the graceful and beautiful attitude she assumed, she turned. Merciful Heaven! could it be true? I almost screamed aloud; and, but for the hold I took of the balcony, should

have fallen. The picture was La Mercia: the same calm brow, the same melting look, that beautiful outline of neck and throat, and, above all, that lovely contour of head, to see which once was never to forget. She was gone! the guests disappeared one by one from the terrace, the *salon* became again crowded, and the windows were closed against the now chilling night air; and yet so suddenly all seemed to happen, I could scarcely believe but that still that lovely voice and beauteous form were before me; and I could not help thinking, as I left the spot, that to an excited brain and fevered imagination the likeness of the picture to La Mercia must have been owing, as with slow steps I retraced my way homeward.

The next morning, early, I left Dresden for the Augustine monastery at Tetchen, and ardently commenced the intended altar-piece; but, fearing lest the likeness to La Mercia might have been real, I did not copy from the painting as I had resolved. For three months I labored unceasingly; and, whether from the perfect occupation of my time, or that the peaceful and tranquil life of the holy men with whom I lived had its influence, I know not, but my mind once more regained its calmness and serenity, and I felt almost happy again.

In this frame of mind I was when, one morning, one of the fathers, entering my apartment, informed me that my old friend and patron, Count Lowenstein, was about to be married. I started, and hurriedly asked to whom, while the deep blush which suffused my cheek told too plainly the interest I took in the answer.

“I know not,” said the monk; “but report speaks of her as eminently beautiful.”

“Would you recognize the name if you heard it?” I asked.

“I have heard it but once, but think I might remember it again,” said he.

“Then it is La Mercia,” I replied.

“The same,—La Mercia was the name; and they say a more splendid wedding Dresden has never witnessed than this will be.”

I cannot explain why, but never did I feel, at any period

of my life, so completely overcome as when I listened to this report. Never before had I confessed to myself how I had felt towards La Mercia, nor even now could I tell: it was not love; I had never seen her but for a few brief seconds, and yet in my heart she lived, the guiding-star of all my thoughts and aspirations; and though my most sanguine dreams never anticipated my calling her mine, yet I could not bear the thought that she was to belong to another. I resolved at once to set out for Dresden, and, if possible, see her once before the wedding would take place. I thought it would be a balm to my feelings should I look upon her before she was lost to me forever; and I longed ardently to trace, with what calmness I was able, how far the likeness with the picture was real or imaginary. With these intentions I left the monastery that evening, and returned to Dresden.

When I reached home I learned that the Count had been married, and found upon my table a most pressing invitation from him to his *soirée* at the villa that evening. At first I resolved not to accept it. The full measure of my loneliness had never so pressed on me before; for although, in reality, La Mercia was not, nor could ever have been, aught to me, yet I felt as if my fate and happiness were, by some inexplicable ties, wound up with hers; and now that tie was to be broken. I had begun to believe that the extraordinary impression she had made upon my mind had entirely suggested the resemblance with the picture, which some chance trait of likeness might have contributed to, and I longed ardently to see her;—but then, to see her the bride of another! These conflicting thoughts agitated me during the entire day, and I knew not what to decide on.

When evening came I embarked upon the Elbe, and, after a half-hour's rowing, reached the villa of the Count. Lights gleamed from every window, and delicious music was borne on the night wind, that blew gently along the river. Numerous servants, in gorgeous liveries, passed and repassed along the spacious veranda, which ran the entire length of the building, carrying fruit, wine, and ices to those who preferred the balmy air and starry sky without to the heat and glitter of the crowded *salon* within.

With difficulty I made my way through the dense mass that filled the ante-chamber, and at length reached one of the reception-rooms, scarcely less crowded. On every side I beheld some of the highest persons of the city: groups of officers in splendid uniforms, ambassadors, glittering in orders and crosses, distinguished foreigners, artists, authors, were all mingled together in thick profusion, enjoying the magnificence and splendor which unbounded wealth, guided and directed by the most cultivated taste, could create. Standing in mute admiration of a beautiful figure of Psyche, which seemed fresh from the chisel of Canova, I was roused by a voice addressing me, while at the same moment my shoulder was gently tapped. I turned; it was the Count himself.

“Ah, Monsieur le Baron,” said he, “*Enfin après un an!*” as Racine has it. Where have you buried yourself and all your agreeability these ages past? But come, I shall not tax your invention for excuses and apologies; follow me—the Countess has heard me frequently speak of you, and longs to make your acquaintance. This way—after me as well as you can.”

The friendly tone of the Count, as well as its being almost the first time of my being addressed by my new title, brought a deep blush to my cheek, which fortunately was unobserved as I followed him in the crowd. He passed through this room to one still larger, filled with parties playing at several small tables, and thence into an oval *salon*, where waltzing was going on. With great difficulty we got through this, and arrived at a curtain of white cloth, fringed at the bottom with deep and massive silver lace; this he drew gently aside, and we entered the boudoir. Upon a small ottoman, over which was thrown a rich Persian shawl, sat the Countess.

“Isadora,” said the Count, as he approached, — “Isadora, *carissima mia*, this is my friend, Carl Stelling.”

She lifted her head from the picture she was showing to a lady beside her, and as her eye beamed fully upon me and her lips parted to address me, I fell fainting to the ground.

“It is!—it is!” I muttered, as the last ray of consciousness was leaving my whirling brain.

When I recovered, the Count was standing over me bathing my temples. I looked wildly around. I saw we were still in the boudoir, although all but one or two had departed; and from the window, now opened, there came a cool and refreshing breeze. I looked anxiously around for the Countess: she stood at a table, her cheek deadly pale, and I thought her appearance evinced great agitation. I heard her, in a low whisper, ask, —

“ What can this mean? ”

I immediately recovered myself sufficiently to say, that, overcome by the heat of the *salon*, in my then weak state, that I felt completely overpowered. But I saw my explanation seemed incomplete, and that some words must have fallen from me which I did not remember.

The Count, at the same instant, putting his lips to my ear, said, —

“ Carl, this must be explained at another and more fitting moment.”

This increased my agitation, for I now perceived that my merely being suddenly taken ill could never have given rise to such a feeling as all around seemed to labor under. Before, then, I could at all determine how to act, the Countess approached me, and in her softest and kindest manner asked if I were better.

In a moment all my agitation was forgotten; and, indeed, every one of the party seemed to participate, as if by magic, in the balmy influence her few words shed around. Conversation soon resumed its course. For some time the Count's manner was constrained and uncertain, but that soon wore away as the joyous tone and sparkling gayety of his lovely bride seemed to have their effect upon every one about her; and even I — torn, as I was, by feelings I could neither trace nor divine — felt under the mystic spell that so much beauty and grace diffused on every side. With a wonderful tact she alluded at once to such subjects that compelled me, as an artist, to speak, and speak warmly; and, seemingly, catching the enthusiasm from me that she herself had created, she spoke of Venice — its thousand recollections — its treasures of art — its rich historical associations — its ancient glory; and then, taking up her guitar, played with

such tenderness and feeling one of the well-known gondolier *canzonette*, as made the very tears stand in my eyes.

The victory was complete: I forgot the past — I knew no longer where I was. A bright Elysium of bliss had opened before me; and even now, after years of such misery as few have known, I could say that one hour of such intoxicating happiness would be almost cheaply bought by even such affliction.

I started from my trance of pleasure on observing that the guests were taking leave. I at once arose, and as she extended her hand to me, I felt the blood rush to my face and forehead. I barely dared to touch it with my lips, and retired. I hurried from the villa, and springing into my boat, was soon landed at the bridge of Dresden.

From that time my visits at the villa were frequent; seldom a week elapsed without my receiving one or two invitations from the Count; and, at last, to such an extent did my intimacy proceed, and so superior in attraction was the society there, that for it I deserted all other, and only felt happy when with my kind patrons. During this, by far the most delightful period of my life, I was not entirely free from unhappiness. Sometimes the likeness of the Countess to the picture would appear to me so striking as not to be mistaken: one day particularly, when some sudden intelligence was brought to her that caused momentary alarm for the Count's safety, her pale cheek and quivering lip brought the portrait so perfectly before me, that I was unable to speak or offer her advice when she asked my opinion; and then, vague and horrid doubts, and a dread of some unknown and unforeseen calamity, would flash upon my mind; and those who have experienced how deeply they can be impressed by a presentiment of evil, can tell how little it is in their power to rally their spirits against terrors which take every or any shape. And while I reasoned with myself against what might be mere groundless fear, yet I never could look upon the picture and call to mind the deathbed sorrow of the old artist, without feeling that some dreadful fate was connected with its history, in which, as its mere possessor, I might be involved. Sometimes to such a degree did this anxiety prevail upon me, that I had fully determined

to show it to the Countess, and either endeavor to trace its history from her, or at once rid myself of all apprehension concerning it, if she disclaimed all knowledge of it; but then, if she really were connected with its story,—if, as it was possible, a mother's fate (for the resemblance could warrant such a relationship) were wound up with the story,—what right had I, or how could I answer to myself, for the mere satisfaction of my own doubts, to renew the sorrows, and, perhaps, even be the means of publishing to the world the sad detail of forgotten crime or misfortune? Perhaps, however, the picture was not, as I supposed, an antique; it might be an admirable copy. But this idea was relinquished at once: the more I examined, the more fully did it corroborate my opinion of its being the work of a master. Such thoughts as these—and they grew upon me daily more and more—embittered the happiest moments of my intercourse with my friends; and often, when the merry laugh and the joyous glee which pervaded our parties at the villa were at the highest, I thought of that picture, and my heart sank at the recollection, and I would hasten to my home to conceal from every eye the terror and anguish these thoughts ever inspired me with.

One evening, when dressing for the Count's villa, I received a *billet*, written in pencil and evidently in haste; it came from himself, and informed me that the Countess, who had that morning made a short excursion upon the river, had returned home so ill that the entertainment was deferred. I was, however, requested to call the following morning, to take some sketches of Pirna from the villa, which I had long since promised to make for them. So completely had I withdrawn myself from all other society during my great intimacy with Count Lowenstein, that I now felt the *billet* I received left me unable to say where or how I should pass my evening.

In this uncertainty I wandered forth, and without thinking whither my steps led me, it was only on hearing the boatman ask if I were ready that I perceived that I had strolled to the steps beside the bridge, where I usually took my departure for the villa. Lost in reverie and led captive by habit, I had walked to this spot unconsciously to myself.

I was about to dismiss the boatmen for the night, when a whim seized me to drop on board and visit those small and wooded islands that lie about a league up the river. It was a calm and beautiful night; and in the wild and untrdden solitude of these romantic islands I remained till near midnight.

As we passed the grounds of the Count, I ordered the boatmen to land me at a spot remote from the house, whence I could proceed on foot, wishing to make some inquiry for the Countess before I returned home. They accordingly put me on shore at a small flight of steps which descended to the water's edge from a terraced path that ran a considerable distance through the park, and was concealed in its entire length by tall hedges of beech, completely overgrown with flowering creeping shrubs, and so impenetrable that, even in noonday, it was impossible for those without to see persons walking within, while the closely-shaven sod effectually prevented footsteps being heard. The moon was up, and nearly at the full, and all beneath me in the richly-ornamented flower-garden was bathed in a sea of mellow light. The marble statues that adorned the walks threw their lengthened shadows at their bases, while their own whiteness seemed purer and fairer than ever. The villa itself, half obscured by trees, seemed, in its tranquil beauty, the very emblem of peace; and as the pillars of the portico threw a deeper shadow, gave a broadness to the effect which struck me as wonderfully beautiful. I gazed around me with momentarily increasing admiration. The gentle murmuring of the leaves agitated by the breeze, and theplash of the river, made the silence around me even more striking. I stood lost in the enjoyment of the delicious repose of the whole scene, when a slight noise upon the gravel walk attracted my attention; I listened, and now distinctly heard footsteps approaching, and also the voices of persons whispering in a low and much-suppressed tone. They came nearer, and were now only concealed from my view by the tall hedge, beneath which they walked; and soon the shadow of two figures were cast along the broad walk in the bright moonlight. For a moment they stopped speaking, and then

I heard a laugh in a low and under-tone — but such a laugh! My very blood ran chilled back upon my heart as I heard it. Oh, if the fiend himself had given that dreadful and heart-appalling laugh, it could not be more awful! It scarcely died away in the faint echo, ere I heard the sobs, deep and low, of another and far different voice. At this instant the figures emerged from the darkness, and stood in the bright moonlight. They stood beside an old and broken pillar, which had once supported a sun-dial, and around whose shaft the clustering ivy had wound itself. They were entirely concealed by large cloaks, which enveloped their entire figures, but still I could perceive that one was much larger and more robust than the other. This latter, taking a small lamp, which was concealed beneath the folds of his cloak, placed it upon the pillar, while at the same instant the other figure, throwing off the cloak, knelt at his feet. Oh; that reason had left me, or that life itself had parted from me, ere I should look upon that scene! She — she who knelt and held her suppliant hands was La Mercia; and he who, now divested of his mantle, stood over her, was the dark and awful-looking man of the picture! There they stood. The dresses of both were copied to the life; their looks — oh, Heaven! their very looks were pictured as they stood. She spoke: and as she did so her arms fell powerless before her; he scowled the same horrid scowl of hate and scorn. My brain was turning; I tried to scream out, my voice failed me — I was mute and powerless; my knees rocked and smote each other; convulsive tremor shook me to the centre, and with a groan of agony I sank fainting to the earth.

The day was breaking ere I came to myself; I arose, all was quiet around me. I walked to the boat — the boatmen were sleeping; I awoke them, and we returned to Dresden. I threw myself upon my bed — my brain seemed stupefied and exhausted — I fell into a profound sleep, and woke not till late the following evening. A messenger had brought a note from the Count — “The Countess is worse.” The note detailed briefly that she had passed a feverish and disturbed night, and that the medical attendants had never left the villa. Was it then but a dream, my dreadful vision of the past

night? and had my mind, sorrowing for the affliction of my best friend, conjured up the awful scenes I believed to have witnessed? How could it be otherwise? The *billet* I received told most distinctly that she was confined to her bed, severely, dangerously ill; and of course watched with all the care and attention the most sedulous anxiety could confer. I opened the picture, and then conviction flashed with lightning's rapidity upon me, that it was not delusion — that no dream had brought these images before my mind. "Ah," I cried, "my friend, my patron, how have I betrayed thee? Why did I not earlier communicate the dreadful story of the picture, and thus guard you against the machinations by which the fiend himself has surrounded you? But then, what had I to tell? how embody the vague and shadowy doubts that took, even in my own mind, no palpable shape or form?"

That entire day was passed in alternate resolution and abandonment; now, determined to hasten to the villa, and disclose to the Count every circumstance I had seen, and then thinking how little such mere suspicion would gain credence, and how unfit the present moment to obtrude upon his breaking and distracted heart the horrid dread that haunted mine. Towards evening a messenger arrived, breathless with haste. He brought no note, but merely bade me hasten to the villa, as the Count wished to see me with all possible despatch. I mounted the servant's horse, and in a few minutes reached the place. Servants were running hither and thither distractedly. I asked, eagerly, How was the Countess? No one could tell, but all seemed to imply that there was no hope of recovery. I entered the large and spacious hall, and threw myself upon a sofa; and as I looked around upon the splendid hangings, the gilded cornices, and marbled pillars, and thought upon that sorrow such splendor surrounded, my heart sickened. A shadow fell upon the brightly polished floor. I looked up — a figure stood at the window of the hall, and stared me steadily in the face. The eyes glared wildly, and the dark, malignant features were lit up with a scornful scowl of more than human hate and triumph. It was the incarnation of the Evil One exulting over a fallen and lost spirit. A loud shriek rent the air behind

me. I dared not turn my eyes from the horrid sight before me. "Oh, Heavens! it is true! — he is, he is the *Tutore*!" I cried, as the features, convulsed for an instant with fiendish triumph, resumed their cold and even more appalling aspect. A threatening gesture from his hand arrested me, as I was about to call aloud. My voice came not, though my lips moved. I could not rise from the seat — a dreadful scream rang through the building — another, and another followed — the figure was gone. At the same moment the Count rushed forward — his dress disordered, his hair falling loosely upon his shoulders — madness, wild insanity, in his look. He turned and saw me; and bursting into a torrent of hysterical laughter, cried out, —

"Ha, ha, Carl! — welcome to our abode of pleasure; here, all is gayety and happiness. What sorrow ever crosses this threshold?" and then, with a sudden revulsion, he stared at me fixedly, and said in a low sepulchral voice, "She is dead — dead! But the time is passing — a few minutes more, and 't will be too late. This, Carl, will explain all. Take this, and this — these papers must be your care — promise me to observe them to the letter; they were her — her last wishes, and you knew her. Oh, is this a dream? it is too, too horrible to be real. Ah!" said he, after a moment's pause; "I am ready!" and springing from me wildly, rushed through the door towards the inner apartments.

I started up and followed him — I knew not which way he took in the corridor; and as I stood uncertain, a loud report of firearms crashed on my ear. I flew to the sick chamber — servants stood gasping and trembling without. I tore open the door; there lay the Count upon the floor, his head rent asunder by the bullets from the pistol his hand still grasped. He had endeavored to reach the bed, and fell half upon a chair. In the bed lay the still warm corpse of the Countess, beautiful as in life. I looked from one to the other; my seared and stony heart, turned to apathy by the horrors I had witnessed, gave no relief to its feeling in tears, and I spoke not as I slowly left the room.

For two days I spoke not to any one. A dreamy unconsciousness seemed to wrap my faculties, and I felt not

the time passing. On the third day I rallied sufficiently to open the papers the Count had intrusted to me. One contained an affectionate farewell to myself, from the Count, with a dying bequest; the other was in a lady's hand — it bore the Countess's signature; and here I discovered, with surprise and horror, that to the performance of the rash act by which the Count had terminated his existence, he was bound by a solemn oath. I read, and re-read, to assure myself of the fact. It was true! Such was the terrible promise she extorted from the wretched lover, under the delusive hope of their meeting in another and happier life. Then followed the directions for the funeral, which were minute to a degree. The bodies of both, when coffined, were to be placed in a small temple in the garden, near the river; the key of which was to be sent to a Dominican monk, who lived in an obscure part of the city. By him were the coffins to be closed, which it was strictly enjoined should be done by him, alone and unaccompanied, the night before the burial.

All was done as the wish of the deceased enjoined, and the key despatched by a trusty servant of my own to the friar, who appeared to be in expectation of it, and knew its import.

I sat in a lonely and desolate room, which had formerly been mine, in the villa of the Count: that long and dreary night the wind poured its mournful wailing through the pine-trees in dirgeful memory of him who was no more. From the window of the temple a bright light gleamed till near morning, when it gradually faded away. Thither I repaired at daybreak, with the household. All was still — the door lay open — the coffins were closed and screwed down. The friar was gone. We afterwards found that he had not returned to his lodgings in the city, nor was he ever after seen in Dresden. The bodies were committed to the earth, and I returned to my home alone in the world.

It was several years after this — the awful death of my earliest, best friend — that I arrived in Paris to exhibit, in the gallery of the Luxembourg, an historical picture, upon which I had labored for years. I must be brief — my pic-

ture was exhibited, and my most sanguine expectations surpassed by its success; and in a few short days the whole scene of my early triumph was re-enacted. Praise and flattery poured in upon me; and as in Dresden before, so now in Paris, I became the fashion and the rage. But how changed was I! No longer exulting in my success and buoyant with hopes, I received all the adulation I met with, with cold indifference and apathy.

Among the many attentions which my popularity had conferred upon me, was an invitation to the Hôtel de Rohan. The duke, a most distinguished connoisseur in painting, having seen and applauded my picture, waited on me. Thus bound in duty, I went; and fatigued by the round of soulless gayety, in what I could no longer feel happy, or even forgetful, I was retiring early, when the duke met me, and said—

“Ah, monsieur, I have been looking for you. The Comtesse de Julliart has desired me to present you to her; and when I tell you that she is the most beautiful woman in Paris, I need not say how much you must prize the honor among all the distinctions your talents have earned. Come this way.”

I followed mechanically—my heart took no interest in the scene—and I only longed to be once more alone and unobserved. As I walked after the duke, he gave me a short account of the beautiful Countess, whom he mentioned as the last descendant of an old and honored family, supposed to have been long since extinct, when she, a few months before, appeared in Paris, and laid claim to the title. As she possessed unbounded wealth, and had no great favors to ask anywhere, the Court were charmed with her beauty, and readily admitted her claims, which some were ill-natured enough to say, were, perhaps, merely assumed without foundation.

I took little interest in the story. My thoughts were far away, as they ever were for many years, from everything of the present; and 't was only as I heard the duke announce my name, among a group who stood near a sofa, that I remembered why I was there.

The Countess sat with her back to us, but rose immedi-

ately on hearing my name. I bowed deeply as she stood up; and recovering myself from my obeisance, looked up. Oh, merciful Heaven, with what horror I looked! — It was no other than La Mercia! With one loud cry of “ ‘Tis she! ‘tis she!” I fell fainting to the floor.

Weeks of wild raving and delirium followed. I left Paris — I returned to Dresden. There, all reminded me of the past. I fled from my home; and now, after years of wandering in solitary and distant lands, I feel deep in my heart the heavy curse that has followed upon my broken oath, and which has made me an outcast and a broken-hearted wanderer in the world forever.

THE PASS OF THE ARLBERG.

BEFORE leaving the Vorarlberg, and while now on its very frontier, I would wish to keep some record of two very different but yet very characteristic actions, of which this place was the scene. As you begin the ascent of the Arlberg from the westward, the road makes two very abrupt zigzags, being carried along the edge of a deep precipice. On looking down over the low battlements that guard the side of the way, you discover, immediately under you, the spire and roofs of a small village several hundred feet below. The churchyard, the little gardens, the narrow streets, and the open “Platz,” where stands a fountain, are all mapped out distinctly. This is the village of Steuben. A strange spot you would deem it for any to have chosen as a dwelling-place, hemmed in between lofty mountains, on whose bleak sides the snow is seen in the very midsummer; surrounded by wild crags and yawning clefts, without even pasturage for anything save a goat: but your surprise will increase on learning that twice within the last century has this village been swept away by falling avalanches. The first time, the snow meeting in its descent from the mountains on either side, actually formed a bridge over a portion of the village; and the houses thus saved were long regarded as under the special favor of the Virgin, with whose image they were most bounteously decorated. The

next calamity, however, destroyed the prestige, for they were mingled in the common destruction.

It would be difficult for “gentlemen of England, who live at home in ease,” to fancy any reason for this unaccountable selection of a residence which adds the highest amount of peril to all the woes of poverty. But every traveller has seen many such instances. In every mountain land they are to be met with, and in each of the Alpine passes little groups of houses — they can scarcely be called villages — can be detected in spots where access is most difficult, where no feature around indicates any means of supporting life, and where the precautions — simple and ineffectual enough — against avalanches, show that danger to be among their calculations. How explain this? By what associations have these dreary spots become hallowed into homes? Possibly the isolated lives of these little families of men give them the same distaste to mixing with their brethren of the great world, that is felt by a solitary recluse to entering into society. Mayhap, too, the sense of peril itself has its share in the attraction. There is no saying how far this feeling may go, so strange and wayward are the caprices of human nature.

If you enter any of these villages, the narratives of snow-storms, of falling precipices, and “Lavines,” as avalanches are called, meet you at every step. They are the great topics of these communities, as the movements of politics or the vacillations of the Bourse are elsewhere. Scarcely one who has reached the middle term of life has not been, at least once, in the most imminent peril; and these things are talked of as the common accidents of existence, the natural risks of humanity! Very strange does it sound to us who discuss so eagerly the perils of a wooden pavement in our thoroughfares!

It is curious, too, to hear, as one may, most authentically, the length of time life can be preserved beneath the snow. Individuals have been buried so long as three entire days, and yet taken out alive. The cold, of which it would be supposed they had suffered dreadfully, seems scarcely very great; and the porous nature of the snow, and possibly the chinks and crevices left between falling masses, have usually

left air sufficient for respiration. That individuals in such circumstances of peril are not, always at least, devoid of their exercise of the faculties, I remember one instance which is sufficiently convincing. It was in the *Via Mala*, about five miles from the village of *Splügen*, where, in the year 1829, the little cabriolet that conveyed the mail was swept away by an avalanche. The calamity was not known for full seven or eight hours afterwards, when some travellers from *Andeer* reaching the spot, found the road blocked up by snow, and perceived a portion of the wooden rail of the road, and a fragment of a horse-harness adhering to it, half-way down the precipice. The guides of the party, well accustomed to reason from such sad premises, at once saw what had happened. Conceiving, however, that the driver had been carried down over the cliff, and consequently to certain death, they directed their sole care to clearing a passage for the travellers. In so doing, they proceeded with long poles to sound the snow, and ascertain to what depth it lay unhardened. It was in one of these "explorations," and when the pole had sunk above ten feet deep into a mass of soft unfrozen snow, that the man who held it found himself unable to withdraw the staff, and called his comrades to aid him.

They soon perceived, however, that the resistance gradually yielded, and from the instinct peculiar to the "hand" — another illustration for Sir Charles Bell — they recognized that it must be the grip of human fingers which held the other end of the pole. They immediately began to excavate on the spot, and in half an hour liberated the poor postilion of the mail car, who, although hearing the shouts and cries of the party for nearly an hour over his head, could not succeed in making his own voice heard, and but for the fortunate accident of the pole must have perished.

Many curious escapes were told to me, but this appeared most singular of all; and now I come back to *Steuben*, or rather to the wild mountain above it, over which, by a succession of windings, the road leads which joins the *Vorarlberg* to the *Tyrol*. About one-third of the ascent accomplished, you come upon an abrupt turning of the way, in rounding which a wide carriage can scarcely escape

grating on the rock on one side, while from the window on the opposite, the traveller looks down upon a gorge actually yawning at his feet; the low barrier of wall, which does not rise above the nave of the wheel, is a very frail and insignificant protection on such a spot, but when hid from view, as it is to those seated in a carriage, the effect of the gulf is really enough to shake common nerves. A little inscription upon a stone in this wall records the name of the engineer — Donegani, if I remember aright — who, deeming this spot the triumph of his skill, has selected it whereon to inscribe his achievement. There is another meaning connected with the place, but unrecorded; it could not, indeed, have been transmitted, like that of the engineer, for when the event of which it treats occurred, there was neither wall nor railing, and the road passed some twelve feet higher up, over a ledge of rock, and actually seemed to jut out above the precipice. There is, indeed, a memorial of the transaction to which I allude, but it stands about twelve hundred feet down in the gorge below — a small wooden cross of rudest workmanship, with the equally rudely inscribed words, “Der Vorspann’s Grab.”

Now for the story, which happily is short.

It was late on a severe evening of winter, as a *caleche* drawn by two horses drew up to the door of the post-house at Steuben; for then, as now, Steuben was the last post-station before commencing the ascent of the Arlberg. The travellers, two in number, wore military cloaks and foraging caps; but what the precise rank, or to what arm of the service they belonged, not even the prying observations of the host could fathom. Their orders were for fresh horses immediately to cross the mountain, and although the snow-drift was falling fast, and the night dark as pitch, they peremptorily insisted on proceeding. The post regulations of those days were not very stringent and arbitrary; as a post-master may seem nowadays, he was nothing to the autocrat that once ruled the comings and goings of unhappy travellers.

When he averred that his horses had done enough — that it was a saint’s day — that the weather was too bad or his postilions too weary, the case was hopeless, and the traveller

was consigned, without appeal, to the consolations of his own philosophy.

It chanced that on this occasion the whole disposable cavalry of the post consisted of two blind mares, which were both too old and weak to tempt the cravings of the commissary, who a few days before had seized on all the draught-cattle to convey stores to Feldkirch, at that time menaced by a French force under Massena.

The officers, however, were urgent in their demand—it was of the last importance that they should reach Innspruck by the following evening. At last, half by menace, half by entreaty, it was arranged that the two old mares should be harnessed to the carriage, the host remonstrating all the while on the inability of the expedient, and averring that, without a Vorspann, a relay of horses, to lead at the steepest parts of the mountain, the attempt would be fruitless. “Nay,” added he, “if you doubt me, ask the boy who is sleeping yonder, and has been driving the Vorspann for years over the Arlberg.” The travellers turned and beheld on a heap of straw, in the corner of the kitchen, a poor little boy, whose ragged uniform of postilion had evidently reached him at third or fourth hand, so large and loosely did it hang around his slender figure. He was sleeping soundly, as well he might, for he had twice crossed the mountain to St. Christoph on that same day.

“And this book,” said one of the travellers, taking a very tattered and well-thumbed volume which had dropped from the sleeper’s fingers, “has this poor little fellow time to read?”

“He contrives to do it somehow,” said the host, laughing; “nay, more, as you may see there, he has begun to teach himself French. Since he heard that the French army was about to invade us, he has never ceased his studies, sitting up half the night working at that old grammar there, for which he gave all his month’s earnings.”

“And what may be his reason for this?” said the elder traveller, evidently interested in the recital.

“He has got the notion that if the French succeed in forcing the pass of Feldkirch and enter the Tyrol, that, as he will be constantly engaged as Vorspann on the mountain, his

knowledge of French would enable him to discover many secrets of the enemy, as no one would ever suspect a poor creature like him of having learned a foreign language."

"And his motive was then purely a patriotic one?"

"Purely; he is poor as you see, and an orphan, but his Tyrol blood runs warm and thick in his veins."

"And what progress has he made?"

"That I cannot answer you, *mein herr*; for no one here-about knows anything of French — nor, I suppose, had he ever the opportunity of testing the acquirement himself. They are driven back, I am told."

"For the present," said the elder stranger, gravely; "but we shall need all the reserves at Innspruck to hold our ground whenever they renew the attack."

The sleeper was now aroused to take the saddle; for in the absence of the regular postilion the Vorspann was obliged to take his place.

Still but half awake, the little fellow stood up, and mechanically buttoning up his worn jacket, he took down his whip and prepared for the road. The travellers were soon ready, and ere many minutes elapsed the *calèche* had left the village, and, with the best pace the old mares could accomplish, was breasting the snow-drift and the first rise of the mountain. After about an hour's driving, during which Joseph had exhibited his utmost skill in taking advantage of every available bit of trotting-ground, they came at length to the commencement of the steep ascent; and there, hanging his whip on the saddle-peak, the little fellow got down, to relieve his cattle as they toiled up the precipitous ascent. He had not gone far, when, happening to drop behind beside the *calèche*, what did he hear but the sounds of that very language upon which all his day and night dreams were set? All that he had remarked of the two travellers was, that they wore cloaks of military cut and foraging caps, and now he heard them conversing in French. The whole train of events on which his mind so long had been dwelling came now forcibly before him. "Feldkirch had been forced, the French were already masters of the pass; in a few days they would be over the Arlberg and in possession of all Tyrol!" Such was the terrible series of events a few words of French

revealed to his excited imagination. With this conviction he drew nearer and nearer the door, till he could hear the very words they spoke. Now the truth was that the travellers, by way of amusing themselves with the poor boy's eccentric devotion, had no sooner seen him within ear-shot of the carriage than they began speaking French together. And when they perceived that they had gained his attention, the younger one, in a tone of assumed warmth, exclaimed, "If we do but reach Innspruck in time, the whole country is our own."

Then suddenly changing to German, he cried out, —

" Holloa, Vorspann, we are pressed for time. Spring into the saddle, my lad, and use your spurs well, and ye shall have a Baierisch ducat for your stage."

As if obedient to the command, Joseph mounted at once; and steep as the road was, by dint of spurs, whip, and voice, he struck out into a half-shuffling canter, the very utmost speed his beasts could accomplish. With many a shock and bound the *calèche* sprang from side to side of the narrow road, while the same who last spoke called out —

" So much for patriotism! The promise of a ducat would open the Tyrol from Bregenz to Trent."

The words were not well uttered when a loud cry rent the air; the horses sprang abruptly to one side, and the *calèche*, with a tremendous jerk, upset, and had not the wheel become entangled in a stunted oak-tree, must have fallen over the cliff, where, for a second or two, the horses hung as if suspended, and then, as the strained tackle gave way, fell with a thundering crash into the dark abyss — the last cry of the boy being the war-cry of his Vaterland, "*Frey tis Tyrol!*"

Such was the devotion of this poor child — he was scarcely more — that he dashed the blind horses over the steepest precipice of the Arlberg, ready to meet death in its most terrible form, if he could involve in his fate his country's enemies. His mangled body was found the following day beside the stream in the glen. The travellers escaped with slight injury, to brood over their own unhappy trifling with a peasant's faith and a Tyroler's devotion.

There is another memory associated with this mountain pass, and it is of a heroism nobler and more exalted than

that of the poor Vorspann : I mean the “Hospice” for forlorn travellers built and endowed by the exertions of an orphan child, who, being impressed in his earlier years with the sad fate of many a wayfarer, devoted a whole life to seeking aid to build this house of refuge. In this glorious pilgrimage he wandered over nearly the whole of Europe and a great part of America, and returned to accomplish the great purpose he had planned.

This “Zuflucht-Haus,” or Hospice of Heinrich “Findel-kind”—for he was named the “Foundling,” having none to claim or acknowledge him—has been superseded by a more commodious and better endowed edifice under the auspices of the Imperial Government, who have gracefully preserved the memory of the first founder; thus showing themselves not ashamed to be reminded of their own *devoirs* by a poor orphan.

And now from the heights of St. Christopher I look down upon the winding glens and bold mountains of Tyrol! The great cross yonder on the rock marks the boundary. And now, adieu! the square fur caps of the Bregenzer Walderin; the huge silver filigree leaves, which look like peacocks’ tails of frosted silver, fastened to the back of the head; the short-waisted dresses, gayly embroidered with the wearers’ initials upon the stomacher; and the stockings, so piously adorned with saintly emblems; and last, but not least, the peaceful quietude of a primitive people—to have lived among whom is to carry away for life-long a pleasant memory of a simple-minded, kindly peasantry.

On descending the Arlberg by the eastward, or the Tyrol side, there is a little low ruin not far from the road. It stands nestled in a small nook between the hills, and shows the stunted and cattle-cropped remains of a few fruit-trees around. This was an ancient shrine where four monks formerly lived, devoting their lives to aiding the travellers of the pass; and some say that its foundation dates from that of the establishment of St. Gallen in Switzerland, and that both owe their origin to the same pious hand—an Irish monk. So is it incontestably true that the great monastery of St. Gall, and the spacious convents of Mehrer-Au and Loch Au on the borders of the

Lake of Constance, were founded by an Irishman. What a destiny, that the nation whose mission should have been the spread of Christianity in the earliest centuries, should present such a spectacle of crime and God-forgetfulness in our own !

CHAPTER XII.

I WISH my travelling countrymen — and what land turns out such myriads of wanderers? — would betake themselves, in their summer rambles, to the Tyrol, rather than Switzerland. If the use of German be not as frequent with us as French, still very little suffices for the every-day necessities of the road; and while, in point of picturesque beauty the tour is little, if anything, inferior to Switzerland in all that regards the people, the superiority of the Tyrolese is without a question.

Switzerland — save in some few remote spots of the German cantons, and these not generally worth the visiting — is a land of extortion and knavery. The whole country is laid out pretty much as St. Paul's in London used to be, some years back — so much for the aisle, so much for the whispering gallery, so much for the ball, &c. Each mountain, each glen, every glacier and snow-peak, has its corps of guides, farming out by a tariff the wild regions of the roe and the chamois, and vulgarizing the features of nature to the level of the Colosseum in London, and its pasteboard avalanches.

This may be all very delightful for those junketing parties who steam up the Rhine on a three weeks' excursion, and want to "do Switzerland" before they reach home, — jogging to Chamouni in an omnibus, and riding up the Rigi in an ass-pannier. But to enjoy mountains — to taste really of the exquisite sense of impressive solemnity a wild mountain-scene can suggest — give me the Tyrol — give me the land where the crashing cataract is heard in the midst of unbroken stillness — where, in the deep valleys, the tinkling bell of the herd sounds for miles afar — where, better than all, the peasant is not degraded from his self-respect to become a hanger-on of each stranger that he sees, but is

still a peasant, stout of heart and limb, ready to do the honors of his humble *chalet* if you cross his threshold, but not bartering his native hospitality for gold ! What a fine national character is made up of that sturdy independence — that almost American pride of equality — with the devoted loyalty to their sovereign ! How admirably does the sense of personal freedom blend with obedience to the Kaiser ! How intimately is love of country bound up with fealty to the country's king ! O Austria ! if all thy subjects were like these, how little need you fear revolutionary Poles or reforming Popes ! The sounds of the national sign, *Gott erhalte unser Kaiser !* would drown the wildest cry that ever Anarchy shouted.

The gifted advocates of Progress and Enlightenment, who write in Penny Magazines and People's Journals, may sneer at the simple faith of a people who recognize a father in their monarch — who are grateful for a system of government that secures to them the peaceful enjoyment of their homes and properties, with scarcely the slightest burden of taxation.

Such travellers as Inglis may record conversations with individuals disposed to grumble at the few opportunities for social convulsion and change ; but, taking the mass of the people, judging from what is palpable to every sojourner in the land, where does one see less of poverty — where so much contentment, so much of enjoyment of life, such a general feeling of brotherhood in every rank and class ? — where are the graceful virtues of charity and kindliness more conspicuous ? — and, above all, where is there so little of actual crime ?

It may be said, the temptations are not so great to breaches of law where a general well-being prevails, where each has enough for his daily wants, and life displays no inordinate ambitions. I am willing to acknowledge all this : I cavil not for the cause — I only ask acceptance for the fact. If one would wish to see the boldest spirit of personal freedom united to implicit obedience to a ruler, the most stubborn independence of character with a courteous submission to the will of him recognized as superior, a manly self-reliance with a faithful trust that there are

others better, wiser, and more far-seeing than himself, — then let him come to the Tyrol!

The Tyrol is, perhaps, the only part of Europe where any portion of romance still dwells — where the little incidents of daily life are tinctured with customs that derive from long ago — where facts of bygone days, traditions of their fathers' time, are interwoven with the passing hour — and where primitive habits and tastes are believed to carry with them a blessing, as to those who honor their fathers' memories. National gratitude is far more closely allied with individual gratitude than is usually believed. Under the shade of the great tree the little plant is often nurtured. It is easy to imagine well of the individual, where the masses are moved by noble aspirations.

Scarcely a valley, not a single defile here, is without its historic glories — many of them as of yesterday, and yet, in their simple heroism, recalling a time when personal valor was of greater worth than strategic skill and science. I always regret that Scott, who understood mountains and those who dwell thereon so thoroughly, should never have made the Tyrol the scene of a romance.

Even among the "simple annals of the poor" here are little incidents eminently romantic in their character, while so distinctly national that they tell, in every detail, the mind of the people who enacted them.

How I should like once more to be young of heart and limb, and able to travel these winding glens and climb these mountain steeps as once I could have done! Even now, as I sit here in this little "Wirth's-Haus," how the old spirit of wandering comes back again as I watch the peasant, with his long staff in hand, braving the mountain side, or standing for a second on some rocky peak, to gaze down into the steep depth below, — that narrow valley filled by road and river.

HANZ JÖRGLE.

“Gott hat sein Plan
Für Jedenmann.”

WHAT a road is that from Landeck to Meran! — at once the most beautiful and the grandest of all the Tyrol passes. The gorge is so narrow, that it seems rather like a deep channel cut by the river itself; where, on either side, hundreds of feet in height, rise the rocks — not straight, but actually impending above the head, leaving, in some places, the ravine narrower above than beneath.

Escaped in this rock, the road winds on, protected by a little parapet along the edge of the precipice. Beneath, at a depth to make the head dizzy to gaze at, is seen the river, whose waters are of a pale sky-blue, the most delicate and beautiful color I ever beheld. As the necessities of the road require, you have to cross the river, more than once, on wooden bridges, which in themselves are curious for their ingenuity of construction, if one could think of aught save the grandeur of the scene around them.

At the second of these bridges, called the Pontlatzer Brücke, the ravine grows wider, and opens a distant prospect of the “Kaunser-Thal,” backed by the tremendous glacier of Gebatsch. A glorious valley is it, with its grouped cottages and village spires studded along the plain, through which the Inn winds its rapid stream, its surface still ruffled and eddying from the deep descent of the Fünstermünze.

Above the Pontlatzer Brücke, high upon a little table-land of the mountain, stands a small village — if even that humble name be not too dignified for the little group of peasant houses here assembled. This, called the “Kletscher,” derives its title from a mountain torrent which, leaping from cliff to cliff, actually divides the village into two portions, over each of which, with pretty fair equality, it distributes its spray and foam and then plunges madly down till, by a succession of bounds and springs, it reaches the river Inn beneath. The Kletscher, it must be owned, deserves

its name: it is at once the most boisterous and foam-covered torrent of the whole region; and as frequently in its course it pierces the soft rock of the mountain, the roaring stream echoes more loudly still beneath these natural bridges. These, however, are not the only sounds which greet the ear on nearing the spot. The whole air is tremulous with the thumping and crashing noise of saw-mills, every second cottage having one of these ingenious contrivances at work; and thus, between the roaring torrent itself and its forced labor, such a tremendous uproar is created that the uninitiated are completely stunned.

It is indeed a curious transition from the deathlike stillness of the pine forest, the unbroken silence of the steep path by which you wend your way upward, to emerge at once into this land of active life and turmoil, to see here, high amidst the Alps, where the roe and chamois are wild and free — to see here a little colony busied in all the arts of life, and carrying their industry into the regions of cataract and glacier.

What animation and movement on every side does that bright-flowing torrent carry with it! The axe of the wood-cutter — the rustling branches sweeping, as twenty or thirty peasants tug some mighty pine-tree along — the hacking clink of the bark adzes — the voices of the children gathering and peeling the bark, and above and through all the heavy throbbing of the mill-timbers shaking the frail sheds and even the very cottages with their giant strokes! There is a character of enterprise in the selection of such a wild spot irresistibly captivating. One cannot look upon those hardy peasants without a sense of respect and admiration for those who have braved climate and danger — and such there is — to seek a livelihood and a home rather than toil in indigence and dependence in the valley beneath.

The Kletscher is not picturesque for situation only. Its houses built of the pine-wood are covered over with a kind of varnish which while it preserves the color protects the timber from the effects of weather. Each story is flanked externally by a little gallery, whose ornamental balustrades display their native skill in carpentry, and are often distinguished by grotesque carvings, executed with an ability

that none but a Tyroler could pretend to. The door and window-frames too are finished in the same taste, while instead of other designation each cottage is known by some animal of the owner's selection, which stands proudly above the door-porch: and thus some old white-headed Bauer of eighty winters is called the Chamois; a tart-looking, bitter-faced Frau, his neighbor, being known as the Lamb; a merry little cheerful-eyed peasant being a Buffalo; and the schoolmaster — I blush to write it — diffusing "Useful Knowledge" under the sign of a braying Donkey.

Animated and cheerful as the scene is by day, alive with all the instincts and sounds of happy labor, I like better to look upon it by night, when all is calm and still and nothing but theplash of the waterfall stirs the air — to see these quaint old houses with their sculptured pinnacles and deep-shadowing eaves sleeping in the mellow moonlight — mill and miller sunk in slumber — not a footstep nor a voice to be heard save one, the village watchman, going his nightly round, chanting his little verse of assuring comfort to the waking ear, and making the sleeper's dream a peaceful one.

See how he moves along, followed by his little dog, sleepy-looking and drowsy as its master! He stands in front of that cottage, — it belongs to the Vorsteher, or ruler of the Dorf. Power has its privileges even here, and the great man should know how the weather fares, and what the hour is, if, perchance, the cares of state have kept him waking, as Homer tells us that they can. Now he has ended his little song, and he wends his way over the bridge of a single plank that spans the torrent; he slowly descends the flight of stone steps, slippery with falling spray, and, guided by the wooden railing, he treads the narrow path along the edge of the cliff, which, nearly perpendicular, stands over the valley of the Inn. There is a little hut here — a very poor and humble one, the very poorest of the whole village — and yet it is before the door of this lowly dwelling that the "Nachtwachter" stands at midnight each night throughout the year, and then, as he calls the hour, he cries, "Hans Jorgle, good-night! — rest soundly, Hans Jorgle!"

Who can be this Hans Jörgle, for whose peaceful slumber authority is watchful? If you care for the answer of the question, you must listen to a story — if I dare to call by so imposing a name the following little narrative — which, for want of better, I shall call

“THE LAME SOLDIER.”

SOMETHING short of forty years ago, there came to dwell at the Kletscher a poor widow with one child, a boy of about nine years old. She never told much of her history to the neighbors, and merely accounted for her choice of this secluded spot from the circumstance that she had known it when a child, her grandfather having been many years an inhabitant of the “Dorf;” and that, from dwelling on the pleasant days she had known there once, and talking over them so often with her little Hans, she at last determined to gratify him and herself by revisiting the cherished spot, hoping to end her days there in peace.

The grandfather of whom she spoke — long since dead — had been well known and respected in the village; so that, at first on his account, and subsequently on her own, the widow was welcomed kindly amongst them. Her subsistence was derived principally from a small pension she received from the Government, for her husband had been a grenadier of the Austrian Imperial Guard, and fell on the field of Austerlitz. This little pittance would not have sufficed for wants even humble as hers, without the aid of her own industry; but she was clever at her needle, and could accomplish many a triumph in millinery above village skill; and by the exertion of this art she contrived to eke out a subsistence — in poverty, it is true, but in contentment also.

If little Hans Jörgle could not contribute to the common stock by any efforts of his labor, his gentle, quiet nature, his guileless innocence, won for him the love of all the village. Old and young were pleased to see him and to talk to him; for, child as he was, Hans had read a great

many books, and could tell the most wonderful stories about the Swedes in the Thirty Years' War, and also what happened in the long wars between Frederic of Prussia and the Austrians, — stories that, if Hans were fond of telling, his audience were far more delighted to listen to. This amusing gift, joined to the claims of infirmity — for he was lame, the effect of a fall in his infancy — made him a favorite with every one; for even they — and the number was a small one — who could not relish his stores of narrative could feel compassion for the little fatherless boy, bereft of the means of earning a livelihood, and wholly dependent on one whose frail health gave little promise of long life.

Hans was tall and slight, and, but for his lameness, would have been as remarkable for the symmetry of his form, as, even with it, he was for agility. His countenance was eminently handsome; the brow lofty, and the eyes, which were of the darkest blue, were set deeply; their habitual expression was one of great melancholy — not the sorrow of infirm health, or the depression of a heart in conflict with itself, but the sadness of a spirit too finely attuned for its daily associations — above, immeasurably above, all around in its ambitions, and yet an object of actual pity and compassion! The prevailing tone of his mind, though sorrowful, did not prevent his joining the village children at their play; nor was he, perhaps, the less welcome amongst them for those strange fits of absence which, seizing him in the midst of some rural sport, would make him forget all around, and burst out with some exciting anecdote of heroic daring, some bold achievement of the Austrians in their memorable battles with the Turks. Then would the play cease; gradually gathering around him, the children would form a circle, soon to be strengthened by their elders, who took the most lively pleasure in these recitals — tales which many a setting sun and rising moon shone upon.

It may have been remarked by the reader that Hans' literary stores were all military. Such was the case. Battles and sieges, campaigns and marches, were a passion so exclusive, that he had no interest left for any other form of reading. This may seem strange in one so young, and in one, too, whose nature was gentleness itself. His very

infirmity, besides, might have turned his thoughts away from themes in which he never could be a participator; but how little have material influences power over the flight of a highly imaginative nature! His father's stories as he sat at the fireside, his earliest lessons in reading, implanted the impulse which the very events of the time served to strengthen and mature.

It was just the period when the Tyrol, crushed by the oppression of Bavaria, insulted and outraged in every feeling, had begun to think of vengeance. The transient success of the Austrians on the Danube animated the brave mountaineers, and cheered them with the hope of freedom. Already the low muttering of the distant storm was heard. Wherever a group of peasants gathered, their low whisperings, their resolute looks, their clinched hands, denoted some stern purpose. Secret Masses were said in the chapels for the "rescue of the Vaterland;" the ancient legends of the land were all remembered; sights and sounds of ominous meaning were reported to have been observed; all indicative of a speedy convulsion, all suggesting hope and courage. Rumor had told of conferences between the Archduke John of Austria, and the Tyrol leaders; not failing to exaggerate the aid proffered by the Imperial Government in the event of a struggle. The ancient spirit of the land was up, and only waited the signal for the fight.

Remote and secluded as the little village of my story lay, the news of the coming conflict did not fail to reach it. Little Hans formed the link which bound them to the world of the valley beneath; and daily did he, in despite of lameness, descend the steep path that led to the Pontlatzer Brücke, bringing back with him, towards nightfall, the last rumors of the day. Vague and uncertain as they were, they were listened to with breathless eagerness. Sometimes the intelligence merely announced a gathering of the peasants in a mountain glen; sometimes the arrival of a messenger with secret despatches from Vienna. Now Hofer had passed through Maltz the night before; now it was a Bavarian reinforcement was seen arriving at Landeck.

These simple tidings had seemed of little meaning to their ears if Hans were not there to give them significance,

filling up all the blanks by wise surmises, and suggesting reasons and causes for everything. He had his own theory of the war, — where the enemy should be met, and how; in what manner certain defiles should be defended, and how, in case of defeat, the scattered forces might reunite; little views of strategy and tactics, that seemed like inspiration to the simple ears who heard him.

Hans' tidings grew daily more important; and one evening he returned to the Kletscher with a sealed note for the Curate, — a circumstance which excited the most intense curiosity in the Dorf. It was not long ungratified, for the old priest speedily appeared in the little square before the Vorsteher's house, and announced that each evening, at sunset, a Mass would be said in the chapel, and a prayer invoked on all who loved "Gott, der Kaiser, und das Vaterland." Hans was pressed on every side; some asking what was going on in the valley, others eager to hear if the Austrians had not been defeated, and that the Mass was for the slain. Hans knew less than usual; he could only tell that large bodies of the peasantry were seen ascending the mountain towards Landeck, armed with saws and hatchets, while kegs of blasting powder were borne along between others. "We shall know more soon," added Hans; "but come! the chapel is lighted already; the Mass has begun."

How picturesque was the effect the chapel presented! The sun was setting, and its long golden rays, mingled with the red light of the tapers, tipping the rich draperies of the altar and its glittering vessels with a party-colored light; the kneeling figures of the peasantry, clad in all the varied colors of Tyrol taste; the men bronzed by sun and season, dark-bearded, stern, and handsome; the women, fairer, but not less earnest in expression; the white-haired priest, dressed in a simple robe of white, with a blue scarf over it, — the Bavarians had stripped the chapels even of the vestments of the clergy — the banners of the little volunteer battalion of the mountain waving overhead, — all made up a picture simple and unpretending, but still solemn and impressive.

The Mass ended, the priest addressed a few words on the

eventful position of the Vaterland, — at first, in terms of vague, uncertain meaning; but growing warmer as he proceeded, more clearly and more earnestly, he told them that the “Wolves” — none needed to be told that Frenchmen were meant — that the “Wolves” were about to ravage the flocks and overrun the villages, as they had already done twice before; that the Bavarians, who should be their friends, were about to join their bitterest enemies; that, although the “Gute Franzerl” — for so familiarly did they ever name the Emperor — wished them well, he could help them but little. “The Tyroler’s hand alone must save Tyrol,” he exclaimed. “If that cannot be, then God pity us; for there is no mercy to be looked for from our enemies!”

If many a bold and patriotic heart sorrowed over these things, not one felt them with a more intense sense of anguish than little Hans Jörgle. The French, who had crushed his country, had killed his father; and now they were coming to bring fire and sword among those lonely glens, where his widowed mother had hoped to live her last years peacefully. Oh, if he had been a man, to stand beside his father in the day of battle, or if even now he could hope to see the time when he should be strong of limb as he was of heart . . . a burst of tears was the ever-present interruption to utterings which, in the eagerness of his devotion, he could not resist from making aloud.

These thoughts now took entire possession of his mind. If the clatter of horses’ hoofs was heard unusually loud over the wooden bridge in the valley, Hans would start up and cry, “Here they are! — the cavalry pickets are upon us!” If a Bauer-house in the plain caught, it was the French were approaching and burning the villages. The rumbling of heavily-laden sledges over the hard snow was surely “the drums of the advanced guard;” and never could the ring of jäger’s rifle be heard, that he did not exclaim, “Here come the skirmishers!” If the worthy villagers were indifferent to these various false alarms, the epithets and terms of war employed by Hans realized no small portions of its terror; and while they could afford to smile at his foolish fears, they exchanged very grave looks

when he spoke of cavalry squadrons, and looked far from happy at the picture of a brigade of artillery in position on the bridge, while the tirailleurs ascended the face of the mountain in scattered parties.

While the winter continued, and the snow lay deep upon the roads, and many of the bridges were removed for safety from the drifting ice, the difficulties to a marching force were almost insurmountable; but as the spring came, and the highways cleared, the rumor again grew rife that the enemy was preparing his blow. The great doubt was, by which of the Alpine passes he would advance.

Staff-officers and engineers had been despatched from Vienna to visit the various defiles, and suggest the most efficient modes of defence. Unhappily, however, all their counsels were given with a total ignorance of the means of those by whom they were to be executed. To speak of fortifying Landeck, and entrenching here and stockading there, sounded like an unknown tongue to these poor chamois-hunters, whose sole idea of defence lay in the cover of a crag and the certainty of a rifle bullet.

Disappointed, then, in their hope of aid, they betook themselves to their own devices, and hit upon a plan the most perfectly adapted to the crisis, as well as the most suitable to their own means of accomplishment. Is it necessary that I should speak of what is so familiar to every reader? the rude preparations of the Tyrolers to defend their native defiles, by trunks of trees and fragments of rocks, so disposed that at a word they could be hurled from the mountains down into the valleys beneath.

The pass I here speak of was eminently suited for this, not only from its narrowness and the precipitate nature of its sides, but that the timber was large and massive, and the rocks, in many cases, so detached by the action of the torrents that little force was required to move them. Once free, they swept down the steep sides, crushing all before them; loosening others, as they went, and with a thunder louder than any artillery, plunging into the depths below. Simple as these means of defence may seem, — it is but necessary to have once seen the country to acknowledge how irresistible they must have been, — there was posi-

tively no chance of escape left. The road, exposed in its entire length, lay open to view; beneath it roared a foaming torrent, above stood cliffs and crags the hardiest hunter could not clamber; and if, perchance, some little path led upwards to a mountain *chalet* or a *Dorf*, a handful of Tyrol riflemen could have defended it against an army.

All was arranged early in the year, and it was determined that the revolt should break forth a week or ten days before the time when the Bavarians were to march the reliefs to the various garrisons, — a movement which, it was known, would take place in the spring. By signal-fires in the mountain-tops, intimation was to be given to those who inhabited the Alpine regions; while for those in the plains, and particularly in the valley of the Inn, — the great line of operations, — the signal was to be given by sawdust thrown on the surface of the stream. A month, or even more, was to elapse from the time I have just spoken of ere the preparations would be fully made. What an interval of intense anxiety was that to poor Hans!

A small detachment of Bavarian infantry, now stationed at the Pontlatzer Brücke, made it unsafe to venture often, as before, into the valley. Such frequent coming and going would have excited suspicion; and the interval between suspicion and a drum-head tribunal was a short one, and generally had a bloody ending. Hans could do little more, then, than sit the livelong day on the brow of the cliff, watching the valley, straining his eyes along the narrow glen towards Landeck, or gazing over the wide expanse to the Kaunser-Thal. How often did his imagination people the space beneath with an armed host! and how did he build up before his mind's eye the glitter of steel, the tramp and dust of mounted squadrons, the long train of ammunition wagons, the gorgeous staff, — all the "circumstance of glorious war!" And how strangely did it seem, as he rubbed his eyes and looked again, to see that silent valley and that untrodden road, the monotonous tramp of the Bavarian sentry the only sound to be heard! On the chapel door the previous Sunday some one had written in chalk, "*Ist' zeit?* — Is it time?" to which another had written for answer "*Bald zeit* — It will soon be!" "Oh,"

thought Hans, “that it were come at last!” And a feverish eagerness had so gained possession of him, that he scarcely could eat or sleep, starting from his bed at night to peep out of the window and see if the signal-fire was not blazing.

The devotional feeling is, as I have remarked, the most active and powerful in a Tyroler’s heart; and deeply intent as each was now on the eventful time that drew nigh, the festival of Easter, which intervened, at once expelled all thoughts save those pertaining to the solemn season. Not a word, not a syllable, fell from any lip evincing an interest in their more worldly anxieties. The village chapel was crowded from before daybreak to late in the evening; the hum of prayer sounded from every cottage; and scarcely was there time for the salutations of friends, as they met, in the eagerness to continue the works of some pious ritual.

I know not if Hans Jorgle was as deeply impressed as his neighbors by these devout feelings; I only can tell that he refrained as rigidly as the others from any allusion to the coming struggle, and never by a chance word showed that his thoughts were wandering from the holy theme. A very prying observer, had there been such in the Dorf, might perhaps have detected that the boy’s eyes, when raised in prayer, rested longer on the spot where the striped banners of Tyroler chivalry waved overhead, or that an expression of wild excitement rested on his features as the different groups, before entering the church, deposited their broadswords and rifles in the porch, — every clank of the weapons seemed to thrill through Hans’ heart.

The devotional observances over, Easter Monday came with all the joyous celebrations with which the villagers were wont to *fête* that happy day. It was a time for families to assemble their scattered members, for old and attached friends to renew the pledges of their friendship, for those at variance with each other to become reconciled. Little children paid visits to their grandfathers and grandmothers, with bouquets of spring flowers, repeating the simple verses of some village hymn to welcome in the morning; garlands and wreaths hung from every door-porch; lovers scaled up the galleries to leave a rose, or an Alp

daisy, plucked some thousand feet high among the snow-peaks, at their sweethearts' window. Pious souls made little presents to the Curé in the chapel itself. The cattle were led through the village in a great procession, with garlands on their heads and fresh flowers fastened to their horns; the villagers accompanying them with a Tyrol song, descriptive of the approaching delights of summer, when they could quit their dark dwellings and rove free and wild over their native hills. It was joy everywhere: in the glad faces and the glancing eyes, the heartfelt embraces of those who met and saluted with the well-known "*Gott grüse dich* — God greet thee!" in the little dwellings pranked with holly-boughs and wild flowers; in the chapel glittering with tapers on every altar, pious offerings of simple hearts; in the tremulous accents of age, in the boisterous glee of childhood, it was joy.

It was the season of gifts, too. And what scenes of pleasure and delight were there, as some new arrival from the valley displayed before the admiring eyes of a household some little toy, the last discovery of inventive genius; bauer-houses that took to pieces and exhibited all their interior economy at will; saw-mills that actually seemed to work, so vigorously did they perform the incessant time that marks their labor; dolls of every variety of attraction, but all in Tyrol taste; nutcrackers that looked like old men, but smashed nuts with the activity of the youngest; soldiers of lead, stout-looking fellows, that never quitted the posts committed to them, if the wire was not too powerful, — all were there; appearing, besides, with a magic in true keeping with their wonderful properties. Some emerged from unknown pockets in the cuff of a jacket; others, from the deep waistband of party-colored leather; some, from the recesses of a hat; but all in some wonderful guise that well became them.

In one cottage only this little festive scene was not enacted. Hanserl's mother, who for some time back had been in declining health, was unable to contribute, as she was wont, to their support. Too proud to confess her poverty in the village, she contrived to keep up all the externals of their condition as before. She and her son

were seen on Sunday as well dressed as ever; perhaps, if anything, a more than ordinary attention in this respect could be detected. Her offering to the Curate rather exceeded than fell short of its customary amount. These were, however, costly little sacrifices to pride; for these, their meal was made scantier and poorer; for these, the hours of the wintry night were made longer and drearier, as, to save the cost of candle-light, they sat in darkness beside the stove; a hundred little privations, such as only poverty knows or can sympathize with, fell to their lot; all borne with fortitude and patience, but in their slow process chilling and freezing up the hope from which these virtues spring.

“Hanserl, my love,” said the poor widow, and her eyes swam and her tongue faltered as she spoke, “thou hast had none of the pleasures of this joyous day. Take these twelve kreutzers and buy thyself something in the Dorf. There be many pretty things cost not more than twelve kreutzers.”

Hanserl made no answer; his thoughts were wandering far away. Heaven knows whether they had strayed back to the bold days of Wallenstein, or the siege of Prague, or were now with the stormy cataract of the Danube, — at the iron gate, as it is called, the desperate scene of many a bloody meeting between Turks and Austrians.

“Hans, love, dost hear me? I say, thou canst buy a bow with arrows; thou hast long been wishing for one. But bring no more books of battles, child,” added she, more feelingly; “strife and war have cost us both dearly. If thy father had not served the Kaiser, he would not have fallen at Elchingen.”

“I know it well,” said the boy, his features flashing as he spoke. “He would not have stood beside the ammunition-wagons when the French dragoons bore down, and with a loud voice called out, ‘Halt! these tumbrels are powder; another step and I’ll explode the train!’ How they reined up and fled! My father saved the train; did n’t he, mother?”

“He did,” sobbed the widow; “and fell under the wall of the citadel as the last wagon entered the gate.”

"God preserve Franz the Emperor!" said the boy, with a wild enthusiasm; "he has given many a brave soldier a glorious grave. But for this," here he struck his shrunken limb violently with his hand, "I, too, had been able to serve him. But for this—" a passion of sorrow, that found vent in tears, checked his words, and he buried his head in his hands and sobbed hysterically.

The poor mother did everything she could think of to console her son. She appealed to his piety for submission under a visitation of God's own making; she appealed to his affection for her, since, had it not been for his helplessness, he might one day have left her, to be a soldier.

"The conscription is so severe now, Hanserl, that they take only sons away, like the rest—ay, and when they are but thirteen years of age! Take them away, and leave the mothers childless! But they cannot take thee, Hans!"

"No, that they cannot," cried the boy, in a burst of grief. "The cripple and the maimed have not alone to weep over their infirmity, but to feel themselves dishonored before others."

The widow saw the unhappy turn her consolations had taken, and tried in different ways to recall her error. At last, yielding to her entreaties, Hans left the cottage, taking the twelve kreutzers in his hand to buy his Easter gift.

It was from no want of affection to his mother he acted, nor was it from any deficiency of gratitude that when he left the hut he forgot all about the toy, and the twelve kreutzers, and the *fête* itself. It was that a deeper sentiment had swallowed up every other, and left no place in his heart for aught else. Hans then sauntered along, and at last found himself on the little projecting point of rock from which he usually surveyed the valley of the Kaunser Thal. There he sat down and watched till the darkness thickened around and hid out everything.

When he arose to turn homeward the lights were glittering in every window of the village, and the merry sounds of rustic music filled the air. Hans suddenly remembered it was Easter-night, the glad season of home rejoicings, and he thought of his poor mother, who sat alone, unfriended and suffering, in her little cabin. A feeling of

self-reproach at once struck him, and he turned speedily towards the cottage. His shortest way was through the village, and thither he bent his steps. The night was starlit but dark, and none of the villagers were in the street; indeed, all were too happy within doors to wander forth. In the Vorsteher's house the village band was assembled, and there the merry notes of a *höpsa* waltz were accompanied by the tramp of feet and the sound of mirthful voices. A little farther on was a rich peasant's house. Hans stopped to peep through the half-closed shutters, and there sat the family at their supper. It was a well-filled board, and many a wine-flask stood around, while the savory steam rose up and hung like a faint cloud above the dishes—not sufficiently, however, to obscure a little larch-tree, which, set in a small bucket, occupied the centre of the table. On this all the candles were fastened, glittering like stars through the sprayey branches, and glancing in bright sparkles over a myriad of pretty toys that hung suspended around. For this was the Easter-tree, to which every friend of the house attaches some little present. Many a more gorgeous épergne has not yielded one hundredth part of the delight. Every eye was fixed upon it; some in pure astonishment and wonder, others speculating what might fall to their share; and while the old grandfather tried to curb impatience among the elder children, the young baby, with the destructive privilege that belongs to infancy, was permitted to pull and tear from time to time at the glittering fruit,—little feats which excited as much laughter from the grown people as anxiety from the younger.

Hans moved on, with a sigh, at these new signs of home happiness in which he had no share. The next was the Curate's cabin, and there sat a pleasant party round the stove, while the old priest read something from an amusing volume; the lecture never proceeding far without some interruption to comment upon it, to indulge a laugh, or mayhap clink their glasses together as, in token of friendship, they pledged each other health and long life. Beyond this again was a new cabin, just taken possession of; and here Hans, peeping in, beheld a young Tyrolean exhibiting

to his wife — they had been married but a few weeks — his new rifle. It was strange to see how she admired the weapon, gazing at it with all the delight most of her sex reserve for some article of dress or decoration. She balanced it, too, in her hand, and held it to her shoulder, with the ease of one accustomed to its use.

In every cabin some group, some home picture, met his eye; peaceful age, happy manhood, delighted childhood, beamed around each hearth and board. The song, the dance, the merry story, the joyous meal, succeeded each other, as he went along. He alone, of all, was poor and sad. In his mother's hut all was darkness and gloom; the half-suppressed sigh of pain the only sound. The last cabin of the village, and the poorest, too, belonged to an old peasant, who had been a soldier under the Emperor Joseph; he was a very old man, and being burdened with a large family of grandchildren, whose parents were both dead, all he could do by hard labor was to maintain his household. "Here," thought Hans, as he stopped to look in, — "here are some poor as ourselves; I hope they are happier." So they seemed to be. They were all seated on the floor of the cabin, with the grandfather among them on a low stool, while he performed for them the evolutions of the Grand Army at Presburg, — the great review which Maria Theresa held of all the Imperial troops. The old man was sorely puzzled to convey a sufficiently formidable notion of the force, for he had only some twenty little wooden soldiers to fill up the different arms of the service, and was obliged to plant individuals to represent entire corps, while walnut-shells answered for field-pieces and mortars; the citadel of Presburg being performed by the bowl of his meerschaum pipe.

There were many more brilliant displays met Hans' eyes that evening than this humble spectacle, and yet not one had the same attraction for him. What would he not have given to be among that group — to have watched all the evolutions, many of which were now hidden from his view — perchance to be permitted to move some of the regiments, and suggest his own ideas of tactics. Ah, that would have been happiness indeed! How long he might

have watched there is no saying, when a slight incident occurred which interrupted him; slight and trivial enough was it, and yet in all its seeming insignificance to be the turning-point of his destiny.

It chanced that one of the little soldiers, from some accident or other, would not stand upright, and a little boy, whose black eyes and sunburnt cheeks bespoke a hasty temper, in endeavoring to set him on his legs, broke one of them off. "Ah, thou worthless thing!" cried he passionately, "thou art no use now to King or Kaiser, for thou art as lame as Hans Jorgle;" and as he spoke he opened the little pane of the window, and flung the little figure into the street.

"Shame on thee, Carl!" said the old man, reprovingly. "He would have done for many a thing yet. The best scout we ever had on the Turkish frontier was so lame you could n't think him able to walk. Besides, don't you remember the Tyrol proverb?—

'Gott hat sein Plan
Für Jedenmann:'

God has his plan
For every man.

So never despise those who are unfit for thine own duties; mayhap, what thou deemest imperfection, may fit them for something far above thee."

Oh, how Hans drank in these words! the grief that filled him, on the insulting comparison of the child, was now changed to gratitude, and seizing the little soldier, his own sad emblem, he kissed it a hundred times, and then placed it in his bosom.

Hanserl's mother was asleep when he reached home, so, creeping silently to his bed, he lay down in his clothes, dreading lest he might awaken her; and with what a happy heart did he lie down that night! How full of gratitude and of love as he thought over the blessed words! How he wished to remain awake all night long and think over them, fancying, as he could do, the various destinies which, even to such as him, might still fall! But sleep, that will not come when wooed, stole over him as he lay, and in a deep,

heavy slumber, he clasped the little wooden figure in his hands.

The first effects of weariness over, Hans dreamed of all he had seen; vague and confused images of the different objects passed and repassed before his mind, in that disorder and incoherency that belong to dreams. The scene of the Vorsteher's house became mingled with the remembrance of the Pontlatzer bridge, where, until nightfall, he had been watching the Bavarian sentinel; and the Curate's parlor beside its listening group, had, now, a merry mob of children dancing around the Easter-tree, under whose spreading branches a cavalry picket were lying, — the horses grazing, — while the men lay stretched before the watch-fires, smoking and chattering.

The memory of the soldiers once touched upon, every other fled; and now he could only think of the evolutions around Presburg. And he fancied he saw the whole army defiling over the bridge across the Danube, and disappearing within the ancient gates of the city. The white-cloaked cuirassiers of Austria, gigantic forms, seeming even greater from the massive folds of their white drapery; the dark Bohemians on their coal-black horses; the Uhlan with their banners floating from their tall lances; the prancing Hungarians mounted on their springing white steeds of Arab blood; the gay scarlet of their chakos, the clink of their dolmans, all glittering with gold, eclipsing all around them. Then came the Jägers of the Tyrol, a countless host, marching like one man, their dark plumes waving like a vast forest for miles in distance; these followed again by the long train of guns and ammunition-carts.

Fitful glances of distant lands, of which he had once read, passed before him, — the wide-spreading plains of the Lower Danube, the narrow passes of the Styrian Alps, the bleak, vast tracts of sterile country on the Turkish frontier, with here and there a low mud-walled village, surmounted by a minaretted tower; all, however, were peopled with soldiers, marching or bivouacking, striking their tents at daybreak, or sitting around their camp-fires by night. The hoarse challenge of the sentries, the mellow call of the bugle, the quivering tramp of a mounted patrol,

were all vividly presented to his sleeping senses. From these thoughts of far-away scenes, he was suddenly recalled to home, and his own Tyrol land. He thought he stood upon the rocky cliff, and looked down into the valley which he had left so tranquil at nightfall, but which now presented an aspect of commotion and trouble. The inhabitants of the little village at the head of the Kaunser-Thal were all preparing to quit their homes and fly up the valley. Carts covered with their furniture and effects crowded the little street; packhorses and mules laden with everything portable; while in the eager and affrighted gestures of the peasants it was easy to see that some calamity impended. Now and then some horseman would ride in amongst them, and by his manner it was plain the tidings he brought were full of disaster. Hans looked towards the bridge; and there, to his astonishment, he saw the very same soldiers the old man had manœuvred with. They had, seemingly, come off a long march, and with their knapsacks unstrung, and their arms piled, were regaling themselves with wine from the guard-house.

Hans' first thought was to hasten back and tell his mother what he saw; and now he stood up and leaned over her bed, but her sleep was so tranquil and so happy he could not bear to awaken her. "What can it mean?" thought he. "Are these the movements of our own people? or are the French wolves coming down upon us?" As he ruminated thus, he thought there came a gentle tap at the door of the hut; he opened it cautiously, and there, who should be standing before him but the lame soldier, — his own poor little fellow, the castaway?

"Come along, Hans," said he, in a friendly voice; "there is little time to lose. The Wolves are near." He pressed his finger to his lips, in token of caution, and led Hans without the door. No sooner were they outside than he resumed, —

"Thou art maimed and crippled like myself, Hans Jorgle. We should be but indifferent front-rank men before the enemy; but remember the Tyrol proverb, —

'Gott hat sein Plan
Für Jedenmann.'

Who knows if even we cannot serve the Vaterland? We must away, Hanserl,—away to the top of the Kaiser-fells, where the fagots lie ready for the signal-fire. The Bavarians have found out where it lies, and have sent a scout party to destroy it, while their battalions are advancing by forced marches up the Inn Thal. Thou knowest all these paths well, Hans; so lead the way, my brave boy, and I'll do my best to follow."

Hans waited for no further bidding, but hastily crossing the little wooden bridge, commenced the ascent of the mountain with an activity that bore no trace of his infirmity.

"We must light the beacon, Hans," said the lame soldier. "When it is seen blazing, the signal will be repeated up the Kaunser-Thal; Finsterminze will have it; and then Nauders. Maltz will show it next, and then all Tyrol will be up. The war *jodeln* will resound in every valley and glen; and then let the Wolves beware!"

Oh, how Hans strained each nerve and sinew to push forward! The path led across several torrents, many of them by places which, in day, demanded the greatest circumspection; but Hans cleared them now at a spring. The deep marshy ground, plashy with rivulets and melted snow, he waded through, ankle deep, climbing the briery rocks and steep banks without a moment's halt.

He thought that the lame soldier continued to exhort him, and encourage his zeal, while gradually his own pace slackened, and at last he cried out, "I can do no more, Hans. Thou must go forward alone, my boy—to thee all the glory—I am old and worn out! Hasten, then, my child, and save the Vaterland. Thou wilt see the tinder-box and the rags in the hollow pine-tree beside the fagot. It is wrapped in tow, and will light at once. Farewell, and Gott guide thee!"

I cannot tell a thousandth part of the dangers and difficulties of that night's walk. In one place the path, for several yards, is on the brink of a ravine, eleven hundred feet deep, and so abrupt is the turn at the end, that an iron hook is inserted in the rock, by which the traveller must grip; a steep glacier is to be crossed farther on; and

lastly, the torrent of the Kletscher must be traversed on a tree, whose bark, wet and slippery from the falling spray, would be impossible to all but the feet of a mountaineer. Each of these did Hans now surmount with all the precision and care of waking senses; with greater courage, by far, than in his waking moments he could have confronted them.

Gorges he never gazed on before without a shudder, he passed now in utter disregard; paths he trembled to tread, he stepped along now in nimble speed, and at last caught sight of a large dark object that stood out against the sky, — the great heap of fire-wood for the beacon.

As he came nearer, his eagerness grew greater. Each minute now seemed an hour; every false step he made appeared to him as though it might prove fatal to his mission. And when, by any turn of the way, the beacon pile disappeared for a moment from his eyes, his heart throbbed so powerfully as almost to impede his breath. At last he gained the top, — the wild mountain-peak of the Kaisers-fells. The snow lay deep, and a cold, cutting wind swept the drift along, and made the sensation far more intense. Hans cared not for this. His whole soul was on one object; suffering, torture, death itself, he would have braved and welcomed, could he only accomplish it. The mist lay heavily on the side by which he had ascended, but towards Landeck the air was clear, and Hans gazed down in that direction as well as the darkness would permit; but all seemed tranquil, — nothing stirred, nor showed the threatened approach. "What if he should be mistaken?" thought Hans. "What if the lame soldier should have only fancied this? or could he be a traitor, that would endeavor by a false alarm to excite the revolt before its time?"

These were torturing doubts, and while he yet revolved them he stood unconsciously peering into the depth below, when suddenly, close beneath him, — so close that he thought it almost beside him, though still about eighty yards off, — he saw two figures emerge from the shadow of a pine copse, and commence the steep ascent of the peak. They were followed by two others; and now a long compact line issued forth, and began to clamber up the pass.

Their weapons clinked as they came; there could be no doubt of it,—they were the enemy.

With one spring he seized the tinder-box and struck the light. The wood, smeared with tar, ignited when touched, and before a minute elapsed a bright pillar of flame sprung up into the dark sky. Hans, not content with leaving anything to chance, seized a brand and touched the fagots here and there, till the whole reeking mass blazed out,—a perfect column of fire.

No sooner had the leading files turned the cliff, than with a cry of horror and vengeance they sprung forward. It was too late; the signal was already answered from the Kaiser-fells, and a glittering star on the Gebatsch told where another fire was about to blaze forth. Hans had but time to turn and fly down the mountain as the soldiers drew up. A particle of burning wood had touched his jacket, however, and, guided by the sparks, four bullets followed him. It was at the moment when he had turned for a last look at the blazing pile. He fell, but speedily regaining his feet, continued his flight. His mission was but half accomplished if the village were not apprised of their danger. All the dangers of his upward course were now to be encountered in his waking state; and with the agony of a terrible wound,—for the bullet had pierced him beneath the left breast,—half frantic with pain and excitement, he bounded from cliff to cliff, clearing the torrents by leaps despair alone could have made, and at length staggered rather than ran along the village street, and fell at the door of the Vorsteher's house.

Already the whole village was a-foot. The signal blazing on the mountain had called them to arm, but none could tell by whom it was lighted, or by which path the enemy might be expected. They now gathered around the poor boy, who, in accents broken and faltering, could scarce reply.

“What! thou hast done it?” cried the Vorsteher, angrily. “So, then, thou silly fool, it is to thy mad ravings we owe all this terror,—a terror that may cost our country bitter tears! Who prompted thee to this?”

“The lame soldier told me they were coming,” said Hans, with eyes swimming in tears.

"The lame soldier! — he is mad!" cried an old peasant. "There is none such in all the Dorf."

"Yes, yes," reiterated Hans; "they flung him away last night, because he was lame — lame, and a cripple like me; but he told me they were coming, and I had only time to reach the Kaiser-fells when they gained the top too."

"Wretched fool!" said the Vorsteher, sternly; "thy mad reading and wild fancies have ruined the Vaterland. See, there is the signal from Pfunds, and the whole Tyrol will be up! If thy life were worth anything, thou shouldst die for this!"

"So shall I!" said Hans, sobbing; "the bullet is yet here." And he opened his jacket, and displayed to their horrified gaze the whole chest bathed in blood, and the round, blue mark of a gun-shot wound.

This terrible evidence dispelled every doubt of Hans' story; and all its strange incoherency vanished before that pool of blood, which, welling forth at every respiration, ran in currents over him. Dreadful, too, as the tidings were, the better nature of the poor villagers prevailed over their fears, and in the sorrow the child's fate excited all other thoughts were lost.

In a sad procession they bore him home to his mother's cottage, the Vorsteher walking at his side; while Hans, with rapid utterance, detailed the events which have been told. Broken and unconnected as parts of his recital were, incomprehensible as the whole history of the lame soldier appeared, the wounded figure, the blazing fires that already twinkled on every peak, were facts too palpable for denial; and the hearers stared at each other in amazement, not knowing how to interpret the strange story.

The agonizing grief of the bereaved mother, as she beheld the shattered and bleeding form of her child, broke in upon these doubtings; and while they endeavored to offer her their consolation, none thought of the impending danger.

For a while after he was laid in bed, Hans seemed sunk in a swoon; but, suddenly awaking, he made an effort to rise. Too weak for this, he called the chief people of the village around, and said, —

"They are coming from the Kaiser-fells; they will be

down soon, and burn the village, if you do not cut away the bridges over the Kletscher, and close the pass on the Weissen Spitze. Throw out skirmishers along the mountain side, and guard the footpath from the Pontlatzer Brucke."

Had the words been the dying orders of a general commanding an army, they could not have been heard with more implicit reverence, nor more strictly obeyed. From the spot the Vorsteher issued commands for these instructions to be followed. Hans' revelations were, to the superstitious imaginations of the peasants, of divine inspiration; and many already stoutly affirmed that the lame soldier was St. Martin himself, their patron saint, at whose shrine a crowd of devout worshippers were soon after seen kneeling.

The village doctor soon pronounced the case above his skill, but did not abandon hope. Hans only smiled faintly, and whispered, —

"Be it so! The proverb is always right, —

'Gott hat sein Plan
Für Jedenmann.'"

"What do you see there, Herr Vorsteher?" cried he, as the old man stared with astonished eyes from the little window that commanded the valley. "What is it you see?"

"The Dorf in the Kaunser-Thal seems all in commotion," answered the Vorsteher. "The people are packing everything in their wagons, and preparing to fly."

"I know that," said Hans, quietly; "I saw it already."

"Thou hast seen it already?" muttered the old man, in trembling awe.

"Yes, I saw it all. Look sharply along the river side, and tell me if a child is not holding two mules, who are striving to get down into the stream to drink."

"God be around and about us!" murmured the Vorsteher; "his power is great!" He crossed himself three times, and the whole company followed the pious motion; and a low murmuring prayer was heard to fill the chamber.

"There is a wagon with eight bullocks, too, but they can-

not stir the load," continued Hans, as, with closed eyes, he spoke with the faint accents of one half-sleeping.

"Who are these coming along the valley, Hans?" asked the Vorsteher; "they seem like our own Jägers, as well as my eyes can make out."

"He is asleep!" whispered his mother, with a cautious gesture to enforce silence.

It was true. Wearied, and faint, and dying, he had fallen into slumber.

While poor Hans slept, the tidings of which he was the singular messenger had received certain confirmation. The village scouts had already exchanged shots with the Bavarian troops upon the mountains, and driven them back. The guard at the Pontlatzer Brücke was seen to withdraw up the valley towards Landeck, escorting three field-pieces which had only arrived the preceding day. Every moment accounts came of garrisons withdrawn from distant outpost stations, and troops falling back to concentrate in the open country. It was seen, from various circumstances, that a forward movement had been intended, and was only thwarted by the inexplicable intervention of Hans Jorgle.

The Tyrolers could not fail to perceive that their own hour was now come, and the blow must be struck at once or never. So felt the leaders; and scarcely had the Bavarians withdrawn their advanced posts, than emissaries flew from village to village, with little scraps of paper, bearing the simple words "Es ist zeit! — It is time!" while, as the day broke, a little plank was seen floating down the current, with a small flag-staff, from which a pennon fluttered, — a signal that was welcomed by the wildest shouts of enthusiasm as it floated along, — the Tyrol was up! "Für Gott, der Kaiser, und das Vaterland!" rung from every glen and every mountain.

I dare not suffer myself to be withdrawn, even for a moment, to that glorious struggle, — one of the noblest that ever a nation carried on to victory. My task is rather within that darkened room in the little hut, where, with fast-ebbing life, Hans Jorgle lay.

The wild cheers and echoing songs of the marching peasants awoke him from his sleep, which, if troubled by

pangs of pain, had still lasted for some hours. He smiled, and made a gesture as if for silence, that he might hear the glorious sounds more plainly, and then lay in a calm, peaceful reverie for a considerable time.

The Vorsteher had, with considerable difficulty, persuaded the poor widow to leave the bedside for a moment, while he asked Hans a question.

The wretched mother was borne, almost fainting, away; and the old man sat in her place, but, subdued by the anguish of the scene, unable to speak. At last, while the tears ran down his aged cheeks, he kissed the child's hand, and said, —

“Thou wilt leave us soon, Hans!”

Hans gave a smile of sad, but beautiful meaning, while his upturned eyes seemed to intimate his hope and his faith.

“True, Hans; thy reward is ready for thee.”

He paused a second, and then went on, —

“But even here, my child, in our own poor village, let thy devotion be a treasure, to be handed down in memory to our children, that they may know how one like themselves — more helpless, too — could serve his Vaterland. Say, Hans Jorgle, will it make thy last moments happier to think that our gratitude will raise a monument to thee in the Dorf, with thy father's name, who fell at Elchingen, above thine own? The villagers have bid me ask thee this.”

“My mother, — my poor mother!” murmured Hans.

“She shall never want, Hans Jorgle. The best house in the Dorf shall not have a better fireside than hers. But my question, Hans — time presses.”

Hans was silent, and lay with closed eyes for several minutes; then, laying his hand on the old man, he spoke with an utterance clear at first, but which gradually grew fainter as he proceeded, —

“Let them build no monument to one poor and humble as I am; mine were not actions glorious enough for trophies in the noon-day; but let the *Nachtwachter* come here at midnight, — at the same hour of my blessed dream, — and let him wish me a good-night. They who are sleeping will dream happier; and the waking will think, as they hear the cry, of Hans Jorgle!”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Ortler is the Mont Blanc of the Tyrol, and seen from Nauders, a village on a green, grassy table-land, more than four thousand feet above the sea, can well bear comparison with the boldest of the Swiss Alps. Nauders itself, a type of a Tyrolean village, is situated in a wild and lonely region; it has all the picturesque elegance and neat detail of which Tyroleans are so lavish in their houses, and, like every other Dorf in this country, has its proud castle standing sentry over it. The Barons of the Naudersberg were men of station in olden times, and exacted a tribute over a tract extending deep into the Engadine; and now, in this great hall, whose chimney would contain the heaviest diligence that ever waddled over the Arlberg, a few Nauders notabilities are squabbling over some mysterious passage in a despatch from Vienna, for it is the high court of the district, while I wait patiently without for some formality of my passport. To judge from their grave expressions and their anxious glances towards me, one would say that I was some dangerous or suspected personage,—some one whose dark designs the government had already fathomed, and were bent on thwarting. If they did but know how few are, in all likelihood, the days I have yet to linger on, they would not rob me of one hour of them in this wild mountain.

And yet I have learned something while I wait. This little dorf, Nauders, is the birthplace of a very remarkable man, although one whose humble name, Bartholomew Kleinhaus, is little known beyond Tyrol. Left an orphan at five years old, he lost his sight in the small-pox, and was taken into the house of a carpenter who compensated his sad condition. Here he endeavored to learn something of his protector's trade; but soon relinquishing the effort, he set to work, forming little images in wood, at first

from models, and then self-designed, till, at the age of thirteen, he completed a crucifix of singular beauty and elegance.

Following up the inspiration, he now labored assiduously at his new craft, and made figures of various saints and holy personages, for his mind was entirely imbued with a feeling of religious fervor; and to such an extent that, in order to speak his devotion by another sense, he actually learned to play the organ, and with such a proficiency, that he performed the duties of organist for nearly a year in the village church of Kaltenbrunnen. As sculptor, his repute is widely spread and great in Tyrol. A St. Francis by his hand is at present in the Ambras collection at Vienna; many of his statues adorn the episcopal palaces of Chur and Brixen, and the various churches throughout the province.

Leaving the sculptor and his birthplace, which already a mountain mist is shrouding, I hasten on, for my passport is at last discovered to be in order, and I am free to pursue my road to Meran.

Of all spots in the Tyrol, none can compare with Meran, the wildest character of mountain uniting with a profusion of all that vegetation can bring. The snow peak, the glacier, the oak forest, the waving fields of yellow corn, the valley, one vast vineyard, — where have such elements of grandeur and simple beauty in scenery been so gloriously commingled? And then the little town itself — what a strange reminiscence of long-buried years! The street — there is properly but one — with its deep arched passages, within which the quaint old shops, without windows, display their wares; and the courtyards, galleried around, story above story, and covered at top by a great awning to keep off the sun; for already Italy is near, and the odor of the magnolia and oleander is felt from afar.

I wandered into one of these courts last night; the twilight was closing, and there was a strange, mysterious effect in the dim distances upwards, where figures came and went along the high-perched galleries. Beyond the court lay a garden, covered over with a vine-roofed trellis, under whose shade various tables were placed. A single light, here and there, showed where one or two guests

were seated; but all so still and silently that one would have thought the place deserted. It seemed as if the great charm was that mellow air softened by silence, for none spoke.

I walked for some time through the alleys, and at last sat down to rest myself at a little table, over which a wide-leaved fig-tree spread its dark canopy.

At first I did not remark that another person was seated near the table; but as my eyes became more accustomed to the shade, I descried a figure opposite to me, and immediately rising, I offered my apology in German for intruding. He replied in French, by politely requesting I would be seated; and the tone and manner of his words induced me to comply.

We soon fell into conversation; and although I could barely distinguish his shadow as the night fell thicker, I recognized that he was an old man; his accent proclaimed him to be French. We chatted away, the topics ranging, with that wilfulness conversation always inclines to, from the "Wein-cur" — the "Grape cure" — for which Meran is celebrated, to the present condition and the past grandeur of the ancient town. With its bygone history my companion seemed well acquainted, and narrated with considerable skill some of its illustrious passages, concluding one by saying, "Here, in this very garden, on a summer morning of 1342, the Emperor and the Margrave of Brandenburg sat at breakfast, when a herald came to announce the advance of the procession with the future bride of the Duke, Margareta, while the Bishops of Augsburg and Regensberg, and all the chivalry of the Tyrol, rode beside and around her. In yonder little chapel, where a light now glitters over a shrine, was the betrothal performed. From that day forth Tyrol was Austrian. Of all this gorgeous festivity, nothing remains but an iron horse-shoe nailed to the chapel door. The priest who performed the betrothal somewhat indiscreetly suggested that, with such a dowry as the bridegroom received, he might well be generous towards the Church; on which the Duke, a man of immense personal strength, at once stooped down and wrenched a fore-shoe from the bride's white palfrey, saying, with sarcastic bitterness, 'Here, I

give thee iron for stone!" in allusion to the rocks and precipices of the Tyrol land.

"Ungratefully spoken at the time," continued the stranger, "and equally false as a prophecy. These wild fastnesses have proved the best and last defences of that same Austrian Empire. Indeed, so well aware was Napoleon of the united strength and resources of the Tyrol, that one of his first measures was to partition the country between Bavaria, Austria, and Illyria. And yet this Tyrol loyalty is inexplicable. They are attached to the house of Hapsburgh, but they are not Austrian in feeling. The friends of free trade need not go far in Meran to find disciples to their doctrine. Every one remembers the time that a bottle of Meraner wine was worth seventy-five gulden, which now is to be had for five; but then they were Bavarian, and might barter the grape-juice for the yellow produce of the Baierisch cornfields. At the present day they are isolated, shut up, and imprisoned by custom-houses and toll; and they are growing daily poorer, and neglecting the only source they possessed of wealth."

We talked of Hofer, and I perceived that my companion was strongly imbued with an opinion, now very general in the Tyrol, that his merits were much less than foreigners usually ascribe to him. Sprung from the people, the host of a little wayside inn, a man with little education, and of the very roughest manner, it is somewhat singular that his claims are most disputed among the very class he came from. Had he been an aristocrat, in all likelihood they had never ventured to canvass the merits they now so mercilessly arraign. They judge of his efforts by the most unfair of tests in such matters,—the result. They say, "To what end has Tyrol fought and bled? Are we better, or richer, or freer than before?" They even go further, and accuse him of exciting the revolt as a means of escaping the payment of his debts, which assuredly were considerable. What a terrible price is paid for mob popularity, when the hour of its effervescence is past.

We fell to chat over the character of revolutions generally, and the almost invariable tendency to reaction that ensues in all popular commotions. The character of the

three days and the present condition of France, more despotically governed than ever Napoleon dared, was too palpable an example to escape mention. I had the less hesitation in speaking my opinion on this subject, that I saw my companion's leanings were evidently of the legitimist stamp.

From the revolution we diverged to the struggle itself of the three days; and being tolerably familiar, from various personal narratives, with the event, I ventured on expressing my concurrence with the opinion that a mere mob, unprepared, unarmed, and undisciplined, could never have held for an hour against the troops had there not been foul play.

“Where do you suspect this treachery to have existed?” asked my companion.

The tone of the question, even more than its substance, confused me, for I felt myself driven to a vague reply in explanation of a direct charge. I answered, however, that the magnitude of the danger could scarcely have been unknown to many men highly placed in the service of Charles X.; and yet it was clear the King never rightly understood that any real peril impended. The whole outbreak was treated as an “échauffourée.”

“I can assure you of your error, so far,” replied my companion. “The greatest difficulty we encountered —” There was a slight pause here, as if by use of the word “we” an unwitting betrayal had escaped him. He speedily, however, resumed: “The greatest difficulty was to persuade his Majesty that the entire affair was anything but a street brawl. He treated the accounts with an indifference bordering on contempt; and at every fresh narrative of the repulse of the troops, he seemed to feel that the lesson to be inflicted subsequently would be the most efficacious check to popular excess in future. To give an instance — a very slight one, but not without its moral — of the state of feeling of the court, at four o'clock of the afternoon of the third day, when the troops had fallen back from the Place du Carrousel, and with great loss been compelled to retreat towards the Champs Elysées, Captain Langlet, of the 4th Lancers, volunteered to carry a verbal message to Versailles, in doing which he should traverse a great part of Paris in the occupation of the

insurgents. The attempt was a bold and daring one, but it succeeded. After innumerable hairbreadth dangers and escapes, he reached Versailles at half-past seven. His horse had twice fallen, and his uniform was torn by balls; and he entered the courtyard of the Palace just as his Majesty learned that his dinner was served. Langlet hastened up the great staircase, and, by the most pressing entreaties to the officer in waiting, obtained permission to wait there till the King should pass. He stood there for nearly a quarter of an hour; it seemed an age to him, for though faint, wounded, and weary, his thoughts were fixed on the scene of struggle he had quitted, and the diminishing chances of success each moment told. At last the door of a *salon* was flung wide, and the Grand Maréchal, accompanied by the officers in waiting, were seen retiring in measured steps before the King. His Majesty had not advanced half-way along the corridor when he perceived the splashed and travel-stained figure of the officer. 'Who is that?' demanded he, in a tone of almost asperity. The officer on guard stepped forward, and told who he was and the object of his coming. The King spoke a few words hastily and passed on. Langlet awaited in breathless eagerness to hear when he should have his audience — he only craved time for a single sentence. What was the reply he received? — an order to present himself, 'suitably dressed,' in the morning. Before that morning broke there was no king in France!

"Take this — the story is true — as a specimen of the fatuity of the Court. *Quem Deus vult perdere*: — so it is we speak of events, but we forget ourselves."

"But still," said I, "the army scarcely performed their *devoir* — not, at least, as French troops understand *devoir* — where their hearts are engaged."

"You are mistaken again," said he. "Save in a few companies of the line, never did troops behave better: four entire squadrons of one regiment were cut to pieces at the end of the Rue Royale; two infantry regiments were actually annihilated at the Hôtel de Ville. For eight hours, at the Place du Carrousel, we had no ammunition, while the insurgents poured in a most murderous fire; so was it along the Quai Voltaire."

"I have heard," said I, "that the Duc de Raguse lost his head completely."

"I can assure you, sir, they who say so calumniate him," was the calm reply. "Never before that day was a Marshal of France called upon to fight an armed host without soldiers and without ammunition."

"His fate would induce us to be superstitious, and believe in good luck. Never was there a man more persecuted by ill fortune!"

"I perceive they are shutting the gates," said my companion, rising; "these worthy Meraners are of the very earliest to retire for the night." And so saying, and with a "Good-night," so hastily uttered as to forbid further converse, my companion withdrew, while I wandered slowly back to my inn, curious to learn who he might be, and if I should ever chance upon him again.

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I heard a voice this morning on the bridge, so exactly like that of my companion of last night, that I could not help starting. The speaker was a very large and singularly handsome man, who, though far advanced in life, walked with a stature as erect, and an air as assured, as he could have worn in youth. Large bushy eye-brows, black as jet, although his hair was perfectly white, shaded eyes of undimmed brilliancy — he was evidently "some one," the least observant could not pass him without this conviction. I asked a stranger who he was, and received for answer, "Marshal Marmont — he comes here almost every autumn."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TYROL.

EVERY traveller in the Tyrol must have remarked, that, wherever the way is difficult of access, or dangerous to traverse, some little shrine or statue is always to be seen, reminding him that a higher Power than his own watches over his safety, and suggesting the fitness of an appeal to Him, who is “A very present help in time of trouble.”

Sometimes a rude painting upon a little board, nailed on a tree, communicates the escape and gratitude of a traveller; sometimes a still ruder fresco, on the very rock, tells where a wintry torrent had swept away a whole family, and calling on all pious Christians who pass that way to offer a prayer for the departed. There is an endless variety in these little “Votive Tablets,” which are never more touching than when their very rude poverty attests the simplest faith of a simple people. The Tyrolers are indeed such. Perhaps alone, of all the accessible parts of Europe, the Tyrol has preserved its primitive habits and tastes for centuries unchanged. Here and there, throughout the continent, to be sure, you will find some little “Dorf,” or village, whose old-world customs stand out in contrast to its neighbors; and where in their houses, dress, and bearing, the inhabitants seem unlike all else around them. Look more closely, however, and you will see that, although the grandmother is clothed in homespun, and wears her leathern pocket at her girdle all studded with copper nails, that her granddaughter affects a printed cotton or a Swiss calico; and instead of the broad-brimmed and looped felt of the old “Bauer,” the new generation sport broad-cloth and beaver.

Such hamlets are, therefore, only like the passengers left behind by their own coach, and waiting for the next conveyance that passes to carry them on their journey.

In the Tyrol, however, such evidences of progress — as it is the fashion to call it — are rare. The peasantry seem content to live as their fathers have done, and truly he must be sanguine who could hope to better a condition, which, with so few privations, comprises so many of life's best and dearest blessings. If the mountain peaks be snow-clad, even in midsummer, the valleys (at least all in South Tyrol) are rich in vineyards and olive groves; and although wheat is seldom seen, the maize grows everywhere; the rivers swarm with trout; and he must be a poor marksman who cannot have venison for his dinner. The villages are large and well built; the great wooden houses, with their wide projecting roofs and endless galleries, are the very types of comfort. Vast piles of firewood, for winter use, large granaries of forage for the cattle — the cattle themselves with great silver bells hanging to their necks — all bespeak an ease, if not an actual affluence, among the peasantry. The Tyrolers are, in a word, all that poets and tourists say the Swiss are, and of which they are exactly the reverse.

It would be difficult to find two nations so precisely alike in all external circumstances, and so perfectly dissimilar in every feature of character. Even in their religious feelings, Romanism, generally so levelling, has not been able to make them of the same measure here. The Swiss Catholic — bigoted, overbearing, and plotting — has nothing in common with the simple-minded Tyroler, whose faith enters into all the little incidents of his daily life, cheering, exalting, and sustaining, but never suggesting a thought, save of charity and good-will to all.

That they have interwoven, so to say, their religious belief into all their little worldly concerns, if not making their faith the rule, at least establishing it as the companion of their conduct, is easily seen. You never overtake a group, returning from fair or market, that all are not engaged in prayer, repeating together some litany of the Church; and as each new arrival joins the party, his voice chimes in, and swells the solemn hum as naturally as if pre-arranged or practised.

If you pass a village, or a solitary farmhouse, at sunset, the same accents meet your ears, or else you hear them

singing some hymn in concert. Few “Bauer” houses, of any pretension, are without the effigy of a patron saint above the door, and even the humblest will have a verse of a psalm, or a pious sentence, carved in the oaken beam. Their names are taken from the saintly calendar, and everything, to the minutest particular, shows that their faith is an active working principle, fashioning all their actions, and mingling with all their thoughts. Their superstitions, like all single-minded and secluded people’s, are many; their ignorance is not to be denied; mayhap the Church has fostered the one, and done little to enlighten the other: still, if Romanism had no heavier sin to account for, no darker score to clear up, than her dealings in these mountains, there would be much to forgive in a creed that has conferred so many good gifts, and sowed the seeds of so few bad ones.

These pious emblems find their way, too, into places where one would scarce look for them — over the doors of village inns, and as signs to little wine and beer-houses: and frequently the Holy personages are associated with secular usages, strangely at variance with the saintly character. Thus, I have seen, in the village beside me, a venerable St. Martin engaged in the extraordinary operation of shoeing a horse; though what veterinary tastes the saint ever evinced, or why he is so represented, I can find no one to inform me. On the summit of steep passes, where it is usual, by a police regulation, to prescribe the use of a drag to all wheel carriages, the board which sets forth the direction is commonly ornamented by a St. Michael, very busily applying the drag to a heavy wagon, while the driver thereof is on his knees hard by, worshipping the saint, in evident delight at his dexterity. In the same way many venerable and holy men are to be seen presiding over savory hams and goblets of foaming beer, and beaming with angelic beatitude at a party of hard-drinking villagers in the distance. Our present business is, however, less with the practice in general than a particular instance, which is to be met with in the Bavarian Tyrol, midway between the villages of Murnau and Steingaden, where over the door of a solitary little way-side inn hangs a representation of the Virgin, with a

starling perched upon her wrist. One has only to remark the expression of unnatural intelligence in the bird's look, to be certain that it was not a mere fancy of the artist to have placed her thus, but that some event of village tradition, or history, is interwoven with her presence.

The motto contributes nothing to the explanation. It is merely a line from the Church Litany, " Maria, Mutter Gottes, hülf uns — Mary, Mother of God, help us ! "

There is then a story connected with the painting, and we shall, with your leave, tell it; calling our tale by the name of the little inn, —

" MARIA HÜLF ! "

HAS our reader ever heard, or read, of those strange gatherings, which take place at the early spring in the greater number of southern German cities and are called, " Year Markets "? The object is simply to assemble the youth of the mountain districts in Tyrol and Vorarlberg, that they may be hired, by the farmers of the rich pasture countries, as herds. Thither they go — many a mile — some children of ten or eleven years old, and seeming even still younger, away from home and friends, little adventurers on the bleak wide ocean of life, to sojourn among strangers in far-off lands ; to pass days long in lonely valleys or deep glens, without a sight or sound of human life around them ; watching the bright sun and counting the weary minutes over, that night and rest may come, perchance with dreams of that far-off home, which, in all its poverty, is still cheered by the fond familiar faces ! Some, ruddy and stout-looking, seem to relish the enterprise, and actually enjoy the career so promising in its vicissitudes ; others, sad and care-worn, bear with them the sorrows of their last leave-taking, and are only comforted by the thought that autumn will come at last, and then the cattle must be housed for the winter ; and then they shall be free to wend their way over mountain and plain, far, far away beyond Maltz, — high in the wild peaks of the Stelvio, or deep in the lovely glens below Meran.

It was at one of these "Markets" at Innspruck that a little boy was seen, not standing with the groups which usually gather together under a single leader, but alone and apart, seemingly without one that knew him. His appearance bespoke great poverty; his clothes, originally poor, were now in rags; his little cap, of squirrel skin, hung in fragments on either side of his pallid cheeks; his feet—a rare circumstance,—were bare, and bloodstained from travel; want and privation were stamped in every feature; and his eyes, which at that moment were raised with eager anxiety as some Bauer drew nigh, grew wan, and filled at each new disappointment to his hopes,—for this was his third day to stand in the market, and not one had even asked his name. And yet he heard that name; ever and anon it met his ears in sounds which stirred his feeble heart, and made it throb faster. "Fritzerl! ah, Fritzerl, good fellow!" were the words; and poor Fritzerl would stoop down when he heard them, and peep into a little cage where a starling was perched,—a poor emaciated little thing it was, as wayworn and poverty-struck, to all seeming, as himself: but he did not think so: he deemed it the very paragon of the feathered tribe, for it had a little toppin of brown feathers on its head, and a little ring of white around its neck, and would come when he called it; and, better than all, could sing, "Good Fritzerl—nice Fritzerl!" when it was pleased, and "Potztausend!" when angry. This was all its education; his master, poor little fellow, had not much more. How could he? Fritzerl's mother died when he was a baby; his father was killed by a fall from a cliff in the Tyrol Alps, for he was by trade a bird-catcher, and came from the Engadine, where every one loves birds, and in the pursuit of this passion met his fate.

Fritzerl was left an orphan at eleven years old, and all his worldly wealth was this little starling; for although his father had left a little cabin in the high Alps, and a rifle, and some two or three articles of house-gear, they all were sold to pay the expenses of his funeral, and feast the neighbors who were kind enough to follow him to the grave: so that poor Fritz kept open house for two days; and when

he walked out the third after the coffin, he never turned his steps back again, but wandered away far, far away, — to seek in the year-market of Innspruck some kind peasant who would take him home to herd his cattle, and be a father to him now.

Fritzerl knew not that the children who desire to be hired out assemble together in little groups or gangs, electing some one to bargain for them with the Bauers, setting forth in vehement language their various excellences and good gifts, and telling where they have served before, and what zeal and fidelity they have shown to their trust. Fritz, I say, knew not this; perhaps if he had it would have availed him but little; for he was so poorly clad and so weak-looking, and so ignorant of all about tending cattle besides, that he would soon have been driven from the fraternity with disgrace. It was, then, as fortunate for him that he did not know the custom of the craft, and that he took his stand alone and apart beside the fountain in the main street of Innspruck.

And a lovely object is the same fountain, and a beautiful street it stands in, with its stately houses, all rich in stuccoed arabesques, and gorgeously carved doors and gates! And bright and cheerful, too, it looks, with its Tyrolean people clad in their gay colors and their gold-banded hats!

Fritz saw little of these things, or, if he saw, he marked them not. Cold, hunger, and desolation had blunted the very faculties of his mind; and he gazed at the moving crowd with a dreamy unconsciousness that what he saw was real.

The third day of his painful watching was drawing to a close. Fritz had, several hours before, shared his last morsel of black bread with his companion; and the bird, as if sympathizing with his sorrow, sat moody and silent on his perch, nor even by a note or sound broke the stillness.

“Poor Jacob!”¹ said Fritz, with tears in his eyes, “my hard luck should not fall on thee! If no one comes to hire me before the shadow closes across the street, I ’ll open the cage and let thee go!”

The very thought seemed an agony, for scarcely had he

¹ Every starling in Germany is called Jacob.

uttered it when his heart felt as if it would break, and he burst into a torrent of tears.

“Potztausend!” screamed Jacob, alarmed at the unusual cries, — “Potztausend!” And as Fritz sobbed louder, so were the starling’s cries of “Potztausend!” more shrill and piercing.

There were few people passing at the moment, but such as were, stopped, — some to gaze with interest on the poor little boy; more, far more, to wonder at the bird, — when suddenly a venerable old man, with a wide-leaved hat, and a silken robe reaching down to his feet, crossed over towards the fountain. It was the curate of Lenz, a pious and good man, universally respected in Innspruck.

“What art thou weeping for, my child?” said he, mildly.

Fritz raised his eyes, and the benevolent look of the old man streamed through his heart like a flood of hope. It was not, however, till the question had been repeated, that Fritz could summon presence of mind to tell his sorrow and disappointment.

“Thou shouldst not have been here alone, my child,” said the curate; “thou shouldst have been in the great market with the others. And now the time is well-nigh over: most of the Bauers have quitted the town.”

“Potztausend!” cried the bird, passionately.

“It will be better for thee to return home again to thy parents,” said the old man, as he drew his little leathern purse from between the folds of his robe, — “to thy father and mother.”

“I have neither!” sobbed Fritz.

“Potztausend!” screamed the starling, — “Potztausend!”

“Poor little fellow! I would help thee more,” said the kind old priest, as he put six kreutzers into the child’s hand, “but I am not rich either.”

“Potztausend!” shrieked the bird, with a shrillness excited by Fritz’s emotion; and as he continued to sob, so did the starling yell out his exclamation till the very street rang with it.

“Farewell, child!” said the priest, as Fritz kissed his hand for the twentieth time; “farewell, but let me not leave

thee without a word of counsel: thou shouldst never have caught thy bird that idle word. He that was to be thy companion and thy friend, as it seems to me he is, should have learned something that would lead thee to better thoughts. This would bring thee better fortune, Fritz. Adieu! adieu!"

"Potztausend!" said the starling, but in a very low, faint voice, as if he felt the rebuke; and well he might, for Fritz opened his little handkerchief and spread it over the cage,—a sign of displeasure, which the bird understood well.

While Fritz was talking to the curate, an old Bauer, poorly but cleanly clad, had drawn nigh to listen. Mayhap he was not overmuch enlightened by the curate's words, for he certainly took a deep interest in the starling; and every time the creature screamed out its one expletive he would augh to himself, and mutter,—

"Thou art a droll beastie, sure enough."

He watched the bird till Fritz covered it up with his handkerchief, and then was about to move away, when, for the irst time, a thought of the little boy crossed his mind. He turned abruptly round, and said,—

"And thou, little fellow!—what art doing here?"

"Waiting," sighed Fritz, heavily,—"waiting!"

"Ah, to sell thy bird?" said the old man;—"come, I'll buy him from thee. He might easily meet a richer, but he'll not find a kinder, master. What wilt have?—twelve kreutzers, is n't it?"

"I cannot sell him," sobbed Fritz; "I have promised him never to do that."

"Silly child!" said the Bauer, laughing; "thy bird cares little for all thy promises: besides, he'll have a better life with me than thee."

"That might be easily!" said Fritz; "but I'll not break my word."

"And what is this wonderful promise thou'st made, my little man?—come, tell it!"

"I told him," said Fritz, in a voice broken with agitation, "that if the shadow closed over the street down there before any one had hired me, that I would open his cage and let

him free ; and look ! it is nearly across now — there 's only one little glimpse of sunlight remaining ! ”

Poor child ! how many in this world live upon one single gleam of hope — ay, and even cling to it when a mere twilight, fast fading before them !

The Bauer was silent for some minutes ; his look wandered from the child to the cage, and back again from the cage to the child. At last he stooped down and peeped in at the bird, which, with a sense of being in disgrace, sat with his head beneath his wing.

“ Come, my little man,” said he, laying a hand on Fritz's shoulder, “ I 'll take thee home with me ! 'T is true I have no cattle, — nothing save a few goats, — but thou shalt herd these. Pack up thy bird, and let us away, for we have a long journey before us, and must do part of it before we sleep.”

Fritz's heart bounded with joy and gratitude. It would have been, in good truth, no very splendid prospect for any other to be a goatherd to a poor Bauer, — so poor that he had not even one cow ; but little Fritz was an orphan, without a home, a friend, or one to give him shelter for a single night. It may be believed, then, that he felt overjoyed ; and it was with a light heart he trotted along beside the old Bauer, who never could hear enough about the starling — where he came from ? how he was caught ? who taught him to speak ? what he liked best to feed upon ? and a hundred other questions, which, after all, should have been far more numerous ere Fritz found it any fatigue to answer them. Not only did it give him pleasure to speak of Jacob, but now he felt actually grateful to him, since, had the old Bauer not taken a fancy to the bird, it was more than likely he had never hired its master.

The Bauer told Fritz that the journey was a long one, and true enough. It lay across the Zillerthal, where the garnets are found, and over the great mountains that separate the Austrian from the Bavarian Tyrol, — many a long, weary mile, — many, I say, because the Bauer had come up to Innspruck to buy hemp for spinning when the evenings of winter are long and dark, and poor people must do something to earn their bread. This load of hemp was carried

on a little wheeled cart, to which the old man himself was harnessed, and in front of him his dog, — a queer-looking team would it appear to English eyes, but one meets them often enough here; and as the fatigue is not great, and the peasants lighten the way by many a merry song, — as the Tyrol *jodeln*, — it never suggests the painful idea of over-hard or distressing labor. Fritzerl soon took his place as a leader beside the dog, and helped to pull the load; while the starling's cage was fastened on the sheltered side of the little cart, and there he travelled quite safe and happy.

I never heard that Fritz was struck — as he might possibly, with reason, have been — that, as he came into Bavaria, where the wide-stretching plains teem with yellow corn and golden wheat, the peasants seemed far poorer than among the wild mountains of his own Tyrol; neither have I any recollection that he experienced that peculiar freedom of respiration, that greater expansion of the chest, travellers so frequently enumerate as among the sensations whenever they have passed over the Austrian frontier, and breathed the air of liberty, so bounteously diffused through the atmosphere of other lands. Fritz, I fear, for the sake of his perceptive quickness, neither was alive to the fact nor the fiction above quoted; nor did he take much more notice of the features of the landscape, than to mark that the mountains were further off and not so high as those among which he lived, — two circumstances which weighed heavily on his heart, for a Dutchman loves not water as well as a Tyroler loves a mountain.

The impression he first received did not improve as he drew near the Dorf where the old Bauer lived. The country was open and cultivated; but there were few trees: and while one could not exactly call it flat, the surface was merely a waving tract that never rose to the dignity of mountain. The Bauer houses, too, unlike the great wooden edifices of the Southern Tyrol, — where three, ay, sometimes four generations may be found dwelling under one roof, — were small, misshapen things, half stone, half wood. No deep shadowing eave along them to relieve the heat of a summer sun; no trellised vines over the windows and the doorway; no huge yellow gourds drying on the long gal-

leries, where bright geraniums and prickly aloes stood in a row; no Jager either, in his green jacket and gold-tasselled hat, was there, sharing his breakfast with his dog; the rich spoils of his day's sport strewed around his feet, — the smooth-skinned chamois, or the stag with the gnarled horns, or the gorgeously feathered wild turkey, all so plentiful in the mountain regions. No; here was a land of husbandmen, with ploughs, and harrows, and deep-wheeled carts, driven along by poor-looking ill-clad peasants, who never sung as they went along, scarce greeted each other as they passed.

It was true the great plains were covered with cattle, but to Fritz's eyes the prospect had something mournful and sad. It was so still and silent. The cows had no bells beneath their necks like those in the Alpine regions; nor did the herds *jodeln* to each other, as the Tyrolers do, from cliff to cliff, making the valleys ring to the merry sound. No, it was as still as midnight; not even a bird was there to cheer the solitude with his song.

If the aspect without had little to enliven Fritz's spirits, within doors it had even less. The Bauer was very poor; his hut stood on a little knoll outside the village, and on the edge of a long tract of unreclaimed land, which once had borne forest trees, but now was covered by a low scrub, with here and there some huge trunk, too hard to split, or too rotten for firewood. The hut had two rooms, but even that was enough, for there was nobody to dwell in it but the Bauer, his wife, and a little daughter, Gretchen, or, as they called her in the Dorf, "Grett'l'a." She was a year younger than Fritz, and a good-tempered little "Mädchen;" and who, but for over-hard work for one so young, might have been even handsome. Her eyes were large and full, and her hair bright-colored, and her skin clear; yet scanty food and continual exposure to the air, herding the goats, had given her a look of being much older than she really was, and imparted to her features that expression of premature cunning which poverty so invariably stamps upon childhood.

It was a happy day for Grett'l'a that brought Fritz to the cottage; not only because she gained a companion and a playfellow, but that she needed no longer to herd the goats on the wild bleak plain, rising often ere day broke, and

never returning till late in the evening. Fritz would do all this now; and more, he would bring in the firewood from the little dark wood-house, where she feared to venture after nightfall; and he would draw water from the great deep well, so deep that it seemed to penetrate to the very centre of the earth. He would run errands, too, into the Dorf, and beetle the flax betimes; in fact, there was no saying what he would not do. Fritz did not disappoint any of these sanguine expectations of his usefulness; nay, he exceeded them all, showing himself daily more devoted to the interests of his humble protectors. It was never too early for him to rise from his bed, never too late to sit up when any work was to be done; always willing to oblige, ever ready to render any service in his power. Even the Bauer's wife—a hard-natured, ill-thinking creature, in whom poverty had heightened all the faults, nor taught one single lesson of kindness to others who were poor—even she felt herself constrained to moderate the rancor of her harshness, and would even at times vouchsafe a word or a look of good humor to the little orphan boy. The Bauer himself, without any great faults of character, had no sense of the fidelity of his little follower. He thought that there was a compact between them, which, as each fulfilled in his own way, there was no more to be said of it. Gretchen more than made up for the coldness of her parents. The little maiden, who knew by hard experience the severe lot to which Fritz was bound, felt her whole heart filled with gratitude and wonder towards him. Wonder, indeed! for not alone did his services appear so well performed, but they were so various and so numerous. He was everywhere and at everything; and it was like a proverb in the house,—“Fritz will do it.” He found time for all; he neglected—stay, I am wrong—poor little fellow, he did neglect something,—something that was more than all, but it was not his fault. Fritz never entered the village church,—he never said a prayer; he knew nothing of the Power that had created him, and all that he saw around him. If he thought on these things, it was with the vague indecision of a mind without guidance or direction. Why, or how, and to what end he, and others like him, lived or died, he could not, by any effort, conceive.

Fritz was a bondman, — as much a slave as many who are carried away in chains across the seas, and sold to strange masters. There was no bodily cruelty in his servitude ; he endured no greater hardships than poverty entails on millions ; his little sphere of duties was not too much for his strength ; his humble wants were met, but the darkest element of slavery was there ! The daily round of service over, no thought was taken of that purer part which in the peasant claims as high a destiny as in the prince. The Sunday saw him go forth with his flock to the mountain, like any other day ; and though from some distant hill he could hear the tolling bell that called the villagers to prayer, he knew not what it meant. The better dresses and holiday attire suggested some notion of a *fête-day* ; but as he knew there were no *fête-days* for him, he turned his thoughts away, lest he should grow unhappy.

If Fritz's companion, when within doors, was Grettl'a, when he was away on the plain, or among the furze hills, the starling was ever with him. Indeed he could easier have forgotten his little cap of squirrel skin, as he went forth in the morning, than the cage, which hung by a string on his back. This he unfastened when he had led his goats into a favorable spot for pasturage, and sitting down beside it, would talk to the bird for hours. It was a long time before he could succeed in obeying the Curate's counsel, even in part, and teach the bird not to cry "*Potztausend*." Starlings do not unlearn their bad habits much easier than men ; and, despite all Fritz's teaching, his pupil would burst out with the forbidden expression on any sudden emergency of surprise ; or sometimes, as it happened, when he had remained in a sulky fit for several days together without uttering a note, he would reply to Fritz's caresses and entreaties to eat by a sharp, angry "*Potztausend !*" that any one less deeply interested than poor Fritz would have laughed at outright. They were no laughing matters to him. He felt that the work of civilization was all to be done over again. But his patience was inexhaustible ; and a circumstance, perhaps, not less fortunate, — he had abundant time at his command. With these good aids he labored on, now punishing, now rewarding, ever inventing some new plan of correction, and at last — as does every one

who has that noble quality, perseverance — at last succeeding, not, indeed, all at once perfectly; for Star's principles had been laid down to last, and he struggled hard not to abandon them, and he persisted to cry "Potz——" for three months after he had surrendered the concluding two syllables. Finally, however, he gave up even this; and no temptation of sudden noise, no riotous conduct of the villagers after nightfall, no boiling over of the great metal pot that held the household supper, nor any more alarming ebullition of ill-temper of the good Frau herself, would elicit from him the least approach to the forbidden phrase.

While the starling was thus accomplishing one part of his education by unlearning, little Fritz himself, under Grettl'a's guidance, was learning to read. The labor was not all to be encountered, for he already had made some little progress in the art under his father's tuition. But the evening hours of winter, wherein he received his lessons, were precisely those in which the poor bird-catcher, weary and tired from a day spent in the mountains, would fall fast asleep, only waking up at intervals to assist Fritz over a difficulty, or say, "Go on," when his blunders had made him perfectly unintelligible even to himself. It may be well imagined, then, that his proficiency was not very great. Indeed, when first called upon by Grettl'a to display his knowledge, his mistakes were so many, and his miscallings of words so irresistibly droll, that the little girl laughed outright; and, to do Fritz justice, he joined in the mirth himself.

The same persistence of purpose that aided him while teaching his bird, befriended him here. He labored late and early, sometimes repeating to himself by heart little portions of what he had read, to familiarize himself with new words; sometimes wending his way along the plain, book in hand; and then, having mastered some fierce difficulty, he would turn to his starling to tell him of his victory, and promise that when once he knew how to read well, he would teach him something out of his book, — "something good;" for, as the Curate said, "that would bring luck."

So long as the winter lasted, and the deep snow lay on the hills, Fritz always herded his goats near the village,

seeking out some sheltered spot where the herbage was still green, or where the thin drift was easily scraped away. In summer, however, the best pasturages lay further away among the hills near Steingaden, a still and lonely tract, but inexpressibly dear to poor Fritz, since there the wild flowers grew in such abundance, and from thence he could see the high mountains above Reute and Paterkirchen, lofty and snow-clad like the “Jochs” in his own Tyrol land. There was another reason why he loved this spot. It was here, that, in a narrow glen where two paths crossed, a little shrine stood, with a painting of the Virgin enclosed within it, — a very rude performance, it is true; but how little connection is there between the excellence of art and the feelings excited in the humble breast of a poor peasant child! The features, to his thinking, were beautiful; never had eyes a look so full of compassion and of love. They seemed to greet him as he came and follow him as he lingered on his way homeward. Many an hour did Fritz sit upon the little bench before the shrine, in unconscious worship of that picture. Heaven knows what fancies he may have had of its origin; it never occurred to him to think that human skill could have achieved anything so lovely.

He had often remarked that the villagers, as they passed, would kneel down before it, and with bowed heads and crossed arms seemed to do it reverence; and he himself, when they were gone, would try to imitate their gestures, some vague sentiment of worship struggling for utterance in his heart.

There was a little inscription in gilt letters beneath the picture; but these he could not read, and would gaze at their cabalistic forms for hours long, thinking how, if he could but decipher them, that the mystery might be revealed.

How he longed for the winter to be over and the spring to come, that he might lead the goats to the hills, and to the little glen of the shrine! He could read now. The letters would be no longer a secret; they would speak to him, and to his heart, like the voice of that beauteous image. How ardently did he wish to be there! and how, when the first faint sun of April sent its pale rays over the

plain, and glittered with a sickly delicacy on the lake, how joyous was his spirit and how light his step upon the heather!

Many a little store of childish knowledge had Grettl'a opened to his mind in their winter evenings' study; but somehow, he felt as if they were all as nothing compared to what the golden letters would reveal. The portrait, the lonely glen, the solemn reverence of the kneeling worshippers, had all conspired to create for him a mass of emotions indescribably pleasurable and thrilling. Who can say the secret of such imaginings, or bound their sway?

The wished-for hour came, and it was alone and unseen that he stood before the shrine and read the words, "Maria, Mutter Gottes, hilf uns." If this mystery were unrevealed to his senses, a feeling of dependent helplessness was too familiar to his heart not to give the words a strong significance. He was poor, unfriended, and an orphan: who could need succor more than he did? Other children had fathers and mothers, who loved them and watched over them; their little wants were cared for, their wishes often gratified. His was an uncheered existence: who was there to "*help him*"?

Against the daily load of his duties he was not conscious of needing aid; his burden he was both able and willing to bear. It was against his thoughts in the long hours of solitude, against the gloomy visions of his own free-thinking spirit, he sought assistance; against the sad influence of memory, that brought up his childhood before him, when he had a father who loved him,—against the dreary vista of an unloved future, he needed help. "*And could she befriend him?*" was the question he asked his heart.

"He must ask Grettl'a this; she would know it all!" Such were the reflections with which he bent his way homeward, as eagerly as in the morning he had sought the glen. Grettl'a did know it all, and more too, for she had a prayer-book, and a catechism, and a hymn-book, though hitherto these treasures had been unknown to Fritz, whose instructions were always given in a well-thumbed little volume of fairy tales, where "*Hans Daümling*" and "*The Nutz-cracker*" figured as heroes.

I am not able to say that Grettl'a's religious instruction was of the most enlightened nature, — not any more than it was commensurate with the wishes and requirements of him who sought it; it went, indeed, little further than an explanation of the "golden letters." Still, slight and vague as it was, it comforted the poor heart it reached, as the most straggling gleam of sunlight will cheer the dweller in some dark dungeon, whose thoughts soar out upon its rays to the gorgeous luminary it flows from. Whatever the substance of his knowledge, its immediate effect upon his mind was to diffuse a hopeful trust and happiness through him he had never known till now. His loneliness in the world was no longer the solitary isolation of one bereft of friends. Not only with his own heart could he commune now. He felt there was One above who read these thoughts, and could turn them to his will. And in this trust his daily labor was lightened, and his lot more happy.

"Now," thought he, one day, as he wandered onward among the hills, — "now I can teach thee something good, — something that will bring us luck. Thou shalt learn the lesson of the golden letters, Starling; ay, truly, it will be hard enough at first. It cost me many a weary hour to learn to read, and thou hast only one little line to get off by heart, — and such a pretty line, too! Come, Jacob, let's begin at once." And, as he spoke, he opened the cage and took out the bird, and patted his head kindly, and smoothed down his feathers. Little flatteries, that Starling well understood were preparatory to some educational requirement; and he puffed out his chest proudly, and advanced one leg with an air of importance, and drawing up his head, seemed as though he could say, "Well, what now, Master Fritz? — what new scheme is this in thy wise head?"

Fritz understood him well, or thought he did so, which in such cases comes pretty much to the same thing; and so, without more ado, he opened his explanation, which perhaps, after all, was meant equally for himself as the starling, — at least, I hope so, for I suspect he comprehended it better.

He told him that for a long time his education had been grossly neglected; that, having originally been begun upon a wrong principle, the great function of his teacher had been to eradicate the evil, and, so to say, to clear the soil for the new and profitable seed. The ground, to carry out the illustration, had now lain long enough in fallow; the time had arrived to attend to its better culture.

It is more than probable Fritz had never heard of the great controversy in France upon the system of what is called the "Secondary Instruction," nor troubled his head on the no less active schism in our own country between the enemies and advocates of National Education. So that he has all the merit, if it be one, of solving a very difficult problem for himself without aid or guidance; for he resolved that a religious education should precede all other.

"Now for it," said he, at the close of a longer exposition of his intentions than was perhaps strictly necessary, — "now for it, Starling! repeat after me, 'Maria, Mutter Gottes, hulf uns!'"

The bird looked up in his face with an arch drollery that almost disconcerted the teacher. If a look could speak, that look said, as plainly as ever words could, —

"Why don't you ask me to say the whole Litany, Fritz?"

"Ay, ay," replied Fritz; for it was a reply. "I know that's a great deal to learn all at once, and some of the words are hard enough, too; but with time, Star, — time and patience — I had to use both one and the other before I learned to read; and many a thing that looks difficult and impossible even at first, seems quite easy afterwards. Come, then, just try it: begin with the first word — 'Maria.'"

It was in vain Fritz spoke in his most coaxing accents; in vain did he modulate the syllables in twenty different ways. All his entreaties and pettings, all his blandishments and caresses, were of no avail; Star remained deaf to them all. He even turned his back at last, and seemed as if no power on earth should make a Christian of him. Fritz had had too much experience of the efficacy of perseverance in his own case to abandon the game here; so he went to work again, and with the aid of a little lump of sugar returned to the lecture.

Had Star been a Chancery lawyer, he could not have received the fee more naturally; though, for the honor of the equity bar, I would hope the similitude ends there, for he paid not the slightest heed to the "instructions."

It would, perhaps, be rash in us "featherless bipeds" to condemn Star all at once; there is no saying on what grounds he may have resisted this educational attempt. How do we know that his reasoning ran not somewhat in this strain? —

"What better off shall I be when I have learned all your hard words? — or how is it that you, my teacher, knowing them so well, should be the poor, half-fed, half-naked thing I see there before me?"

These very conjectures would seem to have crossed Fritz's mind, for he said, —

"It is not for a mere whim that I would have thee learn this; these words will bring us luck, Star! Ay, what I say is true, though thou mayst shake thy head and think otherwise. I tell thee, 'Good words bring luck.' "

Whether it was that Star assumed an air of more than ordinary conceit and indifference, or that Fritz had come to the end of patience, I cannot affirm; but he hastily added, and in a voice much louder and more excited than was his wont, "It is so; and thou shalt learn the words whether thou wilt or no,— that I tell thee!"

"Potztausend!" cried the bird, frightened by his excitement, and at once recurring to his long unused exclamation, — "Potztausend!"

"Hush, shameless thing!" said Fritz, angrily; "there is nothing for it but punishment!" And so he replaced him in the cage, covered him close on every side with his hand-kerchief, and trudged sorrowfully towards home.

For several days Fritz never spoke to Starling, even one word. He brought him his food in silence; and instead of taking him, as of old, along with him into the fields, he hung his cage in a gloomy corner of the hut, whence he could see little or nothing of what went on in the house, — no small privation for a bird so alive to inquisitiveness. At length, when he believed punishment had gone far enough, he took him down and hung him on his back as

usual, and brought him a long, long way into the hills. The day was fine, a fresh but balmy spring breathed over the young flowers, and the little stream danced and rippled pleasantly; and the clouds moved along overhead in large soft masses, bordered with a silvery edge. Star never noticed these things; he was indignant at the neglect, as he deemed it, which had been shown him of late. His pride and spirit—and Starlings are not deficient in either—had sustained grievous injury; and he felt that, without due reparation made to him, he could not, consistently with honor, sign a treaty of reconciliation.

Fritz mistook these indications altogether—and who can blame him? What the world calls dignity is not unfrequently mere sulk. How should poor Fritz make distinctions great ministers and princes are sometimes incapable of?

The end of all this was a struggle,—a long and violent struggle on each side for the ascendancy. Fritz, however, had the advantage, for he could starve out the enemy,—a harsh measure, no doubt; but greater folks have adopted even more severe ones to enforce their principles. Fritz, besides, had all the stern enthusiasm of a fanatic in the cause. The dark zeal of the Holy Office itself never enforced its decrees with more inflexible purpose than did he his. “Accept this creed or die in your sins,” was, if not exactly his dictum, certainly his full meaning. Star stood out long,—so long that Fritz began at last to fear that the creature meditated martyrdom; and in this dread he relaxed somewhat of his prison discipline.

It would scarcely be instructive, not any more than amusing, to recount the painful progress of this long contest,—a contest, after all, in which there is nothing new to any reader of history; for when force is on one side, and weakness on the other, the result may be deferred, but is never doubtful. It is enough that we say Star made submission. True, it was the submission of coercion; no matter for that,—it was submission; for, after three weeks of various successes on either side, the creature greeted Fritz one morning as he arose, with a faint cry of “Maria, Maria!”

This was enough, more than enough; and Fritzerl could have hugged him to his heart.

His authority recognized, his will acknowledged, he was but too happy to take his rebellious subject into full favor again. Whether Star felt the benefits of his changed conduct so very satisfactory to his comfort, or that he was really disposed to please his master, I cannot say; but from that hour out he labored strenuously to learn his new profession of faith, and screamed "Maria!" from day-dawn to dusk. The two following words were, however, downright puzzles; "Mutter Gottes" was a combination that no starling, even a German one, bred up among strong gutturals and flat labials could master. He worked hard, however, and so did Fritz. If life depended upon it, neither of them could have exerted themselves more zealously; but it was no use. In any other language, perhaps, Star might have been able to invoke the Virgin, but here it was out of the question. The nearest approach the poor fellow could make was something like a cry of "Morder—Mörder" (Murder—murder), — so unfortunate a change that Fritz abandoned the lesson with the best grace he could, betaking himself to the concluding words, which happily presented no such unseemly similitudes.

His success here was such as to obliterate all memory of his former defeat. Starling made the most astonishing progress and learned the words so perfectly, with such accuracy of enunciation, that to hear him at a little distance any one would say it was some pious Catholic invoking the Virgin with all his might. The "Hulf uns" was not a mere exclamation, but a cry for actual aid so natural as to be perfectly startling.

So long as the bird's education was incomplete, Fritzerl carefully screened him from public observation. He had all the susceptibility of a great artist who would not let his canvas be looked upon before the last finishing touch was laid on the picture. No sooner, however, had full success crowned his teaching than he proudly displayed him in a new cage made for the occasion, at the door of the Bauer's hut.

It was Sunday, and the villagers were on their way to

Mass; and what was their astonishment to hear themselves exhorted, as they passed, by the fervent cry of "Maria, hülf uns! Hülf uns, Maria!" Group after group stood in mute amazement, gazing at the wonderful bird; some blessing themselves with a pious fervor, others disposed to regard the sounds as miraculous, and more than either stood in dumb astonishment at this new specimen of ghostly counsel.

All this while Fritzerl lay hid beneath the window, enjoying his triumph with a heart full almost to bursting. Never did singing-master listen to the siren notes of his pupil, while as the *prima donna* of a great opera she electrified or entranced a crowded audience with more enthusiastic rapture than did Fritz at his starling's performance. Poor little fellow! it was not merely vanity gratified by public applause, — it was a higher feeling was engaged here. A sense of religious exaltation worked within him that he had labored in a great cause; a thrill of ecstasy trembled at his heart that another voice than his own was asking aid for him, and incessantly invoking the Virgin's protection on his own head. Happy had it been for him that no other sentiment had intervened, and that he had not also indulged a vain pride in the accomplishment of his pupil!

It so chanced that among those who passed the hut and stood to wonder at this astonishing creature was a tall, ragged-looking, swarthy fellow, whose dress of untanned leather, and cap ornamented with the tail of many a wood squirrel, told that he was an "Engadiner," one from the same land Fritz came himself. A strange wild land it is, where in dress, language, custom, and mode of life, there is no resemblance to anything to be seen throughout Europe. A more striking representative of his strange country need not have been wished for. His jacket was hung round with various tufts of plumage and fur for making artificial birds, with whistles and bird-calls to imitate every note that ever thrilled through a leafy grove. His leathern breeches only reached to the knee, which was entirely bare, as well as the leg, to below the calf, where a rude sandal was fastened. His arms, also, copper-colored as those of an Indian, were quite naked, two leathern bracelets enclosing each wrist, in

which some metal hooks were inserted; by these he could hang on the branch of a tree, or the edge of a rock, leaving his hands at liberty. He wore his coal-black hair far down on his back and shoulders, and his long mustache drooped deep beneath his lank jaw. If there was something wild almost to ferocity in his black and flashing eyes, the mouth, with its white and beautifully regular teeth, had a look of almost womanly delicacy and softness, — a character that was well suited to the musical sounds of his native language, — one not less pleasant to the ear than Italian itself. Such was he who stopped to listen to the bird, and who, stealing round to the end of the hut, lay down beneath some scattered branches of firewood to delight his ear to the uttermost.

It may be doubted whether a connoisseur ever listened to Grisi or Jenny Lind with more heartfelt rapture than did the Engadiner to the starling; for, while the bird from time to time would break forth with its newly acquired invocation, the general tenor of its song was a self-taught melody, — one of those wild and delicious voluntaries in which conscious power displayed itself; now astounding the ear by efforts the wildest and most capricious, now subduing the sense by notes plaintive almost to bring tears. In these latter it was that he mingled his cry of “Maria, hulf — hulf — hulf uns, Maria!” — words so touching and so truthful in their accents that at every time the Engadiner heard them he crossed himself twice on the forehead and the breast; which devout exercise, I am constrained to say, had in his case more of habit than true piety, as the sequel proved.

I forget whether it is not Madame de Scuderi has built a little theory upon the supposition that every mind has within it the tendency to yield to some one peculiar temptation. The majority, I fancy, have not limited their weakness to units. Poverty has so many wants to be supplied, wealth so many seductions to offer, that it may be affirmed he is not worse than his fellows whose heart has only one undefended bastion. I am not anxious to claim for my Engadiner any more than ordinary powers of resistance. Neither his race nor his country, the habits of his life, nor

his principles — if it be permitted to use the word — had taught him such self-control; but if they had, — if they had steeled his nature against every common seduction, they could not have stifled within him the native passion for bird-catching, or, what is very much akin to it, bird-stealing. He would as soon have thought it needful to restrict his lungs in their requisite quantity of atmospheric air, as to curb what he regarded as a mere human instinct. If Engadiners were made for anything, it was for bird-catching. No one did anything else, thought, spoke, or dreamed of anything else in the Engadine. It was not a pastime or a caprice; it was not that the one was skilful, or that the other was adroit at it, but the whole population felt that birds were their natural prey, and that the business of their life was comprised in catching, feeding, training, sending, and selling them all over the globe, — not only in Europe, but over the vast continent of America. Wherever birds had fanciers, wherever men cared for the tints of plumage or the warbling mellowness of their notes, there an Engadiner was sure to be found. And who has ever studied their nature like one of these mountaineers, who knows all their habits and their tastes, their seasons of migrating and returning, how they build their nests, and all their likings and their antipathies, — the causes which influence their selection and abandonment of a peculiar locality, the meaning of their songs, — ay, and they are full of meaning, — of welcome, of sorrow, of love, and of despair? None like an Engadiner for all this! Few would have the patience, fewer still the requisite gifts of acuteness, with uncommon powers of eye and ear, — of eye to discern the tints of plumage among the dark leaves of the pine forest, — of ear to catch and imitate the notes of each tribe, so that birds themselves should answer to the sounds.

The Engadiner stirred not from his hiding-place the whole day. He watched the moving throng passing to and from the village church; he saw the Bauers pass by, some in the Sunday “wagons,” their horses gayly caparisoned, with huge scarlet tassels beneath their necks, and great wide traces all studded with little copper nails; and the

more humble on foot, the men dressed in their light Bavarian blue, and the women clad in a coarser stuff of the same color, their wealth being all centred in one strange head-dress of gold and silver filigree, which, about the size and shape of a peacock's tail when expanded, is attached to the back of the head, — an unwieldy contrivance, which has not the merit of becomingness; it neither affords protection against sun or rain, and is so inconvenient, that when two peasant women walk together they have to tack and beat, like ships in a narrow channel; and not unfrequently, like such craft, run foul of each other after all.

The Engadiner watched these evidences of affluence, such as his wild mountains had nothing to compare with, and yet his heart coveted none of them. They were objects of his wonder, but no more; while every desire was excited to possess the little bird, whose cage hung scarcely three yards from where he lay.

As evening drew nigh, the Engadiner became almost feverish in excitement. Each stir within the house made him fear that some one was coming to take the bird away; every step that approached suggested the same dread. Twice he resolved to tear himself from the spot, and pursue his journey; but each time some liquid note, some thrilling cadence, fell like a charm upon his ear, and he sank down spell-bound. He sat for a long time with eyes riveted on the cage, and then, at length, stooping down, he took from the ground beside him a long branch of pine-wood; he measured with his eye the distance to the cage, and muttered to himself an assent. With a dexterity and speed which in his countrymen are instincts, he fastened one handle of his scissors to the branch, and tied a string to the other, making an implement like that used by the grape gatherers in the wine season. He examined it carefully, to try its strength, and even experimented with it on the jessamine that grew over the front of the cottage. His dark eyes glistened like burning coals as the leaves and twigs were snapped off at a touch. He looked around him to see that all was still, and no one near. The moment was favorable; the Angelus was ringing from the little chapel, and all the Dorf was kneeling in prayer. He hesitated no

longer, but, lifting the branch, he cut through three of the little bars in the cage; they were dry and brittle, and yielded easily. In a moment more he had removed them, leaving a little door wide enough for the bird to escape. This done, he withdrew the stick, detached the scissors, and in its place tied on a small lump of maple sugar,—the food the bird loves best. Starling, at first terrified by the intrusion, soon gained courage, and approached the bait. He knew not that a little noose of horse-hair hung beneath it, which, no sooner had he tasted the sugar, than it was thrown over his neck and drawn tight. Less practised fingers than the Engadiner's could scarcely have enclosed that little throat sufficiently to prevent even one cry, and yet not endanger life.

Every step of this process was far more rapid than we have been in telling it. The moment it was effected the Engadiner was away. No Indian ever rose from his lair with more stealthy cunning, nor tracked his enemy with a fleeter step. Away, over the wide plain, down through the winding glens, among the oak-scrub, and into the dark pine-wood, who could trace his wanderings?—who could overtake him now?

With all his speed, he had not gone above a mile from the Dorf when Fritz missed his treasure. He went to take his bird into the house for the night, when the whole misfortune broke full upon him. For a few seconds, like most people under sudden bereavement, his mind could not take in all the sorrow. He peered into the cage, he thrust his fingers into it, he tumbled over the moss at the bottom of it; and then, at length, conscious of his loss, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as though his heart was breaking.

Men and women may find it hard to sympathize with such sorrow. A child, however, can understand a child's grief; for Fritz had lost everything he had in the world. This little bird was not only all his wealth, all his ambition, his daily companion in solitary places, his hope, his friend, but somehow it was linked mysteriously with the memories of his own home,—memories that every day, every hour, was effacing; but these Star still could call up in his heart.

To lose him was, therefore, to cut the last slender cord that tied him to the past, and linked him to the future.

His violent sobbing brought Grettl'a to him, but he could tell her nothing; he could only point to the cage, which now hung on its side, and mutter the one word, —

“Hin! hin! — Away! away!”

The little girl's grief was scarcely less poignant than his own. She wrung her hands in all the passion of sorrow, and cried bitterly.

The Bauer and his wife now came to the spot, — the one to join in, the other to rebuke their affliction. How little the children noticed either! Their misery filled up every corner of their minds; their wretchedness was overwhelming.

Every corner of the little hut was associated with some recollection of the poor “Star.” Here it was he used to feed; here he hopped out to greet Fritz of an evening, when the bad weather had prevented him accompanying him to the fields. There he was accustomed to sit while they were at supper, singing his merry song; and here would he remain silently while they were at prayers, waiting for the moment of their rising to utter the cry of “Maria, hülf uns!”

Each time the children's eyes met, as they turned away from looking at any of these well-known spots, they burst into tears. Each read the other's thoughts, and felt his sorrows more deeply in the interchange.

What a long, long night was that! They cried themselves to sleep, to awake again in tears; now to dream they heard “Star” calling to them; now to fancy he had come back again, all wayworn and ruffled, glad to seek his usual shelter, and be with friends once more; and then they awoke to feel the bitterness of disappointment, and know that he was gone!

“And he told me, Grettl'a, — he told me, ‘A good word brings luck!’” sobbed Fritz, whose despair had turned to scepticism.

Poor Grettl'a had no argument wherewith to meet this burst of misery; she could but mingle her tears with his.

We frequently hear of the hard-heartedness of the poor, — how steeled they are against the finer affections and softer

feelings of the world; but it might be as well to ask if the daily business of life, which to them is one of sheer necessity, does not combat more powerfully against the indulgence of sorrow than all the philosophy that mere wisdom ever taught?

Poor Fritzerl awoke with a heart almost weighed down with affliction; but still he went forth with his goats to the pasture, and tended and watched after them as carefully as ever. The next day, and the day after that again, he went about his accustomed duties; but on the third day, as he sat beside Grettl'a, under the old linden-tree before the door, he whispered to her, —

“I can bear it no longer, Grettl'a! I must away! — away!” And he pointed to the distance, which, vague and undefined as his own resolves, stretched out its broad expanse before them.

Grettl'a did her best to persuade him against his rash determination; she reasoned as well as she could reason. She begged, she even cried to him; and at last, all else failing, she forgot her pledge, and actually ran and told her father.

The Bauer, sorry to lose so faithful a servant as Fritz, added his influence to the little maiden's tears, and even the Bauer's wife tried to argue him out of his resolve, mingling with her wise suggestions about a “wide world and a cold one,” some caustic hints about ingratitude to his friends and protectors.

Fritz was deaf to all. If he could not yield to Grettl'a's prayers and weeping eyes, he was strong against the old wife's sarcasms.

He cried all night through, and, arising before the dawn, he kissed Grettl'a as she lay sleeping, and, cautiously opening the latch, slipped out unheard. A heavy dew was on the grass, and the large, massive clouds rested on the mountains and filled the plain. It was cold and gloomy and cheerless; just such as the world is to the wanderer who, friendless, alone, and poor, would tempt his fortunes in it!

Fritz wandered on over the plain, — he had no choice of paths; he had nothing to guide, no clew to lead him. He took this because he had often gone it with “Star” when he

was happy and contented. As he went along, the sun rose, and soon the whole scene changed from its leaden gray to the bright tint of morning. The hoar-frost glittered like thousands of spangles scattered over the grass; the earth sent up a delicious odor; the leaves, as they opened, murmured softly in the air; and the little brooks rustled among the stones, and rippled on with a sound like fairy laughter. There was gladness and joy everywhere, save in that heart which was now bereft of all.

"What could he mean?" said he, again and again to himself: "'A good word brings luck!' When had I ever misfortune till now?"

Oh, Fritzerl! take care lest you are not making the common mistake, and expecting the moral before the end of the story.

Were it my object to dwell on this part of my tale, I might tell you of Fritz's long conflict with himself, — his doubts, his hesitation, and his reasonings, before he could decide on what course to take, or whither to bend his steps. The world was a very wide one to hunt after a starling through it; that he knew, though not very deeply skilled in geography.

Fritz had never heard of those wise inspirations by which knights-errant of old guided their wanderings; nor, perhaps, if he had, would he have benefited by them, seeing that to throw the rein loose on his charger's neck was a matter of some difficulty. He did, perhaps, what was the nearest thing in practice to this: he wandered along, keeping the straight path, and, neither turning right nor left, found himself at noon in the opening of the beautiful glen that leads to Reute. He looked up, and there were great mountains before him, — not hills, but real mountains, with pine-forests beneath, and crags above that, and over them, again, snow-peaks and glaciers. They seemed quite near, but they were still many a mile off. No matter; the sight of them cheered and encouraged him. They reminded him of the old life among the Tyrol "Jochs," and the wild cattle sporting about, and the herdsmen springing from cliff to cliff, rifle in hand. Oh, that was a free and joyous life!

Fritz's musings on this head were suddenly put a stop to by a severe pang of hunger, in all likelihood suggested by the odor of a savory mess which steamed from the open window of a little hut on the road-side.

The peasant family were about to sit down to their twelve o'clock dinner, when Fritz, unconsciously to himself, drew up at the window, and looked in at the tempting food.

There is one custom in Germany, which, simple as it is, it would be hard to praise above its merits; that is, the invariable habit of every one, so far as his means permit, to help the foot-traveller on his journey. By an old municipal law of most of the cities, the tradesmen cannot settle and establish themselves in their native town till they have travelled and lived in other places; thus learning, as it is supposed, whatever improvements their several crafts may have obtained in different and distant cities. These wanderings, which are usually for one year or two, are accomplished during the period of apprenticeship; so that you never travel on any of the high-roads without meeting these Lehr-Junkers, as they are called, who, with a knapsack on their back, and a spare pair of boots or two depending from it, are either smoking or singing to beguile the way. As it is not to be supposed that they are over-abundantly provided with means, it has grown into a recognized custom to assist them with some trifle. But the good habit ends not here; it extends to the poor boy returning from the gymnasium, or school, to see his parents, — the discharged or furloughed soldier, — the wayfarer of every class, in fact, whose condition pleads to those more plenteously endowed than himself.

Fritz was now to reap the benefit of this graceful charity; and scarcely had his wan features appeared at the window than a sign from the chief Bauer invited him to partake. Happily for poor Fritz, — happily for all who give and all who accept such aid, — there is no sense of humiliation in doing so. It is, in fact, less an almsgiving than a remnant of the ancient hospitality which made the stranger welcome beneath every roof, — a custom that dates before railroads and giant hotels.

Fritz ate and drank, and was thankful. The few words

he spoke were in answer to the common questions, as to whence he came, and whither he was going, and what was his handicraft, — inquiries which puzzled him sorely to reply to. His hesitations were not rendered more embarrassing by the curiosity of his questioners; they neither cared to push him closely, nor troubled their heads upon the matter.

“Farewell,” said the Bauer’s wife, as he thanked her gratefully, — “farewell. Be good and pious, young lad; don’t keep naughty company, nor learn bad ways, and remember, ‘A good word brings luck.’”

His eyes filled up with tears as she spoke. Who can tell the conflict of feelings they called up in his bosom?

“Where does this path lead to?” he asked, in a faint voice.

“To Reute, child.”

“And then, after Reute?”

“To Zillerthal and Innspruck.”

“To Innspruck!” said Fritz, while a sudden hope shot through him. “I’ll go to Innspruck,” muttered he, lower. “Good-bye, Bauer; good-bye, Frau. God bless thee.” And with these words, he set out once more.

How little they who roll on their journey with all the speed and luxury that wealth can purchase, defying climate and distance, know the vicissitudes that fall to the lot of the weary foot-traveller! From city to city, from kingdom to kingdom, the rich man glides on, the great panorama of life revealing itself before him, without an effort on his part. The Alps — the Pyrenees, scarcely retard him; the luxuries he requires meet him at every halting-place, as though difference of region should not trench upon even his daily habits; his patience, perhaps, not more tried than by the occasional stoppages where fresh horses meet him. And yet, between two such stations a foot-traveller may spend the live-long day, wearied, footsore, heavy of heart. What crosses and trials are his! What strange adventures, too! and what strange companionships! Each day a new episode of life, — but of life over which Poverty has thrown its shadow.

Fritz was now to experience all this: now travelling with

a company of wandering apprentices; now, keeping company with a group of peasants on the way to market; sometimes, partaking of a seat in a Bauer's wagon; often, alone and weary, thinking over his future, — a future that each day seemed to render more doubtful and gloomy.

As he penetrated deeper into the Zillerthal, the journeys of each day became longer, the resting-places for the night being further apart. Sometimes he was obliged to stop a day, or even two days, at a village, to recruit strength sufficient for a long march; and then he would have to walk from before daylight to late in the night ere he reached his destination. His was not strength to endure fatigue like this with impunity; and if he did encounter it, it was from an enthusiasm that supplied energy, where mere bodily strength had failed. Two hopes buoyed him up, and carried him along through every opposing difficulty. Whether Star had escaped by accident, or been taken away by design, he was lame, and would surely be soon caught; and if so, what more likely than that he would be sent to Innspruck to be sold, for there was the greatest bird-market of all the world? at least, so Fritz believed. His second sustaining hope lay in the prospect of once again meeting the old priest, and learning from him how was it that a "good word" had not "brought luck" to him, and whether from any fault of his own.

These thoughts had so far obtained possession of his mind, that he became almost unconscious of every other; from dwelling on them so much, and revolving them so frequently and in so many different shapes and forms, he grew to think that he had no other object and aim than to reach Innspruck and solve these two doubts. Hunger, cold, and fatigue, every privation of a long and weary journey was unregarded by him; and although it was now late in the autumn, and snow was beginning to fall on the mountain passes, Fritz, poorly clad, and scarcely fed, trudged on, day after day, his own heart supplying the courage which his weak frame denied.

As winter drew near the days grew shorter; and the atmosphere, loaded with snow ready to drop, darkened the earth, and made night come on, as it seemed, many hours

before sunset. This left very little time to Fritz for his long journeys, which, just at this very period, unfortunately, were longer than ever. The way, too, had become far more dreary and deserted, not only because it led through a little-travelled district, but that the snow being too deep for wheeled carriages, and not hard enough for sledges, the travellers were fain to wait till either rain or frost should come on, to make the road practicable. Hence it happened that not unfrequently, now, Fritz journeyed the livelong day from dawn to dark, and scarcely met a single traveller. Sometimes, too, not a hut would be seen in a whole day's march, and he would never taste a morsel of food till he reached his halting-place for the night.

All this was bad enough, but it was not the only difficulty. The worst of all was, how to find out the way in the mountain passes, where the snow lay so deep, that the balustrades or parapets that flanked the road, and often guarded it from a precipice, were now covered, and no wheel-track could be seen to guide the traveller. Fritz, when he journeyed this road before, remembered the awe and terror with which he used to peep over the little stone railing, and look down hundreds of feet into the dark valley beneath, where a great river was diminished to the size of a mere brawling rivulet; and now, where was that parapet? on which side of him did it lie? A deep gorge was near—that he well knew; the unfrozen torrent beneath roared like thunder, but a waving surface of untrodden snow stretched away on either side of him, without foot-track or aught to mark the way.

For a long time did the poor child stand uncertain which way to turn; now thinking he heard the heavy splash of wheels moving through the snow, and then discovering it was merely the sound of falling masses, which, from time to time, slipped from their places, and glided down the steep mountain sides. What desolate and heart-chilling solitude was there! A leaden grayish sky overhead,—not a cloud, nor even a passing bird, to break its dreary surface,—beneath, nothing but snow; snow on the wild fantastic mountain peaks; snow in waving sweeps between them. The rocks, the fir-trees, all covered.

Fritz stood so long, that already the thin drift settled on his head and shoulders, and clothed him in the same wintry livery as the objects around. His limbs were stiff, his fingers knotted and frozen; the little tears upon his blue cheeks seemed almost to freeze. His heart, that till now bore bravely up, grew colder and heavier. He felt as if he would be happy if he could cry, but that even grief was freezing within him. Despair was near him then! He felt a drowsy confusion creeping over him. Clouds of white snow-drift seemed to fall so thickly around, that every object was hidden from view. Crashing branches and roaring torrents mingled their noises with the thundering plash of falling snow-masses. Oh, if he could but sleep, and neither hear nor see these wearying sounds and sights,—sleep, and be at rest! It was just at this instant his eye caught sight of a little finger-post, from which a passing gust of wind had carried away the snow. It stood at some distance beneath him, in the midst of a waving field of snow. Had poor Fritz remarked its leaning attitude, and the depth to which it was covered, scarcely more than three feet appearing above the surface, he would have known it must have been carried away from its own appointed spot; but his senses were not clear enough for such simple reasonings, and with a last effort he struggled towards it. The snow grew deeper at every step; not only did it rise above his foot and half his leg, but it seemed to move in a great mass all around him, as if a huge fragment of the mountain had separated, and was floating downwards. The post, too, he came not nearer to it; it receded as he advanced. Was this a mere delusion? had his weakened faculties lost all control of sense? Alas! these sensations were but too real! He had already crossed the parapet which flanked the road; already was he in the midst of a great "wraith" of fallen snow, which, descending from the mountain peak, by a storm in the night, had carried away the finger-post, and now only waited the slightest impulse — the weight of that little child — to carry it down, down into the depth below! And down, indeed, it went; at first, slowly — moving like a great unbroken wave; then growing more hurried as it neared the edge of the precipice, thicken-

ing and swelling with fresh masses. It rose around him, — now circling his waist, now enclosing his shoulders; he had but time to grasp the little wooden cross, the emblem of hope and succor, when the mass glided over the brink, and fell thundering into the dark abyss.

I would not risk any little credit I may, perchance, possess with the reader, by saying how deep that gorge actually was; but this will I say, when standing on the spot, in a very different season from this I have described, — when the trees were in full leaf, the wild flowers blossoming, and both sky above and river beneath, blue as the bluest turquoise; yet even then, to look down the low parapet into the narrow chasm was something to make the head reel and the heart's blood chill.

But to my story. It was the custom in this season, when the snow fell heavily on the high passes, to transmit the little weekly mail between Reute and Innspruck by an old and now disused road, which led along the edge of the river, and generally, from its sheltered situation, continued practicable and free from snow some weeks later than the mountain road. It was scarce worthy to be called a road, — a mere wheel-track, obstructed here and there by stones and masses of rock that every storm brought down, and not unfrequently threatened, by the flooding of the river, to be washed away altogether.

Along this dreary way the old postilion was wending; now pulling up to listen to the crashing thunders of the snow, which, falling several hundred feet above, might at any moment descend and engulf him; again, plying his whip vigorously to push through the gorge, secretly vowed in his heart that, come what would, he would venture no more there that year. Just as he turned a sharp angle of the rock, where merely space lay for the road between it and the river, he found his advance barred up by a larch-tree, which, with an immense fragment of snow, had fallen from above. Such obstacles were not new to him, and he lost no time in unharnessing his horse and attaching him to the tree. In a few minutes the road was cleared of this difficulty; and he now advanced, shovel in hand, to make a passage through the snow.

“Saperloté!” cried he; “here is the finger-post! This must have come down from the upper road.”

Scarcely were the words uttered, when a cry of horror broke from him. He trembled from head to foot; his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets. And well might they; for, close around the wood, just where it emerged from the snow, were two little hands clasped tightly round the timber.

He threw himself on the spot, and tore up the snow with his fingers. An arm appeared, and then the long yellow hair of a head resting on it. Working with all the eagerness of a warm and benevolent nature, he soon disinterred the little body, which, save one deep cut upon the forehead, seemed to have no other mark of injury; but it lay cold and motionless, — no sign of life remaining.

He pressed the little flask of brandy — all that he possessed — against the wan, white lips of the child; but the liquor ran down the chin and over the cheek; not a drop of it was sucked. He rubbed the hands, he chafed the body, — he even shook it; but, heavy and inert, it gave no sign of life.

“Ach, Gott!” muttered he, “it is all over!” But still, with a hope that asked no aid from reason, he wrapped the child’s body in his fur mantle, and, laying him softly down in the cart, continued his way.

The lights, which were glittering here and there through the little village inns, had been gradually extinguished as the night grew later, till, at last, none remained save those around the door of the post-house, where a little group of loungers was gathered. As they talked together, one or other occasionally would step out into the road and seem to listen, and then rejoin his companions. “No sign of him yet! What can keep him so late as this?” cried the Postmaster, holding up his watch, that the lamplight should fall on it. “It wants but four minutes to eleven, — his time, by right, is half after nine.”

“He is trying the upper road belike, and the deep snow has detained him.”

“No, no,” said another, “Old Christoph’s too knowing for that: bad as the lower road is, the upper is worse; and with

the storm of last night, there will be drift there deep enough to swallow horse and mail-cart twice over."

"There may be fallen snow on the lower road," whispered a third; "Christoph told me last week he feared it would not be safe for another journey."

"He's a daring old fellow," said the Postmaster, as he resumed his walk up and down to keep his feet warm; "but he'll try that lower road once too often. He can't bear the upper road because it is a new one, and was not made when he was a boy. He thinks that the world is not half so wise, or so good, as it was some fifty years back."

"If he make no greater mistakes than that," muttered an old white-headed hostler, "he may be trusted to choose his own road."

"What's that Philip is mumbling?" said the Postmaster; but a general cry of "Here he comes! Here he is now!" interrupted the answer.

"See how he drives full speed over the bridge!" exclaimed the Postmaster, angrily. "Potz-Teufel! if the Burgomaster hears it, I shall have to pay a fine of four gulden; and I would not wonder if the noise awoke him."

There was less exaggeration than might be supposed in this speech, for Old Christoph, in open defiance of all German law, which requires that nothing faster than a slow walk should be used in crossing a wooden bridge, galloped at the full stride of his beast, making every crazy plank and timber tremble and vibrate with a crash like small-arms.

Never relaxing in his speed, the old man drove at his fastest pace through the narrow old Roman gate, up the little paved hill, round the sharp corner, across the *Platz*, into the main street, and never slackened till he pulled up with a jerk at the door of the post-house: when, springing from his seat, he detached the lamp from its place, and thrust it into the wagon, crying with a voice that excitement had elevated into a scream,—"He's alive still!—I'll swear I heard him sigh! I know he's alive!"

It is hard to say what strange conjectures might have been formed of the old man's sanity, had he not backed his words by stooping down and lifting from the straw, at the bottom of the cart, the seemingly dead body of a boy, which,

with the alacrity of one far younger, he carried up the steps, down the long arched passage, and into the kitchen, where he laid him down before the fire.

“Quick, now, Ernest; run for the doctor! Away, Johan; bring the Staats Physicus — bring two — all of them in the town! Frau Hostess, warm water and salt — salt, to rub him with — I know he is alive!”

A shake of the head from the old hostess seemed to offer a strong dissent.

“Never mind that! He is not dead, though he did fall from the Riesenfels.”

“From the Riesenfels!” exclaimed three or four together in amazement.

“Who was it came galloping at full speed over the Bridge, and passed the grand guard on the Platz at the same disorderly pace?” said the deep voice of the Burgermeister, who arose from his bed to learn the cause of the tumult.

“It was I,” exclaimed Christoph, ruggedly; “there lies the reason.”

“The penalty is all the same,” growled the man of authority: “four gulden for one, and two gulden thirty kreutzers for the other offence.”

Christoph either did not hear or heed the speech.

“Where’s the mail-bag? I have n’t seen that yet,” chimed in the Postmaster; who, like a wise official, followed the lead of the highest village functionary.

Old Christoph hustled out, and soon returned, not only with the leathern sack in question, but with a huge fragment of a wooden cross over his shoulders.

“There’s the bag, Herr Postmeister, all safe and dry,” said he; “and here, Herr Burgermeister, here’s your fine finger-post that the Governor ordered to be stuck up on the Riesenfels. I suppose they ’ll need it again when the snow melts and the road is clear: though to be sure,” added he, in a lower tone, “he must have worse eyes than Old Christoph who could not see his way to Imst from that cliff without a finger-post to guide him.”

The Burgermeister was not disposed to suffer this irony in silence; but the occasion to exert his authority with due severity was not at that moment, when the whole attention

of the bystanders was directed to the proceedings of the three village doctors — one of them no less a personage than the Staats Physicus — who, with various hard terms of art, were discussing the condition of the senseless form before them.

Were I to recount one half of the learned surmises and deep prognostications of these wise Esculapians, the chances are, my reader would grow as weary of the recital as did poor old Christoph of the reality. For at last, unable to endure any longer active controversies about the pia mater and the dura mater, the vitreous table and the cerebellum, with vague hints of “congestion,” “depression,” “effusion,” and so on, he broke in with, “In God’s name, dear gentlemen, let him be kept warm and have a good glass of ‘schnaps’ down his poor throat; and when he shows a chance of living, fight away about the name of the malady to your hearts’ content.”

I am far from defending Old Christoph’s rude interruption. The learned faculties should always be treated with becoming deference; but he was a rude, unpolished old fellow, and the best one can say is, that he meant it well. Certain it is they seemed to acknowledge the force of his suggestion; for they at once removed the child to a warm bed, while they ordered the hostess to administer a very comfortable cordial of her own devising; and, to show their confidence in the remedy, had three likewise provided for their own individual comfort and support.

It is not my wish to dwell on the sad portions of our tale, wherever the recital would elicit nothing of our little hero’s character; and such was the period which now ensued. Fritz was conveyed, early on the following morning, to the village hospital, where his case was pronounced of the very gravest nature. The dangers from cold, inanition, and exposure, were all inferior to the greater one resulting from some injury to the brain. I cannot be expected to be clearer and more explicit on this theme than were his doctors; and they, with proverbial propriety, did differ most amazingly: one advocating a fracture, another a concussion, and a third standing out for both, and something more. They agreed, however, on two points; one of which was,

that he would die — and the other, that as he was evidently very poor and had no friends, his death was of less consequence. I would not be here understood, by any malevolent critic, as wishing to infer that the doctors' neglect of him was a strong point in Fritz's favor. I merely desire to relate a simple fact — that he continued to live from day to day, and from week to week, gaining in strength, but never once evidencing, by even the slightest trait, a return to his faculty of reasoning. Alas, poor child! — the intellect which, in all his sorrow and poverty, had been his happiness and his comfort, was now darkened, and he awoke from that long dream of death — an idiot!

Perhaps I may not have used the fitting word; but how shall I speak of his state? He seemed sad and sorrow-struck; never spoke, even to answer a question, moved listlessly and slowly about, as if in search of something, and muttering lowly to himself. No one ever saw him smile, and yet he did not weep. He looked more like one in whom reason was, by some terrible shock, suspended and held in abeyance, than actually routed or annihilated. Unlike most others similarly afflicted, he slept very little, remaining usually, the night long, sitting beside his bed, gesticulating with his hands in a strange way, and suddenly ceasing if observed.

His eye, for some minutes, would often seem bright with intelligence; but on looking more closely, it would be discovered that the gaze was fixed on vacancy, and it might be conjectured that no image of any new object was presented to the mind, since no expression of pain, pleasure, or astonishment would follow, when different substances were displayed before him. One might say, that the faculties were entirely absorbed by their own operations, and neither took note of those recorded by the senses, nor had any sympathy with their workings — volition was at a stand-still. But why dwell on so sorrowful a picture?

Spring came, and Fritz, who ever obeyed each command of those over him, was suffered to walk daily in the little garden of the asylum. One day — it was the first bright one of the new season — the birds were singing sweetly in the trees when he went forth, and they who came some time

after to fetch him to the house, found him in tears. His sorrow seemed, however, to have brought some sense of relief with it, for that night he slept more calmly and longer than usual. From this time out it was remarked that his appearance varied with the weather of each day. When the air was clear, and the sun shone bright, and the birds gathered together in the blossoming branches of the fruit-trees, he seemed happier; but when dark skies or rain came on, he would walk impatiently from place to place—now, as if in search of some missing object—now, as if suddenly overwhelmed by his loss.

Thus did he continue till about the first week in May, when at the usual hour of recalling him to the house he was not to be found. Search was made everywhere—through the garden—about the neighboring buildings—in all the Dorf—but all in vain. No one had seen him.

Poor and unfriended as he was, his little simple ways, his sinless innocence and gentleness, had made him friends among all who had any authority in the asylum; and no pains were spared to track him out and discover him—to no end, however. He was seen there no more. Days and weeks long, with unwearying zeal, the search continued, and was only abandoned when all hope seemed gone. By none was this sad termination of his suffering more poignantly felt than by old Christoph. Every week he came to Imst, his first care was to ask after the little boy; and when he learned his fate, his grief was deep and heartfelt.

I know not if my reader has ever visited Innspruck. Every one has been everywhere nowadays; and so the chances are, that the Tyrol capital is as well known to them as to myself. At all the hazard of being tedious, however, I must mention one feature of that beautiful old city—a little street which leads out of the Old Market, and runs westward down a somewhat steep declivity towards the Inn. It is one of those narrow old gloomy alleys a traveller would scarcely think of exploring. A low range of arches, supported on pillars of the most sturdy proportions, runs along either side, furnished with massive stone seats, worn smooth by the use of some centuries of gossips.

The little shops within this dark arcade are undefended by windows of any kind, but lie open, displaying to the passer-by, not only the various wares exposed for sale, but frequently, as the wind, or chance, waves the folds of an old curtain at the back, the little household of the merchant himself.

The middle portion of this street, scarcely wide enough for three to walk abreast, grows even narrower as you look up, by the gradual encroachment of each story on either side; so that while the denizens of the first-floors have merely the neighborly advantages of a near salutation, they who inhabit the garrets may embrace without any fear on the score of bodily danger. Our business is only with those beneath, however, and thither I must ask of your accompanying me.

If the two groined arches — dark with age as well as faint light — the narrow, gloomy-looking alley, might at first deter the stranger from entering, scarcely would he venture a few steps ere a strange fascination would lead him onward. Within these little dens — for such rather than shops do they seem — are objects to be found, the strangest and the most curious ever exposed for sale. In one, you find a collection of ancient armor the greatest Ritter Saal would be proud to choose from: weapons of every age and country — the chain-mail of Milan — the plate-armor of Venice — the heavy double-nailed suits of Regensbourg — the small conical helmet of the East — the massive but beautifully fashioned casque of Spanish mould — the blade of Damascus — the double-handled sword of Appenzell — the jereed — the Crusader's lance — the old pike of the Tyrol, with daggers and poniards of every shape, that luxury or cruelty ever invented. Adjoining this, perhaps, lives one who deals in rare flowers and shrubs; and, strange as it may seem in such a place, the orange-tree, the cactus, the camellia, and the aloe, shed their bloom and perfume through these vaulted cells, where age, and rust, and decay would appear the most fitting denizens. Here lives one who sells the rich brocaded silks and tabourets of a bygone century — great flowering waistcoats, stiff and imposing as the once wearers — huge sweeping trains of costly embroidery — relics of a time when stateli-

ness was cultivated, and dignified deportment the distinctive sign of birth. Right opposite to this is a store of ancient articles of furniture and *virtù*—marquetry and buhl—Dresden and Sèvres—carved oak and ebony—ivory and box-wood. All that ever fancy conceived uncomfortable to sit upon, or a diseased imagination ever inaugurated as the throne of nightmare to sleep in—are here to be had. Stools to kneel upon and altars to kneel at—Virgins in ivory and silver—idols of Indian adoration—ancient goblets, and most curiously carved treasure-boxes of solid iron, massive little emblems of a time when men put slight faith in bankers.

A little further on you may meet with a jeweller's, where ornaments the most rare and costly are to be found: massive old necklaces of amethyst or emerald, in which the ungainly setting bears such a contrast to the value of the stone—rich clasps of pink topaz or ruby, for the collar of a cloak—sword-handles all paved with precious gems—and signet-rings, that have circled the fingers of proud Counts of the Empire, and, mayhap, sealed with their impress many a dark and gloomy record.

Some deal in old books and manuscripts, ancient rolls, and painted missals; some, in curious relics of horse-equipment, brass-mounted demi-piques and iron-strapped saddles of the sixteenth century, with spurs of a foot in length, and uncouth bits that would hold an elephant in check: and one little dusky corner-shop, kept by an old hunchback, contained the strangest of all stocks-in-trade,—an assemblage of instruments of torture: chains of every kind hung from the ceiling; thumb-screws, back-bolts, helmets made to close upon the skull, and crushed by the action of a vice; racks, hatchets, and pincers; while conspicuous in the midst, as the support of an old iron lantern, is the block of a headsman, the surface bearing the shocking record of its usage. Just where this grim and ghastly cell stands, a little rivulet of clear water crosses the street, and seems to separate it from the remaining portion, which, by a steeper declivity inclined towards the river.

Separate, indeed, I might well say, for the two portions are as unlike as the records of all man's vanity and cruelty

are unlike the emblem of God's goodness and wisdom. You scarcely cross this tiny stream when the whole air resounds with the warbling of birds, bright in every tint and hue of plumage, golden and green, purple and crimson.

From the lordly eagle of the Ort'ler to the rich-toned linnet of the Botzen valley, all are there. There, the paroquet of the Stelvio, gorgeous as the scarlet bustard in plumage; and here, the golden jay of the Vorarlberg. Blackbirds, thrushes, finches of a hundred different races, "Rothkopfs," and woodpeckers, spring, chirp, flutter, and scream, on every side. The very atmosphere is tremulous with the sounds, lifelike and joyous as they are! The very bustle and movement around is such a relief from the torpid stillness of the other end of the street, where nothing is heard save the low monotonous tones of some old Jew reading in his back-shop, or the harsh clank of an iron weapon removed from its place; while, here, the merry twitter and the silvery-shake recall the greenwood and the grove, the bright fields and heath-clad mountains.

Here is the bird-market of Innspruck. It needs but one passing glance to show what attractions the spot possesses for the inhabitants. Every rank, from the well-salaried official of the government to the humblest burgher — from the richly-clad noble, in his mantle of Astracan, to the peasant in his dark jacket of sheep's-skin — the field officer and the common soldier — the "Frau Gräfin" voluminous in furs — the "Stubenmädchen" in her woollen jerkin — the lounging sexagenarian from his coffee — the loitering schoolboy returning from school — all jostle and meet together here; while the scantiest intimacy with the language will suffice to collect from the frequently uttered, "Wie schön!" "Ach Gott!" "Wie wunderschön!" that admiration and delight are expressed by every tongue among them.

It is needless to say, that every corner of this little territory is familiar to all Innspruckers; not only each shop and its owner, but each separate treasure. The newly arrived bullfinch, or greywing, having the notoriety that a Parisian circulates about the last *débutante* of the ballet or the opera. If not exactly one of those "lions," that guide-books enforce among the duties of wandering sight-seers,

it is at least a frequent resort of the townsfolk themselves, for whose gratification it supplies no small proportion of small-talk.

Among the well-known and familiar objects of this small world — for such the Juden Gasse in reality is — was a poor boy of some twelve years old, who, clad in the most wretched rags, and with want in every feature, used to sit the livelong day on one of the stone benches watching the birds. It needed but one glance at his bright but unsteady eye, his faint unmeaning smile, his vague and wild expression, to recognize that he was bereft of reason. Is it necessary to say this was poor Fritzer?

Whence he came, who were his parents, how he journeyed thither, no one could tell! He appeared one morning, when the shop-people were removing the shutters, sitting close by a window, where the early songs of the birds were audible, his head bent down to listen, and his whole attitude betokening deep attention. Though he offered no resistance when they bade him leave the spot, he showed such deep sorrow and such reluctance, that he was suffered to remain; and this was now his dwelling-place. He never quitted it during the day, and there did he pass the night, under the shelter of the deep arches, and protected by the fragment of a mantle, which some compassionate neighbor had given him. All endeavors to induce him to speak were in vain; a sickly smile was his only answer to a question; and, if pressed too closely, the tears would come, so that none liked to give him further pain, and the hope of learning anything about him, even his name, was given up. Equally fruitless was every effort to make him perform little services. If the shopkeepers gave him a bird to carry home for a purchaser, he would at once sit down beside the cage and gaze wistfully, delightedly, at the occupant; but he could not be persuaded to quit his abiding-place. Who could rob one so poor of all the happiness his life compassed? certainly not the good-natured and kindly folk who inhabited the bird-market.

He became then a recognized part of the place, as much as the bustard with one eye in the corner shop, or the fat old owl that had lived for fifty — some said seventy — years

in the little den with the low iron door. Every one knew him; few passed without a look of kindness towards him. It was of no use to give him money, for though he took money when offered, the next moment he would leave it on the stones, where the street children came and found it. It was clear he did not understand its meaning. The little support he needed was freely proffered by the neighboring shopkeepers, but he ate nothing save a morsel of dry bread, of which it was remarked that he each day broke off a small portion and laid it by—not to eat later on, for it was seen that he never missed it if removed, nor took it again if suffered to remain. It was one of the secrets of his nature none could rightly account for.

Although many wealthy and benevolent people of the city wished to provide the poor boy with a more comfortable home, the shopkeepers protested against his removal. Some loved his innocent, childish features, and would have missed him sorely; others were superstitious enough to think, and even say, that he had brought luck to the bird-market—that every one had prospered since he came there; and some, too, asserted, that having selected the spot himself, it would be cruel to tear him away from a place where accustomed and familiar objects had made for him a kind of home. All these reasonings were backed by the proposal to build for him a little shed, in the very spot he had taken up, and there leave him to live in peace. This was accordingly done, and poor Fritz, if not a “Burgher of Inn-spruck,” had at least his own house in the bird market.

Months rolled on: the summer went by, and the autumn itself now drew to a close; and the various preparations for the coming winter might be seen in little hand-barrows of firewood deposited before each door, to be split up and cut in fitting lengths for the stoves. Fur mantles and caps were hung out to air, and some prudent and well-to-do folks examined the snow-windows, and made arrangements for their adjustment. Each in his own way, and according to his means, was occupied with the cares of the approaching season. There was but one unmoved face in the whole street—but one who seemed to take no note of time or season—whose past, and present, and future, were as

one. This was Fritz, who sat on his accustomed bench gazing at the birds, or occasionally moving from his place to peep into a cage whose occupant lay hid, and then, when satisfied of its presence, retiring to his seat contented.

Had the worthy citizens been less actively engrossed by their own immediate concerns, or had they been less accustomed to this humble dependent's presence amongst them, it is likely they would have remarked the change time had wrought in his appearance. If no actual evidence of returning reason had evinced itself in his bearing or conduct, his features displayed at times varieties of expression and meaning very different from their former monotony. The cheek, whose languid pallor never altered, would now occasionally flush, and become suddenly scarlet; the eyes, dull and meaningless, would sparkle and light up; the lips, too, would part, as if about to give utterance to words. All these signs, however, would be only momentary, and a degree of depression, even to prostration, would invariably follow. Unlike his former apathy, too, he started at sudden noises in the street, felt more interest in the changes that went on in the shop, and seemed to miss certain birds as they happened to be sold or exchanged. The most remarkable of all the alterations in his manner was, that now he would often walk down to the riverside, and pass hours there gazing on the current. Who can say what efforts at restored reason were then taking place within him — what mighty influences were at work to bring back sense and intellect — what struggles, and what combats! It would seem as if the brain could exist in all its integrity — sound, and intact, and living — and yet some essential impulse be wanting which should impart the power of thought. Momentary flashes of intelligence, perhaps, did cross him; but such can no more suffice for guidance than does the forked lightning supply the luminary that gives us day. The landscape, preternaturally lit up for a second, becomes darker than midnight the moment after.

Bright and beautiful as the river is, with its thousand eddies whirling along — now, reflecting the tall spires and battlemented towers of the town — now, some bold, project-

ing cliff of those giant mountains beside it — how does its rapid stream proclaim its mountain source, as in large sheets of foam it whirls round the rocky angles of the bank, and dashes along free as the spirit of its native home! Fritz came here, however, less to gaze on this lovely picture than on a scene which each morning presented to his eyes close by. This was a garden, where a little girl of some seven or eight years old used to play, all alone and by herself, while the old nurse that accompanied her sat knitting in a little harbor near.

The joyous river — the fresh and balmy air — the flowers flinging delicious odors around, and gorgeous in their brilliant tints, only needed this little infant figure to impart a soul to the scene, and make it one of ravishing enchantment. Her tiny footsteps on the ground — her little song, breathing of innocence and happiness — the garlands which she wove, now to place upon her own fair brow, now, in childish sport, to throw into the clear current — all imparted to the poor idiot's heart sensations of intense delight. Who can say if that infant voice did not wake to feeling the heart that all the wisdom of the learned could not arouse from its sleep?

Not only was Fritz happy while he sat and watched this little child, but, for the entire day after, he would appear calm and tranquil, and his face would display the placid expression of a spirit sunk in a pleasing trance.

It was not unusual with him, while he was thus gazing, for sleep to come over him, — a calm, delicious slumber, — from which he awoke far more refreshed and rested than from his night's repose. Perhaps she was present in his dreams, and all her playful gestures and her merry tones were with him while he slept. Perhaps — it is not impossible that his mind, soothed by the calming influence of such slumber, recovered in part its lost power, and not being called on for the exercise of volition, could employ some of its perceptive faculties.

Be this as it may, this sleep was deep, and calm, and tranquillizing. One day, when he had watched longer than usual, and when her childish sport had more than ever delighted him, he dropped off almost suddenly into slum-

ber. Motionless as death itself he lay upon the bank, — a faint smile upon his parted lips, his chest scarcely seeming to heave, so soft and quiet was his slumber. The river rippled pleasantly beside him, the air was balmy as in the early spring, and fanned his hot temples with a delicious breath, the child's song floated merrily out, — the innocent accents of infant glee, — and Fritz seemed to drink these pleasures in as he slept.

What visions of heavenly shape — what sounds of angelic sweetness — may have flitted before that poor distracted brain, as with clasped hands and muttering lips he seemed to pray a prayer of thankfulness, — the outpouring gratitude of a pent-up nature finding vent at last! Suddenly he awoke with a start — terror in every feature — his eyes starting from their sockets. He reeled as he sprang to his feet, and almost fell. The river seemed a cataract; the mountains leaned over as though they were about to fall and crush him; the ground beneath his feet trembled and shook with an earthquake movement; a terrible cry rang through his ears. What could it mean? There! — there again he heard it! Oh, what a pang of heart-rending anguish was that! “Hülf! hülf! hülf!” were the words. The infant was struggling in the current; her little hand grasped the weeds, while at every instant they gave way; the water foamed and eddied round her; deeper and deeper she sank. Her hair now floated in the stream, and her hands, uplifted, besought, for the last time, aid. “Hülf uns! Maria; hulf uns!” She sank. With a cry of wildest accent, Fritz sprang into the stream, and seized the yellow hair as it was disappearing beneath the flood. The struggle was severe, for the strong stream inclined towards the middle of the river, and Fritz could not swim. Twice had the waves closed over him, and twice he emerged with his little burden pressed to his heart; were it not for aid, however, his efforts would have been vain. The cry for help had brought many to the spot, and he was rescued — saved from death; saved from that worse than death, — the terrible union of life and death.

He lay upon the bank, wearied and exhausted; but oh, how happy! How doubly bright the sky! how inexpress-

sibly soft and soothing the air upon his brow! how sweet the human voice, that not only sounded to the ear, but echoed in the heart!

In all his bright dreams of life he had fancied nothing like the bliss of that moment. Friends were on every side of him, — kind friends, who never in a life long could tell all their gratitude; and now, with words of affection, and looks of mildest, fondest meaning, they bent over that poor boy, and called him their own preserver.

Amid all these sights and sounds of gladness, so full of hope and joy, there came one shrill cry, which, piercing the air, seemed to penetrate to the very inmost chamber of Fritz's heart, telling at once the whole history of his life, and revealing the secret of his suffering and his victory. It was Star himself; who, in a cage beneath the spreading branches of a chestnut-tree, was glad to mingle his wild notes with the concourse of voices about him, and still continued at intervals to scream out "Maria, hülf! hülf uns, Maria!"

"Yes, child," said a venerable old man, as he kissed Fritz's forehead, "you see the fruits of your obedience and your trust. I am glad you have not forgotten my teaching, — 'A good word brings luck.'"

Every story-teller should respect those who like to hear a tale to its very end. The only way he can evince his gratitude for their patience is by gratifying all their curiosity. It remains for me, then, to say that Fritz returned to the little village where he had lived with Star for his companion; not poor and friendless as before, but rich in wealth, and richer in what is far better, — the grateful love and affection of kind friends. His life, henceforth, was one of calm and tranquil happiness. By his aid the old Bauer was enabled to purchase his little farm rent-free, and buy, besides, several cows and some sheep. And then, when he grew up to be a man, Fritz married Grettl'a, and they became very well off, and lived in mutual love and contentment all their lives.

Fritz's house was not only the handsomest in the Dorf, but it was ornamented with a little picture of the Virgin,

with Star sitting upon her wrist, and the words of the golden letters were inscribed beneath, —

“ Maria, Mutter Gottes, hilf uns ! ”

Within, nothing could be more comfortable than to see Fritz and Grettl'a at one side of the fire, and the old Bauer reading aloud, and the “ Frau ” listening, and Star, who lived to a great age, walking proudly about, as if he was conscious that he had some share in producing the family prosperity; and close to the stove, on a little low seat made on purpose, sat a little old man, with a long pigtail and very shrunken legs. This was old Christoph, the postilion — and who had a better right?

Fritz was so much loved and respected by the villagers, that they elected him Vorsteher, or rector of the Dorf; and when he died, — very old, at last, — they all, several hundreds, followed him respectfully to the grave, and, in memory of his story, called the village Maria Hülf, which is its name to this day.

CHAPTER XV.

VARENNA, LAKE OF COMO.

ITALY at last! I have crossed the Alps and reached my goal; and now I turn and look at that winding road which, for above two thousand feet, traverses the steep mountain-side, and involuntarily a sadness steals over me, — that I am never to recross it. These same “last times” are very sorrowful things, — all emblems as they are of that one great “last time” when the curtain falls forever. Nor am I sorry when this feeling impresses me deeply; nay, I am pleased that indifference — apathy — have no more hold upon me. I am more afraid of that careless, passionless temperament than of aught else, and the more as hour by hour it steals over me. Yesterday a letter, which once would have interested me deeply, lay half read till evening. To-day a very old friend of my guardian’s, Sir Gordon Howard, has left his card; he is in the inn, — perhaps in the next room, — and I have not energy to return his visit and chat with him over friends I am never to see again. And yet he is a gallant old officer, — one of that noble class of Englishmen whose loyalty made the boldest feats of daring, the longest years of servitude, seem only as a duty they owed their sovereign. The race is dying out fast.

What can have brought him to Italy? Let me see. Here is the Travellers’ Book; perhaps it may tell something.

“Sir Gordon Howard, Officier Anglais,” — simple enough for a Major-General and K.C.B. and G.C.H., — “de Zurich à Como.” Not much to be learned from that. But stay! he is not alone. “Mademoiselle Howard.” And who can she be? He never had a daughter, and his only son is in India. Perhaps she is a granddaughter; but what care I? It is but another reason to avoid seeing him. I cannot

make new acquaintances now. He wants no companions who must travel the road I am going! Antoine must tell me when Sir Gordon Howard goes out, and I'll leave my card then. I feel I must remain here to-day, and I am well content to do so. This calm lake, these bold mountains, the wooded promontory of Bellagio, and its bright villas seen amid the trees, are pleasant sights; while from the ever-passing boats, with their white arched awnings, I hear laughter and voices of happy people, whose hearts are lighter than my own.

If I could only find resolution for the task, too, there are a host of letters lying by me unanswered. How little do some of those "dear friends" who invite one to shoot grouse in the Highlands, or hunt in Leicestershire, think of the real condition of those they ask to be their guests! It is enough that you have been seen in certain houses of a certain repute. You have visited at B—, and spent a Christmas at G—; you are known as a tolerable shot and a fair average talker; you are sufficiently recognized in the world as to be known to all men of a very general acceptance, and no more is wanted. But test this kind of position by absence! Try, if you will, what a few years out of England effect! You are as totally forgotten as though you belonged to a past generation. You expect—naturally enough, perhaps—to resume your old place, and among your old associates; but where are they? and what have they become? You left them young men about town; you find them now among the "middle ages." When you parted they were slim, lank, agile fellows, that could spring into a saddle and fly their horse over a five-bar rail, or pull an oar with any one. Now, they are of the portly order, wear wider-skirted coats, trousers without straps, and cloth boots. Their hats, too, have widened in the leaf, so as to throw a more liberal shade over broader cheeks; the whiskers are more bushy and less accurate in curl. If they ride, the horse has more bone and timber under him; and when they bow to some fair face in a passing carriage there is no brightening of the eye, but in its place a look of easier intimacy than heretofore. These are not the men you left?—alas, they are! A new generation of young

men about town has sprung up, who “know not Joseph,” and with whom you have few, if any, sympathies.

So I find it myself. I left England at a time when pleasure was the mad pursuit of every young fellow; and under that designation came every species of extravagance and all kind of wild excess. Men of five thousand a-year were spending twelve. Men of twelve, thirty. Every season saw some half-dozen cross the Channel, “cleared out,” — some never more to be heard of. Others, lingering in Paris or Brussels to confer with their lawyer, who was busily engaged in compromising, contesting, disputing, and bullying a host of creditors, whose very rogueries had accomplished the catastrophe they grumbled at. Lords, living on ten or twelve hundred pounds a-year, were to be met with everywhere; countesses lodged in every little town in Germany. The Dons of dragoon regiments were seen a-foot in the most obscure of watering-places; and men who had loomed large at Doncaster, and booked thousands, were now fain to risk francs and florins among the flats of Brussels and Aix-la-Chapelle. The pace was tremendous; few who came of age with a good estate held out above two or three years. And if any listener should take his place beside a group of fashionable-looking young Englishmen in the Boulevard de Grand, or the Graben at Vienna, the chances were greatly in favor of his hearing such broken phrases as, “Caught it heavily!” “All wrong at Ascot!” “Scott’s fault!” “Cleared out at Crocky’s!” “No standing two hundred per cent!” “Infernal scoundrel, Ford!” “That villain Columbine!” “Rascal Bevan!” and so on, with various allusions to the Quorn hounds, the Clarendon, and Houlditch the coachmaker. Such was the one song you heard everywhere.

Now the mode — a better one, I willingly own it — is “Young Englandism.” Not that superb folly of white neckcloth and vest, that swears by Disraeli and the “Morning Post,” but that healthier stamp, whose steps of travel have turned eastward, towards the land of old-world wonders, and who, instead of enervating mind and body at Ems or Baden, seek higher and nobler sources of pleasure among the cities and tombs of ancient Egypt. Lord Lind-

say, for instance, — what a creditable specimen is he of his age and class! and Warburton's book,—the "Crescent and the Cross," — how redeeming is such a production among the mass of frivolity and flippancy the magazines teem with! These are the men who, returning to England, more intensely national than they left it, cannot be reproached with ignorance in this preference of their native land above every other. Their nationality, not built up of the leaders of the daily newspapers, is a conviction resulting from reflection and comparison.

They are proud of England; not alone as the most powerful of nations, but as that where personal integrity and truth are held in highest repute; where character and reputation stand far above genius; and where, whatever the eminence of a gifted man, he cannot stand above his fellows, save on the condition that he is not inferior in more sterling qualities. The young man setting out to travel can scarcely be sustained by a better feeling than his strong nationality. He who sets a high store by the character of his country will be slow to do aught that will disgrace it. Of course I speak of nationality in its true sense; not the affectation of John Bullism in dress, manner, and bearing; not the insolent assumption of superiority to the French and Germans, that some very young men deem English; but a deep conviction that as the requirements of England are higher in all that regards fidelity to his word, consistency of conduct, and more honorable employment of time and talents than prevail abroad, he should be guardedly careful not to surrender these convictions to all the seductions of foreign life and manners.

I do not believe our country is superior to any foreign land in any one particular so strikingly as in the capabilities and habits of our higher orders. Such a class as the titled order of Great Britain, taking them collectively, never existed elsewhere.

A German, with anything like independence, lives a life of tobacco-smoking and snipe-shooting. An Italian is content to eke out life with a *café* and a theatre, — lemonade and a *liaison* are enough for him. The government of foreign states, in shutting out the men of rank and fortune

from political influence, have taken the very shortest road to their degradation. What is to become of a man who has a Bureaucracy for a government and Popery for a religion?

But what is the tumult in the little court-yard beneath my window? Ha, an English equipage! How neatly elegant that low-hung phaeton! and how superb in figure and style that pair of powerful dark-brown thoroughbreds! — for so, it is easy to see, they are, even to the smart groom, who stands so still before the pole, with each hand upon the bars of the bits. All smack of London. There is an air of almost simplicity in the whole turn-out, because it is in such perfect keeping. And here come its owners. What a pretty foot! — I might almost say, and ankle, too! How gracefully she draws her shawl around her! What! my friend Sir Gordon himself? So this is Mdlle. Howard! I wish I could see her face. She will not turn this way. And now they are gone. How distinctive is the proud tramp of their feet above the shuffling shamble of the posters!

So it is only a *piccolo giro* they are gone to make along the lake, and come back again, to dinner. I thought I heard him say my name to his valet as he stepped into the carriage. Who knocks at the door? I was right; Sir Gordon has sent to invite me to dine at six o'clock. Shall I go? Why should I think of it? I am sick, low, weak, heart and body. Nay, it is better to refuse.

Well, I have written my apology, not without a kind of secret regret; for, somehow, I have a longing — a strange wish once more to feel the pleasant excitement of even so much of society; but, like the hero of the *Peau de Chagrin*, I dread to indulge a wish, for it may lead me more rapidly down to my doom. I actually tremble lest a love of life, that all-absorbing desire to live, should lie in wait for me yet. I have heard that it ever accompanies the last stage of my malady. It is better, then, to guard against whatever might suggest it. Pleasure could not; friendship, solicitude, kindness might do so.

CHAPTER XVI.

VILLA CIMAROSA, LAGO DI COMO.

It is a week since I wrote a line in my notebook, and, judging only from my sensations, it seems like a year. Events rapidly succeeding, always make time seem longer in retrospect. It is only monotony is brief to look back upon. I expected ere this to have been at Naples, if not Palermo; and here I linger on the Lake of Como, as if my frail health had left me any choice of a resting-place. And yet, why should this not be as healthful as it is beautiful?

Looking out from this window, beneath which, not three paces distant, the blue lake is flashing, — the music of its waves the only sound heard, — great mountains rise grandly from the water to the very skies, the sides one tangled mass of olive, vine, and fig-tree. The dark-leaved laurel, the oleander, the cactus, and the magnolia cluster around each rugged rocky eminence, and hang in graceful drapery over the glassy water. Palaces, temples, and villas are seen on every side. Some, boldly standing out, are reflected in the calm lake, their marble columns tremulous as the gentle wind steals past; others, half hid among the embowering trees, display but a window or a portico, or perchance, a deep arched entrance for the gondolas, above which some heavy banner slowly waves its drooping folds, touching the very water. The closed jalousies, the cloudless sky, the unruffled water, over which no boat is seen to glide, the universal stillness, all tell that it is noon, — the noon of Italy; and, truly, the northern midnight is not a season of such unbroken repose. Looking at this scene, and fancying to myself the lethargic life of ease, which not even thought disturbs, of these people, I half wonder within me how had it fared with us of England beneath such a

sun, and in such a clime. Had the untiring spirit of enterprise, the active zeal and thirst for wealth, triumphed over every obstacle, and refused to accept, as a season of rest, the hours of the bright and glaring sunshine? Here the very fishermen are sleeping beneath their canvas awnings, and their boats lie resting in the dark shadows. There is something inexpressibly calm and tranquillizing in all this. The stillness of night we accept as its natural and fitting accompaniment; but to look out upon this fair scene, one is insensibly reminded of the condition of life which leaves these busiest of mortal hours, elsewhere, free to peaceful repose, and with how little labor all wants are met and satisfied.

How came I here? is a question rising to my mind at every moment, and actually demanding an effort of memory to answer. The very apartment itself is almost a riddle to me, seeming like some magic transformation, realizing, as it does, all that I could ask or wish.

This beautiful little octagon room, with its marble "statuettes," in niches between the windows, its frescoed ceiling, its white marble floor, reflecting each graceful ornament, even to the silver lamp that hangs high in the coved roof; and then this little terrace beside the lake, where, under the silk awning, I sit among a perfect bosquet of orange and oleander trees; it is almost too beautiful for reality. I try to read, but cannot; and, as I write, I stand up at each moment to peep over the balcony at the fish, as sluggishly they move along, or, at the least stir, dart forward with arrowy speed, to return again the minute after; for they have been fed here, and know the spot. There is a dreamy, visionary feeling, that seems to be the spirit of the place, encouraging thought, and yet leading the mind to dalliance rather than moody revery. And again, how came I here? Now for the answer.

On Tuesday last I was at Varennna, fully bent on proceeding by Milan to Genoa, and thence to Naples. I had not, without some difficulty, resisted all approaches of Sir Gordon Howard, and even avoided meeting 'him. What scores of fables did I invent merely to escape an interview with an old friend!

Well, at eight o'clock, as I sat at breakfast, I heard the bustle of preparation in the court-yard, and saw, with inexpressible relief, that his horses were standing ready harnessed, while my valet came with the welcome tidings that the worthy baronet was starting for Como, near which he had taken a villa, — the Villa Cimarosa, — the most beautiful on the lake; frescos, statues, hanging gardens, I know not how many more charming items did my informant recite, with all the impassioned eloquence of George Robins himself. He spared me nothing, from the news that Mademoiselle, Sir Gordon's granddaughter, who was a prodigious heiress, was ordered to Italy for her health, and that it was more than likely we should find them at Naples for the winter, down to the less interesting fact that the courier, Giacomo Bartoletti, was to proceed by the steamer, and get the villa ready for their arrival. I could only stop his communications by telling him to order horses for Lecco, pay the bill, and follow me as I should stroll down the road, and look at the caverns of rock which it traverses by the lake side.

I had seen Sir Gordon drive off — I had heard the accustomed "*Buon viaggio*" uttered by the whole household in chorus — and now I was free once more; and so escaping this noisy ceremony of leave-taking, I sauntered listlessly forth and took my way along the lake. The morning was delicious; a slight breeze from the north, the pleasantest of all the winds on the Lake of Como, was just springing up.

It is here, opposite Varenna, that the lake is widest; but nothing of bleakness results from the greater extent of water, for the mountains are still bold and lofty, and the wooded promontory of Bellagio, dividing the two reaches of the lake, is a beautiful feature. Its terraced gardens and stately palaces peeping amid the leafy shade, and giving glimpses of one of the sweetest spots the "*Villeggiatura*" ever lingered in.

I had got a considerable distance from the town of Varenna without feeling it. The enchanting picture ever presenting some new effect, and the light and buoyant breeze from the water, and a certain feeling of unusual



E. VAN MUYLEM

*With the idle curiosity of a lounge, I sat down
in a rock to watch the scene.*

lightness of heart, all aiding, I walked on without fatigue; nor was I aware of the distance traversed, till, at a little bend of the lake, I saw Varenna diminishing away,—its tall poplars and taper spires being now the most conspicuous features of the town.

At a short distance in front of me lay a little creek or bay, from one side of which a wooden pier projected,—a station for the steamers that ply on the lake. There, now, Sir Gordon Howard's phaeton was standing, surrounded with a most multifarious heap of trunks, packing-cases, portmanteaus, and other travelling gear,—signs that some portion of his following, at least, were awaiting the arrival of the packet. Nor had they to wait long; for, as I looked, the vessel shot round the rocky point and darted swiftly across the smooth water, till she lay scarce moving, about a quarter of a mile from shore,—the shoal water prevented her approaching nearer to the jetty.

With the idle curiosity of a lounger, I sat down on a rock to watch the scene.

I know no reason for it, but I ever take an interest in the movements of travellers. Their comings and goings suggest invariably some amusing pictures to my mind; and many a story have I weaved for myself from nothing but the passing glimpses of those landed hurriedly from a steamer.

I watched, therefore, with all my usual satisfaction, the launching of the boat laden heavily with luggage, on the top of which, like its presiding genius, sat a burly courier, his gold-banded cap glistening brightly in the sun. Then came a lighter skiff, in the stern of which sat a female figure, shaded by a pink parasol; there was another parasol in the phaeton, too. I thought I could even recognize Sir Gordon's figure in the last boat; but, as I looked, the sky became suddenly overcast, and round the rocky point, where but a moment before the whole cliff lay reflected in the water, there now came splashing waves, tumbling wildly by, till the whole creek suddenly was covered by them; dark squalls of wind sweeping over the water, tossing the two boats to and fro, and even heaving up the huge steamer itself, till her bows were bathed in foaming cataracts. The

suddenness of the tempest — for such it really was — was a grand and sublime “effect” in such a scene; but I could no longer enjoy it, as there seemed to be actual danger in the situation of the two boats, which, from time to time, were hidden between the swelling waves. At last, but not without a struggle, they reached the packet, and I could plainly see, by the signs of haste on board, that the captain had not been a very willing spectator of the scene. The luggage was soon on board, and the figures of the lighter boat followed quickly after. Scarcely was this effected when the boats were cast off, and again the paddle-wheels splashed through the water. The gale at this instant increased; for, no sooner was the steamer’s bow to the wind, than the waves went clean over her, washing her deck from stem to stern, and dashing in columns of spray over the dark funnel. A great stir and commotion on deck drew off my attention from the boats; and now I heard a hoarse voice calling through a speaking-trumpet to those in the boats. They, however, either did not hear or heed the command, for they rowed boldly towards the shore, nor once paid any attention to the signals which, first as a flag, and afterwards as a cannon-shot, the steamer made for them.

While I was lost in conjecturing what possibly all this might mean, the vessel once more rounded to her course, and with full steam up breasted the rolling water, and stood out towards the middle of the lake. A fisherman just then ran his boat in to land, in a little creek beneath me, and from him I asked an explanation of the scene.

“It’s nothing, signor, but what one sees almost every day, here,” said he, jeeringly. “That *canaille* of Pellagino have taken people out to the steamer, and would not wait to bring them back again; and now they must go to Como, whether they will or no.”

This explanation seemed the correct one, and appeared to be corroborated by the attitude of the party on shore; for there stood the phaeton, still waiting, although all chance of the other’s returning was totally bygone. Concluding that, Sir Gordon thus carried off without his will, his servants might possibly need some advice or counsel, —

for I knew they were all English, except the courier, — I hastened down to the jetty to offer them such aid as I possessed. As I came nearer I was more convinced that my suspicions were correct. About thirty ragged and not over-prepossessing looking individuals were assembled around the phaeton; some busily pressing the groom, who stood at the horses' heads, with questions he could not answer, and others imploring charity with all that servile tone and gesture your Italian beggar is master of. Making my way through this assemblage, I accosted the groom, who knew me to be an acquaintance of his master's, and instead of replying to me, at once cried out, "Oh, Miss Lucy, here is Mr. Templeton! You need not be afraid, now." I turned at once, and instead of a lady's-maid, as I had believed the figure to be, beheld a very lovely, but delicate-looking girl, who, with an expression of considerable anxiety in her features, was still following the track of the departing steamboat. At the mention of my name she looked hurriedly around, and a deep blush covered her face as she said, —

"I am so happy to see Mr. Templeton! Perhaps he will forgive me if I make the first moment of our acquaintance the burden of a request?" And then, in a very few words, she told me how her grandfather, having gone on board the steamer to give some particular orders and directions about his baggage, was unwillingly carried off, leaving her with only a groom, who could speak no language but his own. She went on to say that they had taken the Villa Cimarosa on the lake, and were then proceeding thither by Lecco, when this *mésaventure* occurred.

"I now must ask Mr. Templeton's counsel how to act, — whether to return to the inn at Varennna, and wait there till I can hear from my grandfather, or venture on to Como with the carriage?"

"If you will take my carriage, Miss Howard, it will be here in a few minutes. My servant is a most experienced traveller, and will not suffer you to endure the slightest inconvenience; and I will follow in yours."

"But perhaps you cannot travel in an open carriage? I have heard that your health is delicate."

"I prefer it greatly."

"And I too —"

She stopped suddenly, feeling that she was about to utter what might seem an ungracious acknowledgment. There was such an evident regret in the dread of having offended me, that, without pausing to reflect, I said, —

"There is another alternative; I am a very safe whip, and if you would permit me to have the honor of accompanying you, I should be but too happy to be your escort."

She tried to answer by a polite smile of acceptance, but I saw that the proposition was scarcely such as she approved of, and so at once I added, —

"I will spare you the pain of rejecting my offer; pray, then, abide by my first suggestion. I see my carriage coming along yonder."

"I don't know," said she, with a kind of wilfulness, like that of one who had been long accustomed to indulgence; "it may seem very capricious to you, but I own I detest post-horses, and cracking whips, and rope-harness. You shall drive me, Mr. Templeton."

I replied by a very sincere assurance of how I esteemed the favor, and the next moment was seated at her side. As I stole a glance at the pale, but beautifully-formed features, her drooping eyelashes, dark as night, and her figure of surpassing symmetry and grace, I could not help thinking of all the straits and expedients I had practised for three entire days to avoid making her acquaintance. As if she had actually divined what was then passing in my mind, she said, —

"You see, Mr. Templeton, it was like a fate; you did your utmost not to meet us, and here we are, after all."

I stammered out a very eager, but a very blundering attempt at denial, while she resumed, —

"Pray do not make matters worse, which apologies in such cases always do. Grandpapa told me that ill health had made you a recluse and avoid society. This, and the mystery of your own close seclusion, were quite enough to make me desirous to see you."

"How flattered I should have been had I suspected so much interest could attach to me! but, really, I dreaded to

inflict upon a very old friend what I found to be so tiresome,—namely, my own company."

"I always heard that you were fastidious about going into society; but, surely, a visit to an old friend, in a foreign country, too, might have escaped being classed in this category?"

"I own my fault, which, like most faults, has brought its own penalty."

"If this be meant to express your deep affliction at not coming to us, I accept the speech in all its most complimentary sense."

I bowed in acquiescence, and she went on,—

"You must forgive me if I talk to you with a freedom that our actual acquaintanceship does not warrant; for, while *you* never heard of me before, *I* have been listening to stories and narratives about *you* I cannot say how long."

"Indeed! I scarcely suspected Sir Gordon had more than remembered me."

"I did not say that grandpapa was my informant," said she, laughing. "Lady Catherine Douglas, the Collingwoods, the Grevelles, and then that delightful person, Madame de Favancourt,—all spoke of you. . . . For which of my catalogue was that blush intended, Mr. Templeton?"

"I was only yielding to a very natural sentiment,—call it shame, pride, or pleasure,—that so many fair friends should have deemed me worthy a place in their memory. Is Mary Greville married?"

"Yes; about a month since she accepted the hand she had, it is said, some half-dozen times rejected."

"Sir Blake Morony?"

"The same. An intolerable bore, to my thinking; and, indeed, I believe, to poor Mary's too. But, then, 'the' man did not offer. Some say he was bashful; some, that he dreaded what he need not have dreaded,—a refusal; and so Mary went out to the Cape when her father became Governor there, and, like all governor's daughters, took a husband from the staff."

"She was very pretty, but—"

"Say on; we were never more than mere acquaintances."

“I was going to add, a most inveterate flirt.”

“How I do detest to hear that brought as an accusation against a girl, from the very kind of person that invariably induces the error!—young men like Mr. Templeton, who, entering life with the prestige of ability and public success, very naturally flatter the vanity of any girl by their attentions, and lead to a more buoyant character of mind and a greater desire to please, which are at once set down as coquetry. For my own part, I greatly prefer old men’s society to young ones’, from the very fact that one is permitted to indulge all the caprices of thought or fancy without incurring the offensive imputation of a design on his heart.”

“I should not always give a verdict of acquittal even in such cases.”

“Very likely not. There are old men whose manner and bearing are infinitely more attractive than the self-satisfied, self-relying composure of our modern young ones. Anything, however, even boyish awkwardness, is preferable to your middle-aged gentleman, who, with a slight bald spot on his head, and a very permanent flush on his cheek, adds the stately pomp of his forty autumns to a levity that has no touch of younger days.”

“Heaven help us! what are we to do from thirty to fifty-five or sixty?”

“Marry and live in the country. I mean, do not be young men about town. *A propos* to nothing,—are we not, this instant, in the very scene of Manzoni’s novel, ‘I Promessi Sposi’?”

“Yes; the whole of our journey to-day lies through it from Lecco to Como; or, rather, more to the northward again,—what they call here, the ‘Brianza.’”

“The scene deserves better actors, in my opinion. I have always thought it a very tiresome story, even among that most tiresome class,—pure love tales.”

“What say you to the ‘Bride of Lammermoor’?”

“That it is only inferior to ‘Romeo and Juliet.’ But how many interests are there brought up before the reader in either of these,—all subordinate to the great one; but all exciting mingled and conflicting emotions! The author,

in neither case, was satisfied to dwell on the daily and nightly sighings of a love-stricken pair. He knew better than to weave his web of one tissue. In fact, the Master of Ravenswood is more the slave of his own blighted ambition than of his love, which, at best, was only an element in his feeling of abasement."

"And yet, how faithfully was his love returned! Nothing short of a true passion meets such requital."

"If you said that no heart incapable of feeling ever inspired such, I would agree with you; but I fancy that women are often imposed upon, by supposing that they possess the entire affection of those they know capable of strong attachments."

"That may possibly be true; but I suspect that in the world — in the middle of that life where we daily meet and form friendships — there is very little time or opportunity for anything above a passing feeling of admiration, that seldom reaches esteem. The Honorable Miss Tollemache meets Captain Fitzherbert of the Guards. They are introduced, and dance together; the lady is pretty, the Captain amusing. They have a large number of mutual acquaintances, whom they quiz and praise by turns, with sufficient agreement to be mutually pleased. They separate; and the Captain asks if the lady really have 'twenty thousand pounds fortune.' Match-making aunts and mothers arrange preliminaries; and the young people have leisure to fall in love after the most approved fashion, — that is, they meet very often, and talk more together, than common acquaintances are wont to do; but their talk is of Grisi and Lablache, of the Duke's *fête* at Chiswick, and Lord Donnington's yacht excursion to Malta. If the gentleman have a confidence to evoke, it is possibly the state of his mind on the approaching 'Derby.' Now I would ask, how much of mutual esteem, or even knowledge, grows out of all this?"

"Pretty much the same amount as exists in a French marriage, where M. le Marquis having '*fait ses farces*,' is fain to marry, being somewhat too deep in debt to continue what his years admonish him to abandon. Mademoiselle is brought from the convent, or the governess's apartment,

to sign the contract and accept her husband. There is enough in the very emancipation she obtains to be pleasurable, not to speak of a grand *trousseau*, diamonds, cashmeres, and the prettiest equipage in Paris."

"Hence," said I, "we seem agreed that one must not choose a wife or husband *à la mode Anglaise ni Française*."

"I believe not," said she, laughing; "for if marriages be made in heaven, they are about the strangest employment for angels I ever heard of."

"It entirely depends on how you regard what are commonly called accidents and chances, as to the interpretation you give that saying. If you see, in those curious coincidences that are ever occurring in life, nothing more than hazard, you at once abandon all idea of governing human actions. If, on the other hand, you read them too implicitly, and accept them as indications for the future, you rush into fatalism. For my own part, I think less of the events themselves, than as they originate or evoke sentiments in two parties, who, though previously known to each, only discover on some sudden emergency a wonderful agreement in sentiment and feeling. In the ordinary detail of life they had gone on, each ignorant of the other's opinions. So long as the wheels of life revolved free and noiselessly, the journey had called for nothing of mutual interest; but some chance occurrence, some accidental rencontre occurs, and they at once perceive a most fortuitous similarity in taste or thinking. Like people who have suddenly discovered a long-persisted-in mistake, they hasten to repair the past by sudden confidences. Let me give an instance, even though it be almost too bold a one for my theory. A friend of mine, who had served some years with great distinction in the East, returned to England in company with a brother officer, a man of high family, knowing and known to every one of a certain standing in London. My friend, who, from a remote province, had no town acquaintances, was, however, speedily introduced by his friend, and, heralded by his reputation, was greatly noticed in society. He soon wearied of a round of dissipations, wherein the great, if not the only, interest lies in knowledge of the actors, and was one night stealing away from

a large evening party, secretly resolving that it should be his last ball. He had, by dint of great labor and perseverance, reached the last salon, and already caught glimpse of the stair beyond, when his progress was suddenly arrested by a very sweet but excited voice, saying, ‘One moment, sir; may I beg you will release my scarf.’ He turned, and beheld a very handsome girl, who was endeavoring to disengage from her shoulders a rich scarf of lace, one end of which was caught in the star he wore on his breast, — a decoration from the Nizam. He immediately began to detach the delicate tissue from its dangerous situation. But his address was inferior to his zeal, so that he continually received admonitions as to greater care and caution, with mingled laments over the inevitable mischief that must follow. Something abashed by his own awkwardness, his nervousness made him worse, and he muttered to himself in German, thinking it was a safe tongue for soliloquy, ‘Why will ladies wear such preposterous finery? — the spider’s web is not so fragile.’ To which, at once, the lady replied, in the same language, ‘If men are vain enough to carry a coat full of *crachats* and orders, ladies ought, at least, to be careful how they pass them.’ He blushed at the tart rebuke, and in his eagerness he tore a little hoop or mesh of the scarf. ‘Oh, pray, sir, permit me! It is real Brussels!’ and so saying, she at once began, with a skill very different from his, the work of disentanglement. My friend, however, did not desist, but gave what aid he could, their fingers more than once meeting. Meanwhile, a running fire of pleasantry and smartness went on between them, when suddenly his brother officer came up, saying, —

“‘Oh, Lydia, here is my friend Collyton. I have been so anxious you should know him; and he leaves to-morrow.’

“‘I hope he will permit me to rescue my scarf first,’ said the lady, taking no heed of the introduction.

“‘I am so sorry — I really am in despair,’ said Collyton, as the lady, growing at last impatient, tore the frail web in order to get free.

“‘It was all your fault, sir, remember that, — or, rather, that of your star, which I’m sure I wish the Sirdar, or the Nizam, had reserved for a more careful wearer.’

“I never deemed it would have done me such service,’ said Collyton, recovering courage; ‘without it, I should have passed on, and you would never have taken the trouble to notice me.’

“There, sir, I must leave you your prize,’ said she, smartly, as, taking the arm of her partner, she joined the waltzers; while Collyton stood with the folds of a Brussels scarf draped gracefully on his arm.

“He went home, spent half the night disengaging the intricate web, and the next day called to restore it, and apologize for his misfortune. The acquaintance thus casually formed ripened into mutual liking, and after a time into a stronger feeling, and in the end they were married; the whole of the event, the great event of every life, originating in the porcupine fashion of the Nizam’s star and the small loops of a Brussels lace scarf! Here, then, is my case; but for this rencontre they had never met, save in the formal fashion people do as first acquaintances. Without a certain collision, they had not given forth the sparks that warmed into flame.”

“I call that a pure chance, just as much as — as —”

“Our own meeting this morning,’ you were about to say,’ said I, laughingly; and she joined in the mirth, but soon after became silent and thoughtful. I tried various ways of renewing our conversation; I started new topics, miles remote from all we had been talking of; but I soon perceived that, whether from physical causes or temperament, the eager interest she exhibited when speaking, and the tone of almost excited animation in which she listened, seemed to weary and exhaust her. I therefore gradually suffered our conversation to drop down to an occasional remark on passing objects; and so we travelled onwards, till, late in the afternoon, we found ourselves at the gate of a handsome park, where an avenue of trellised vines, wide enough for two carriages to pass, led to a beautiful villa, on the terrace of which stood my old friend, Sir Gordon Howard himself.

For a few moments he was so totally engrossed by the meeting with his granddaughter that he did not even perceive me. Indeed, his agitation was as great as it might

reasonably have been had years of absence separated them, instead of the few brief hours of a twenty miles' drive; and it was only as she said, "Are you forgetting to thank Mr. Templeton, papa?" that he turned round to greet me with all the warmth of his kindly nature.

It was to no purpose that I protested plans already formed, engagements made, and horses written for; he insisted on my staying, if not some weeks, some days; and, at last, hours, at the Villa Cimarosa. I might still have resisted his kind entreaties, when Miss Howard, with a smile and a manner of most winning persuasiveness, said, "I wish you would stay," — and — here I am!

CHAPTER XVII.

LA VILLA CIMAROSA, October.

How like a dream — a delicious, balmy, summer night's dream — is this life I am leading ! For the first time have I tasted the soothing tranquillity of domestic life. A uniformity, that tells rather of security than sameness, pervades everything in this well-ordered household, where all come and go as if under the guidance of some ruling genius, unseen and unheard. Sir Gordon, too, is like a father ; at least as I can fancy a father to be, for I was too early left an orphan to preserve my memory of either parent. His kindness is even more than what we call friendship. It is actually paternal. He watches over my health with all the unobtrusive solicitude of true affection ; and if I even hint at departure, he seizes the occasion to oppose it, not with the warmth of hospitality alone, but a more deeply-meaning interest that sometimes puzzles me. Can it be that he recognizes in my weakened frame and shrunken cheek greater ravages of disease than I yet feel or know of ? Is it that he perceives me nearer the goal than as yet I am aware ? It was yesterday, as we sat in the library together, running over the pages of an almanac, I remarked something about my liking to travel by moonlight, when, with a degree of emotion that amazed me, he said, " Pray do not talk of leaving us ; I know that in this quiet monotony there may be much to weary you ; but remember that you are not strong enough for the world, did you even care to take your place in it as of old. Besides " — here he faltered, and it was with a great effort that he resumed — " besides, for *my* sake, if the selfishness of the request should not deter you, for *my* sake remain with us some time longer."

I protested most warmly, as I had all reason to do, that for years past I had never known time pass on so happily ;

that in the peaceful calm we lived, I had tasted a higher enjoyment than all the most buoyant pleasures of healthier and younger days had ever given me. "But,"—I believe I tried to smile as I spoke,—"but recollect, Sir Gordon, I have got my billet: the doctors have told me to go, and die, at Naples. What a shock to science if I should remain, to live, at Como!"

"Do so, my dearest friend," said he, grasping my hands within both of his, while the tears swam in his eyes; "I cannot—I dare not—I have not strength to tell you, all that your compliance with this wish will confer on me. Spare me this anguish, and do not leave us." As he uttered these words he left me, his emotion too great to let me reply.

The sick man's selfishness would say, that his anxiety is about that wasting malady, whose ravages are even more plainly seen than felt.

Turn the matter over how I will, I cannot reconcile this eager anxiety for my remaining with anything but a care for myself. It is clear he thinks me far worse than I can consent to acknowledge. I do not disguise from myself the greater lassitude I experience after a slight exertion, a higher tension of the nervous system, and an earlier access of that night fever, which, like the darkness of the coming winter, creeps daily on, shortening the hours of sunlight, and ushering in a deeper and more solemn gloom; but I watch these symptoms as one already prepared for their approach, and feel grateful that their coming has not clouded the serenity with which I hope to journey to the last.

Kind old man! I would that I were his son, that I could feel my rightful claim to the affection he lavishes on me; but for *his* sake it is better as it is! And Miss Howard—Lucy, let me call her, since I am permitted so to accost her—what a blessing I should have felt such a sister to be, so beautiful, so kind, so gently feminine! for that is the true charm. This, too, is better as it is. How could I take leave of life, if I were parting with such enjoyments?

She is greatly changed since we came here. Every day seems to gain something over the malady she labored under.

She is no longer faint and easily wearied, but able to take even severe exercise without fatigue; her cheek has grown fuller, and its rosy tint is no longer hectic but the true dye of health; and instead of that slow step and bent-down head, her walk is firm and her air erect; while her spirits, no longer varying from high excitement to deep depression, are uniformly good and animated. Life is opening in all its bloom to her, as rapidly as its shadows are closing and gathering around me! Were it mine to bestow, how gladly would I give what remains of flickering life to strengthen the newly-sprung vitality, her light step, her brilliant smile and dark blue eye! That coming back to health, from out of the very shadow of death, must be a glorious sensation! the sudden outbursting of all this fair world's joys, on a spirit over which the shade of sickness has only swept, and not rested long enough to leave its blight. I think I read in that almost heroic elevation of sentiment, that exquisite perception of whatever is beautiful in Lucy, the triumph of returning energy and health. She is less fanciful and less capricious, too. Formerly, the least remark, in which she construed a difference of opinion, would distress or irritate her, and her temper appeared rather under the sway of momentary impulse than the guidance of right principle. Now, she accepts even correction mildly and gratefully, and if a sudden spark of former haste flash forth, she seems eager to check and repress it; she acts as though she felt that restored health imposed more restraint and less of self-indulgence than sickness. How happy if one were only to bring out of the sick chamber its teaching of submission, patience, and gratitude, and leave behind its egotism and its irritability! This she would appear to aim at; and to strive is to win.

And now I quit this chronicling to join her. Already she is on her way to the boat, and we are going to see Pliny's villa; at least the dark and shadowy nook where it once stood. The lake is still as a mirror, and a gorgeous mirror it is, reflecting a scene of fairy brilliancy and beauty. She is waving her handkerchief to me to come. "*Vengo, subito.*"

This has been a delightful day. We rowed along past

Melzi till we came under the tall cliffs near Bellagio ; and there, in a little bay, land-locked and shaded by olive-trees, we dined. I had never seen Sir Gordon so thoroughly happy. When Lucy's spirits have been higher, and her fancy has taken wilder and bolder wings, he has usually worn a look of anxiety through all his admiring fondness. To-day, she was less animated than she generally is — almost grave at times — but not sad ; and I think that " grand-papa " loved her better in this tranquil mood, than in those of more eager enjoyment. I believe I read his meaning, that, in her highest flow of spirits, he dreads the wear and tear consequent on so much excitement ; while in her more sombre days he indulges the hope that she is storing up in repose the energies of future exertion. How it takes off the egotism of sickness to have some one whose ever-watchful care is busy for our benefit ! how it carries away the load of " self," and all its troubles ! while I But I must not dwell on this theme, nor disturb that deep sense of gratitude I feel for all that I possess of worldly advantage, were it no more than this blessing, that on quitting life I leave it when my sense of enjoyment has mellowed into that most lasting and enduring one, the love of quiet, of scenery, of converse with old friends on bygone events — the tranquil pleasures of age tasted without the repining of age !

Lucy bantered me to-day upon my inordinate love of ease, as she called it, forgetting that this inactivity was at first less from choice than compulsion ; now, it is a habit, one I may as well wear out, for I have no time left to acquire new ones. She even tried to stimulate my ambition, by alluding to my old career and the rewards it might have opened to me. I could have told her that a father or an uncle at the " Council " was of more avail than a clever despatch or a well-concluded treaty ; that some of our ablest Ministers are wasting life and energy at small, obscure, and insignificant missions, where their functions never rise beyond the presentation of letters of congratulation or condolence, attendance on a court ball, or a *Te Deum* for the sovereign's birthday ; while capacities that would be unnoticed, if they were not dangerous, have the destinies of great events in their keeping. True, there is always the Foreign Office as

the “*Cour d’Appel* ;” and, whatever may be the objections — grave and weighty they certainly are at times — against those parliamentary interrogations by which the Minister is compelled to reveal the object and course of his dealings with foreign nations, there is one admirable result — our foreign policy will always be National. No Minister can long pursue any course in defiance of the approval of Parliament ; nor can any Parliament, in our day, long resist the force of public opinion. While, therefore, Nicholas or Metternich may precipitate the nations they rule over into a war, where there is neither the sympathy nor the prejudices of a people involved, *we* never draw the sword without a hearty good-will to wield it.

To what end all this in reference to Lucy Howard’s question? None whatever ; for, in truth, I was half flattered by the notion that the shattered, storm-beaten wreck, could be supposed sea-worthy, and so I promised amendment. How pleasant it was, sitting Tityrus-like, to dream over high rewards and honors! She, at least, seemed to think so ; for whether to stimulate my ardor, or merely following the impulse of her own, I know not, but she certainly dwelt with animation and delight on the advantages of a career that placed one almost *au pied d’égal* with sovereigns. “I am sure,” said she, “ that you cannot look upon those who started in the race with yourself, without some repinings that others, whom you know to be inferior to you, have passed you ; and that men whom you would never have thought of as competitors, are now become more than equals.”

If I accede to this opinion to a certain extent, still I must protest against any feeling of real regret when I think that success is much oftener obtained by what is called a “lucky hit,” than by years of zealous and intelligent exertion. I have known a man obtain credit for stopping a courier — waylaying him, I might rather call it — and taking by force a secret treaty from his hand, while the steady services of a life long have gone unrewarded. These things have an evil influence upon diplomacy as a “career ;” they suggest to young men to rely rather on address and dexterity than upon “prudence and forethought.” Because Lord Palmer-

ston discourses foreign politics with a certain gifted and very beautiful Countess, or that M. Guizot deigns to take counsel from a most accomplished Princess of Russian origin, every small *attaché* thinks he is climbing the short road to fame and honors by listening to the *fadaise* of certain political *boudoirs*, and hearing "pretty ladies talk" about Spielberg and Monkopf. When the Northern Minister sent his son to travel through the world, that he might see with his own eyes by what "commonplace mortals states were governed," he might have recommended to his especial notice Plenipos and Envoys Extraordinary. From time to time, it is otherwise. Lord Castlereagh, whatever detraction party hate may visit on his home politics, was a consummate ambassador. Not of that school which Talleyrand created, and of which he was the head, but a man of unflinching courage, high determination, and who, with a strong purpose and resolute will, never failed to make felt the influence of a nation he so worthily represented. With this, he was a perfect courtier; the extreme simplicity of his manner and address was accompanied by an elegance and a style of the most marked distinction. Another, but of a different stamp, was Lord Whitworth; one on whom all the dramatic passion and practised outrage of Napoleon had no effect whatever.

Sir Gordon remarked, that in this quality of coolness and imperturbability he never saw any one surpass his friend, Sir Robert Darcy. One evening when playing at whist, at Potsdam, with the late King of Prussia, his Majesty, in a fit of inadvertence, appropriated to himself several gold-pieces belonging to Sir Robert. The King at last perceived and apologized for his mistake, adding, "Why did you not inform me of it?" "Because I knew your Majesty always makes restitution when you have obtained time for reflection." Hanover was then on the *tapis*, and the King felt the allusion. I must not forget a trait of that peculiar sarcastic humor for which Sir Robert was famous. Although a Whig — an old blue-and-yellow of the Fox School — he hated more than any man that mongrel party which, under the name of Whigs, have carried on the Opposition in Parliament for so many years; and of that party, a certain

well-known advocate for economical reforms came in for his most especial detestation: perhaps he detested him particularly, because he had desecrated the high ground of Oppositional attack, and brought it down to paltry cavillings about the sums accorded to poor widows on the Pension List, or the amount of sealing-wax consumed in the Foreign Office. When, therefore, the honorable and learned gentleman, in the course of a continental tour, happened to pass through the city where Sir Robert lived as ambassador, he received a card of invitation to dinner, far more on account of a certain missive from the Foreign Office, than from any personal claims he was possessed of. The Member of Parliament was a *gourmand* of the first water; he had often heard of Sir Robert's *cuisine* — various travellers had told him that such a table could not be surpassed, and so, although desirous of getting forward, he countermanded his horses, and accepted the invitation.

Sir Robert, whose taste for good living was indisputable, no sooner read the note acceding to his request than he called his *attachés* together, and said, “ Gentlemen, you will have a very bad dinner to-day, but I request you will all dine here, as I have a particular object in expressing the wish.”

Dinner-hour came; and after the usual ceremony the party were seated at table, when a single soup appeared: this was followed by a dish of fish, and then, without *entrée* or *hors d'œuvre*, came a boiled leg of mutton, Sir Robert premising to his guest that it was to have no successor: adding, “ You see, sir, what a poor entertainment I have provided for you; but to this have the miserable economists in Parliament brought us — next session may carry it further, and leave us without even so much.” Joseph was sold, and never forgot it since.

I saw, that while Sir Gordon and I discussed people and events in this strain, Lucy became inattentive and pre-occupied by other thoughts; and on charging her with being so, she laughingly remarked that Englishmen always carry about with them the one range of topics; and whether they dine in Grosvenor Square, or beneath an olive-tree in the Alps, the stream of the table-talk is ever the same. “ Now a

Frenchman," said she, gayly, "had uttered I cannot say how many flat sentimentalisms about the place we are in; a German had mysticized to no end; and an Italian would have been improvising about everything, from the wire that restrained the champagne cork to the woes of enthralled Italy. Tell us a story, Mr. Templeton."

"A story! What shall it be? A love story? a ghost story? a merry, or a sad one?"

"Any of these you like, so that it be true. Tell me something that has actually happened."

"That is really telling a secret," said I; "for while truth can be, and oftener is, stranger than fiction, it is so, rather from turning ordinary materials to extraordinary uses — making of every-day people singular instances of vice and virtue — than for any great peculiarity in the catastrophes to which they contribute."

"Well, I don't believe in the notion of every-day people. I have a theory, that what are so summarily disposed of in this fashion are just as highly endowed with individualities as any others. Do you remember a beautiful remark, made in the shape of a rebuke, that Scott one day gave his daughter for saying that something was 'Vulgar'? 'Do you know what is the meaning of the word vulgar? It is only common; and nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in terms of contempt: and when you have lived to my years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is *uncommon.*'"

"When I said ordinary, every-day people, don't mistake me! I meant only those who, from class and condition, follow a peculiar ritual, and live after a certain rubric of fashion; and who, hiding themselves under a common garment, whose cut, color, and mode are the same, are really undistinguishable, save on great and trying occasions."

"Kings, for instance! whom great diplomatic folks are supposed to see a great deal of, and know in all the terms of an easy intimacy."

"But how do we see them? In an armor of reserve and caution, never assumed to any one else. The ease you

speak of is all assumed. It is the conventional politeness accorded to a certain station. Kings, so far as I have seen, are never really engaging, save to a great Minister out of power. Then their manner assumes all its attractiveness ; on the principle, perhaps, that Curran paid his homage to the antique Hercules—that *his* day might yet come uppermost, and he would not forget the friend who visited him in adversity.”

“ Well, to come back, tell us a story. Let it be what you will, or of where and whom you please, so that it last while we are rowing homeward. Monologue is always better than conversation by moonlight.

“ But stay ; what are the lights we see yonder, glancing from amid the trees ? And there, now, see the bright blaze that has sprung up, and is reflected red and lurid on the lake below. It is a ‘Festa’ of the Church ; for hear, the bells are ringing merrily from the mountain-top, and there go the people in procession, climbing the steep path towards the summit.”

Wonderful superstition ! that has fashioned itself to every phase and form of human nature — now sending its aid to the darkest impulses of passion, as we see in Ireland — now conforming to the most simple tastes of an unthinking people ; for these peasants here are not imbued with the piety of the Church — they only love its gauds. It is to the Tyrol you must go to witness the real devotional feeling of a people.

“ Well, shall I tell you a story ? ”

“ No ; I am weaving one now for myself ! ”

CHAPTER XVIII.

VILLA CIMAROSA, LAKE OF COMO.

GILBERT reminds me that I had arranged my departure hence for to-morrow; this was some weeks back, and now I have no intention of leaving. I cling to this "Happy Valley," as one clings to life. To me it is indeed such. These days of sunshine and nights of starry brilliancy — this calm, delicious water — these purpled mountains, glowing with richer tints as day wears on, till at sunset they are one blaze of gorgeous splendor — the very plash of those tiny waves upon the rocky shore are become to me like friendly sights and sounds, from which I cannot tear myself. And Lucy, too, she is to me as a sister, so full of kind, of watchful consideration about me; since her own health is so much restored, all her anxiety would seem for mine. How puzzling is the tone assumed by Sir Gordon towards me! It was only yesterday that, in speaking of his granddaughter, he expressed himself in such terms of gratitude to me for the improvement manifest in her health, as though I had really been the main agent in effecting it. I, whose power has never been greater than a heart-cherished wish that one so fair, so beautiful, and so good, should live to grace and adorn the world she moves in! What a strange race, what a hardfought struggle has been going on within me for some time back! Ebbing life contesting with budding affection; the calm aspect of coming death dashed by feelings and thoughts — ay, even hopes I had believed long since at rest. I feel less that I love, than that I should love if life were to be granted to me.

I believe it is the pursuit that in most cases suggests the passion; that the effort we may make to win exalts the object we wish to gain. Not so here, however. *If I do love, it has been without any consciousness. It is so*

seldom that on who has never had a sister learns to know, in real intimacy, the whole heart and nature of a young and lovely girl, with all its emotions of ever-changing hue, its thousand caprices, its weakness, and its pride. To me this study — it has been a study — has given an inexpressible interest to my life here. And then to watch how gradually, almost imperceptibly to herself, the discipline of her mind has been accomplished — checking wild flights of fancy here, restraining rash impulses there, encouraging reflection, conquering prejudices — all these done without my bidding, and yet palpably through my influence. What pleasant flattery!

One distressing thought never leaves me. It is this — how will a nature so attuned as hers stand the rude jars and discords of “the world”? for, do how we will, screen the object of affection how we may from its shocks and concussions, the stern realities of life will make themselves felt. Hers is too impassioned a nature to bear such reverses, as the most even current sustains, without injury. The very consciousness of being mistaken in our opinions of people is a sore lesson; it is the beginning of scepticism, to end — who can tell where?

She smiles whenever I lecture her upon any eccentricity of manner, and evidently deems my formalism, as she calls it, a relic of my early teaching. So, perhaps, it may be. No class of people are so unforgiving to anything like a peculiarity as your *Diplomates*. They know the value of the impassive bearing that reveals nothing, and they carry the reserve of office into all the relations of private life. She even quizzes me about this, and says that I remind her of the old Austrian envoy at Naples, who never ventured upon anything more explicit than the two phrases — *C'est dure*, or *C'est sûre*, ringing the changes of these upon every piece of news that reached him. How altered am I, if this judgment be correct! I, that was headstrong even to rashness, led by every impulse, precipitate in everything, ready to resign all, and with one chance in my favor to dare nine full against me!

But why wonder if I be so changed? How has life and every living object changed its aspect to my eyes, rendering

distasteful a thousand things wherein I once took pleasure, and making of others that I deemed flat, stale, and unprofitable, the greatest charms of my existence? What close and searching scrutiny of motives creeps on with years! what distrust, and what suspicion! It is this same sentiment—the fruit of a hundred self-deceptions and disappointments—makes so many men, as they advance in life, abjure Liberalism in politics, and lean to the side of Absolute Rule. The “Practical” exercises the only influence on the mind tempered by long experience; and the glorious tyranny of St. Peter’s is infinitely preferable to the miscalled freedom of Popular Government. The present Pope, however our Radical friends think of it, is no unworthy successor of Hildebrand; and however plausible be the assumed reforms in his States, the real thraldom, the great slavery, remains untouched! “Hands Free, Souls Fettered,” is strange heraldry.

Why have these thoughts crept over me? I would rather dwell on very different themes; but already, far over the mountains westward, comes the distant sound of strife. The dark clouds that are hurrying over the lofty summit of Monte Brisbone are wafted from regions where armed hosts are gathering, and the cry of battle is heard; and Switzerland, whose war-trophies have been won from the invader, is about to be torn by civil strife. Even in my ride to-day towards Lugano, I met parties of peasants armed, and wearing the cockade of Ticino in their hats, hastening towards Capo di Lago. The spectacle was a sad one; the field labors of the year, just begun, are already arrested; the plough is seen standing in the unfinished furrow, and the team is away to share the fortunes of its owners in the panoply of battle. These new-made soldiers, too, with all the loutish indifference of the peasant in their air, have none of the swaggering effrontery of regular troops, and consequently present more palpably to the eye the sufferings of a population given up to conscription and torn from their peaceful homes to scenes of carnage and bloodshed, and for what?—for an opinion?—for even less than an opinion; for a suspicion—a mere doubt.

Who will be eager in this cause on either side? None,

save those that never are to mingle in the contest. The fire-brand journalist of Geneva — the dark-intentioned Jesuit of Lucerne ; these are they who will accept of no quarter, nor listen to one cry of mercy ; such, at least, is the present aspect of the struggle. Lukewarmness, if not actual repugnance, among the soldiery ; hatred supplying all the enthusiasm of those who hound them on.

The Howards are already uneasy at their vicinity to the seat of war, and speak of proceeding southward ; yet they will not hear of my leaving them. I feel spell-bound, not only to them but to the very place itself ; a presentiment is upon me, that, after this, life will have no pleasure left for me — that I go hence to solitude, to suffering, and to death !

A restless night, neither waking nor sleeping, but passed in wild, strange fancies, of reality and fiction commingled ; and now, I am feverish and ill. The struggle against failing health is at last become torture ; for I feel — alas that I must say it ! — the longing desire to live. Towards day-break I did sleep, and soundly ; but I dreamed too — and how happily ! I fancied that I was suddenly restored to health, with all the light-heartedness and spring of former days, and returning with my bride to Walcott. We were driving rapidly up the approach, catching glimpses at times of the old abbey — now a gable, now some richly traceried pinnacle — some quaint old chimney — some trellised porch. She was wild with delight, in ecstasy at the sylvan beauty of the scene : the dark and silent wood — the brown clear river, beside the road — the cooing note of the wood-pigeon, all telling of our own rural England. “ Is not this better than ambition, love ? ” said I. “ Are not leafy groves, these moss-grown paths, more peaceful than the high-roads of fame ? ” I felt her hand grasp mine more closely, and I awoke — awoke to know that I was dreaming — that my happiness was but a vision — my future a mere mockery.

Why should not Lucy see these scenes ? She will return well and in strength. I would that she would dwell, sometimes, at least, among the places I have loved so much. I have often thought of making her my heir. I have none to claim from me — none who need it. There is one clause,

however, she might object to, nay, perhaps, would certainly refuse. My grand-uncle's will makes it imperative that the property should always descend to a Templeton. What if she rejected the condition? It would fall heavily on me were she to say "No."

I will speak to Sir Gordon about this. I must choose my time, however, and do it gravely and considerately, that he may not treat it as a mere sick man's fancy. Of course, I only intend that she should assume the name and arms; but this branch of the Howards are strong about pedigree, and call themselves older than the Norfolks.

So there is no time to be lost in execution of my plan. The Favancourts are expected here to-morrow, on their way to Naples. The very thought of their coming is misery to me. How I dread the *persiflage* of the beauty "*en vogue*;" the heartless raillery that is warmed by no genial trait; the spiritless levity that smacks neither of wit nor buoyant youth, but is the mere coinage of the *salons*! How I dread, too, lest Lucy should imitate her! she so prone to catch up a trait of manner, or a trick of gesture! And Lady Blanche can make herself fascinating enough to be a model. To hear once more the dull recital of that world's follies that I have left, its endless round of tiresome vice, would be a heavy infliction. Alas, that I should have gained no more by my experience than to despise it! But stay—I see Sir Howard yonder, near the lake. Now for my project!

CHAPTER XIX.

LA SPEZZIA.

ANOTHER month, or nearly so, has elapsed since last I opened this book; and now, as I look back, I feel like a convict who has slept soundly during the night before his doom, and passed in forgetfulness the hours he had vowed to thought and reflection. I was reading Victor Hugo's "*Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*," last evening, and falling asleep with it in my hand, traced out in my dreams a strange analogy between my own fate and that of the convicted felon. The seductions and attractions of life crowding faster and faster round one as we near the gate of death — the redoubled anxieties of friends, their kinder sympathies — how delightful would these be if they did not suggest the wish to live! But, alas! the sunbeam lights not only the road before us, but that we have been travelling also, and one is so often tempted to look back and linger! To understand this love of life, one must stand as I do now; and yet, who would deem that one so lonely and so desolate, so friendless and alone, would care to live! It is so, however: sorrow attaches us more strongly than joy; and the world becomes dearer to us in affliction as violets give out their sweetest odors when pressed.

Let me recall something of the last few weeks, and remember, if I can, why and how I am here alone. My last written sentence was dated "*Como, the 29th October*," and then comes a blank — now to fill it up.

Sir Gordon Howard was standing near the lake as I came up with him, nor was he aware of my approach till I had my hand on his arm. Whether that I had disturbed him in a moment of deep thought, or that something in my own sad and sickly face impressed him, I know not, but he did not speak, and merely drawing my arm within his own, we wan-

dered along the water's edge. We sauntered slowly on till we came to a little moss-house, with stone benches, where, still in silence, we sat down. It belonged to the Villa d'Este, and was one of those many little ornamental buildings that were erected by that most unhappy Princess, whose broken heart would seem inscribed on every tree and rock around.

To me the aspect of the spot, lovely as it is, has ever been associated with deep gloom. I never could tread the walks, nor sit to gaze upon the lake from chosen points of view, without my memory full of her who, in her exile, pined and suffered there. I know nothing of her history, save what all others know; I am neither defender nor apologist — too humble and too weak for either. I would but utter one cry for mercy on a memory that still is dearly cherished by the poor, who dwelt around her, and by whom she is yet beloved.

Whatever were Sir Gordon's thoughts, it was clear the few efforts he made to converse were not in accordance with them. The rumors of disturbance in Switzerland — the increasing watchfulness on the Lombard frontier — the growing feeling of uncertainty where and how far this new discord might extend — these he spoke of, but rather as it seemed to mask other themes, than because they were uppermost in his mind.

"We must think of leaving this," said he, after a brief pause. "'Where to?' is the question. How would Genoa agree with *you*?"

"With *me*! Let there be no question of *me*."

"Nay, but there must," said he, eagerly. "Remember, first of all, that we are now independent of climate, at least of all that this side of the Alps possesses; and, secondly, bethink you that *you* are the pilot that weathered the storm for us."

"Happily, then," said I, laughing, or endeavoring to laugh, "I may sing, —

'The waves are laid,
My duties paid.'

I must seek out some harbor of refuge and be at rest."

"But with us, Templeton — always with us," said the old man, affectionately.

"Upon one condition, Sir Gordon — short of that I refuse."

I fear me, that in my anxiety to subdue a rising emotion I threw into these words an accent of almost stern and obstinate resolution; for as he replied, "Name your condition," his own voice assumed a tone of cold reserve.

It was full a minute before I could resume; not only was the subject one that I dreaded to approach from fear of failure, but I felt that I had already endangered my chance of success by the inopportune moment of its introduction. Retreat was out of the question, and I went on. As much to give myself time for a little forethought, as to provide myself with a certain impulse for the coming effort, as leapers take a run before they spring, I threw out a hasty sketch of the late events of my life before leaving England, and the reasons that induced me to come abroad. "I knew well," said I, "better far than all the skill of physicians could teach, that no chance of recovery remained for me; Science had done its utmost: the machine had, however, been wound up for the last time — its wheels and springs would bear no more. Nothing remained, then, but to economize the hours, and let them glide by with as little restriction as might be. There was but one alloy to this plan — its selfishness; but when may a man practise egotism so pardonably as when about to part with what comprises it?

"I came away from England, then, with that same sentiment that made the condemned captain beg he might be bled to death rather than fall beneath the axe. I would, if possible, have my last days and hours calm and unruffled, even by fear — little dreaming how vain are all such devices to cheat one's destiny, and that death is never so terrible as when life becomes dear. Yes, my friend, such has been my fate; in the calm happiness of home here — the first time I ever knew the word's true meaning — I learned to wish for life, for days of that peaceful happiness where the present is tempered by the past, and hope has fewer checks, because it comes more chastened by experience. You little thought, that in making my days thus blissful my sorrow

to part with them would be a heavy recompense. . . . Nay, hear me out; words of encouragement only increase my misery — they give not hope, they only awaken fresh feelings of affection, so soon to be cold forever."

How I approached the subject on which my heart was set I cannot now remember — abruptly, I fear; imperfectly and dubiously I know; because Sir Gordon, one of the most patient and forbearing of men, suddenly interrupted me by a violent exclamation, "Hold! stay! not a word more! Templeton, this cannot be; once for all, never recur to this again!" Shocked, almost terrified by the agitation in his looks, I was unable to speak for some seconds; and while I saw that some misconception of my meaning had occurred, yet, in the face of his prohibition, I could scarcely dare an attempt to rectify it. While I remained thus in painful uncertainty, he seemed, by a strong effort, to have subdued his emotion, and at length said, "Not even to you, my dear friend, — to you, — to whom I owe the hope that has sustained me for many a day past, can I reveal the secret source of this sorrow, nor say why what you propose is impossible. I dreaded something like this, — I foresaw how it might be; nay, my selfishness was such that I rejoiced at it, for her sake. There — there, I will not trust myself with more. Leave me, Templeton; whatever your griefs, they are as nothing compared to mine."

I left him, and, hastening towards the lake-side, soon lost myself in the dark groves of chestnut and olive, the last words still ringing in my ears, — "Whatever your griefs, they are as nothing compared to mine." Such complete pre-occupation had his agitation and trouble over my mind, that it was long ere I could attempt to recall how I had evoked this burst of passion, and by what words I had stirred him so to address me. Suddenly the truth flashed boldly out; I perceived the whole nature of the error. He had, in fact, interrupted my explanation at a point which made it seem that I was seeking his granddaughter in marriage. Not waiting to hear me out, he deemed the allusions to my name, my family arms, and my fortune, were intended to convey a proposal to make her my wife. Alas! I needed no longer to wonder at his repugnance, nor specu-

late further on the energy of his refusal. How entertain such a thought for his poor child. It were, indeed, to weave cypress with the garland of the Bride!

Impatient any longer to lie under the misconception, — at heart, perhaps, vexed to think how wrongfully he must have judged me when deeming me capable of the thought, — I hastened back to the Villa, determined at once to rectify the error and make him hear me out, whatever pains the interview should cost either.

On gaining the house I found that Sir Gordon had just driven from the door. Miss Howard, who for two days had been indisposed, was still in her room. Resolving, then, to make my explanation in writing, I went to my room. On the table lay a letter addressed to me, the writing of which was scarcely dry. It ran thus: —

MY DEAREST FRIEND,— If I, in part, foresaw the possibility of what your words to-day assured me, and yet did not guard against the hazard, the sad circumstances of my lot in life are all I can plead in my favor. I have never ceased to reproach myself that I had not been candid and open with you at first, when our intimacy was fresh. Afterwards, as it became friendship, the avowal was impossible. I must not trust myself with more I have gone from home for a day or two, that when we meet again the immediate memory of our last interview should have been softened. Be to me — to her, also — as though the words were never spoken; nor withdraw any portion of your affection from those you have rescued from the greatest of all calamities.

Yours ever,

GORDON HOWARD.

The mystery grew darker and more impenetrable; harassing, maddening suspicions, mixed themselves up in my brain, with thoughts too terrible for endurance. I saw that, in Sir Gordon's error as to my intentions, he had unwittingly disclosed the existence of a secret, — a secret whose meaning seemed fraught with dreadful import; that he would never have touched upon this mysterious theme, save under the false impression my attempted proposal had induced, was clear enough; and that thus I had unwittingly wrung from him an avowal, which, under other circumstances, he had never been induced to make.

I set about to think over every word I had used in our last interview, — each expression I had employed, torturing the simplest phrases by interpretations the most remote and unlikely, that thereby some clew should present itself to this mystery. But, charge my memory how I could, reflect and ponder as I might, the words of his letter had a character of more deep and serious meaning than a mere refusal of my proposition, taken in what sense it might, could be supposed to call for. At moments, thoughts would flash across my brain, so terrible in their import, that had they dwelt longer I must have gone mad. They were like sudden paroxysms of some agonizing disease, coming and recurring at intervals. Just as one of these had left me, weak, worn out, and exhausted, a carriage, drawn by four post-horses, drew up to the door of the villa; and the instant after my servant knocked at my door, saying, "La Comtesse de Favancourt is arrived, sir, and wishes to see you."

Who was there whose presence I would not rather have faced? — that gay and heartless woman of fashion, whose eyes, long practised to read a history in each face, would soon detect in my agitated looks that "something had occurred," nor cease till she had discovered it. In Sir Gordon's absence, and as Lucy was still indisposed, I had no alternative but to receive her.

Scarcely had I entered the drawing-room than my worst fears were realized. She was seated in an arm-chair, and lay back as if fatigued by her journey; but on seeing me, without waiting to return my greeting of welcome, she asked, abruptly, —

"Where's Sir Gordon? — where's Miss Howard? Have n't they been expecting me?"

I answered that Sir Gordon had gone over to the Brianza for a day; that Miss Howard had been confined to her room, but, I was certain, had only to learn her arrival to dress and come down to her."

"Is this said *de bonne foi?*" said she, with a smile where the expression was far more of severity than sweetness. "Are you treating me candidly, Mr. Templeton? or is this merely another exercise of your old functions as diplomatist?"

I started, partly from actual amazement, partly from a feeling of indignant shame, at the accusation; but recovering at once, assured her calmly and respectfully that all I had said was the simple fact, without the slightest shade of equivocation.

"So much the better," said she, gayly; "for I own to you I was beginning to suspect our worthy friends of other motives. You know what a tiresome world of puritanism and mock propriety we live in, and I was actually disposed to fear that these dear souls had got up both the absence and the illness not to receive me."

"Not to receive you! Impossible!" said I, with unfeigned astonishment. "The Howards, whom I have always reckoned as your oldest and most intimate friends —"

"Oh, yes! very old friends, certainly; but remember that these are exactly the kind of people who take upon them to be severer than all the rest of the world, and are ten times as rigid and unforgiving as one's enemies. Now, as I could not possibly know how this affair might have been told to them —".

"What affair? I'm really quite in the dark as to what you allude."

"I mean my separation from Favancourt."

"Are you separated from your husband, Lady Blanche?" asked I, in a state of agitation in strong contrast to her calm and quiet manner.

"What a question, when all the papers have been discussing it these three weeks! And from an old admirer, too! Shame on you, Mr. Templeton!"

I know not how it was, but the levity of this speech, given as it was, made my cheek flush till it actually seemed to burn.

"Nay, nay, I did n't mean you to blush so deeply," said she. "And what a dear, sweet, innocent kind of life you must have been leading here, on this romantic lake, to be capable of such soft emotions! Oh dear!" sighed she, weariedly. "You men have an immense advantage in your affairs of the heart; you can always begin as freshly with each new affection, and be as youthful in sentiment with each new love, as we are with our only passion. Now I see it all; you have been getting up a '*tendre*' here for

somebody or other, — not Taglioni, I hope, for I see that is her Villa yonder. There, don't look indignant. This same lake of Como has long been known to be the paradise of *danseuses* and opera-singers; and I thought it possible you might have dramatized a little love-story to favor the illusion. Well, well," said she, sighing, "so that you have not fallen in love with poor Lucy Howard —"

"And why not with her?" said I, starting, while in my quick-beating heart and burning temples a sense of torturing pain went through me.

"Why not with her?" reiterated she, pausing at each word, and fixing her eyes steadfastly on me, with a look where no affected astonishment existed, — "why not with her? Did you say this?"

"I did; and do ask, What is there to make it strange that one like her should inspire the deepest sentiment of devotion, even from one whose days are so surely numbered as mine are — so unworthy to hope to win her?"

"Then you really are unaware! Well, I must say this was not treating you fairly. I thought every one knew it, however; and I conclude they themselves reasoned in the same way. Come, I suppose I must explain; though, from your terrified face and staring eyeballs, I wish the task had devolved on some other. Be calm and collected, or I shall never venture upon it. Well, poor, dear Lucy inherits her mother's malady, — she is insane."

Broken half-words, stray fragments of speech, met my ears; for she went on to talk of the terrible theme with the volubility of one who revelled in a story of such thrilling horror. I, however, neither heard nor remembered more; passages of well-remembered interest flashed upon my mind; but, like scenes lit up by some lurid light, glowed with meanings too direful to dwell on.

How I parted from her — how I left the Villa and came hither, travelling day and night, till exhausted strength could bear no more — are still memories too faint to recall. The realities of these last few days have less vividness than my own burning, wasting thoughts; nor can I, by any effort, separate the terrible recital she gave from my own reflections upon it.

I must never recur to this again — nor will I reopen the page whereon it is written. I have written this to test my own powers of mind, lest I too — ”

Shakspeare, who knew the heart as none, save the inspired, have ever known it, makes it the test of sanity to recall the events of a story in the same precise order, time after time, neither changing nor inverting them. This is Lear's reply to the accusation of madness, when yet his intelligence was unclouded, — “I will the matter re-word, which madness would gabble from.”

CHAPTER XX.

LERICI, GULF OF SPEZZIA.

ANOTHER night of fever! The sea, beating heavily upon the rocks, prevented sleep; or worse, filled it with images of shipwreck and storm. I sat till nigh midnight on the terrace, — poor Shelley's favorite resting-place, — watching the night as it fell, at first in gloomy darkness, and then bright and starlit. There was no moon, but the planets, reflected in the calm sea, were seen like tall pillars of reddish light; and although all the details of the scenery were in shadow, the bold outlines of the distant Apennines, and of the Ponto Venere and the Island of Palmaria, were all distinctly marked out. The tall masts and taper spars of the French fleet at anchor in the bay were also seen against the sky, and the lurid glow of the fires spangled the surface of the sea. Strange chaos of thought was mine! At one moment, Lord Byron was before me, as, seated on the taffrail of the "Bolivar," with all canvas stretched, he plunged through the blue waters; his fair brown hair spray-washed and floating back with the breeze, his lip curled with the smile of insolent defiance, and his voice ringing with the music of his own glorious verse. Towards midnight the weather suddenly changed; to the total stillness succeeded a low but distant moaning sound, which came nearer and nearer, and at last a "Levanter," in all its fury, broke over the sea, and rolled the mad waves in masses towards the shore. I have seen a storm in the Bay of Biscay, and I have witnessed a "whole gale" off the coast of Labrador; but for suddenness and for the wild tumult of sea and wind commingled, I never saw anything like this. Not in huge rolling mountains, as in the Atlantic, did the waves move along, but in short, abrupt jets, as though impelled by some force beneath; now, skimming

each over each, and now, spirting up into the air, they threw foam and spray around them like gigantic fountains. As abruptly as the storm began, so did it cease. And as the wind fell, the waves moved more and more sluggishly; and in a space of time inconceivably brief, nothing remained of the hurricane save the short splash of the breakers, and at intervals some one, long, thundering roar, as a heavier mass threw its weight upon the strand. It was just then, ere the sea had resumed its former calm, and while still warring with the effects of the gale, I thought I saw a boat lying keel uppermost in the water, and a man grasping with all the energy of despair to catch the slippery planks, which rose and sank with every motion of the tide. Though apparently far out at sea, all was palpable and distinct to my eyes as if happening close to where I sat. A gray darkness was around, and yet at one moment — so brief as to be uncountable — I could mark his features, beautifully handsome and calm even in his drowning agony; at least, so did their wan and wearied expression strike me. Poor Shelley! I fancied you were before me; and, long after the vision passed away, a faint, low cry continued to ring in my ears, — the last effort of the voice about to be hushed forever. Then the whole picture changed, and I beheld the French fleet all illuminated, as if for a victory, the decks and yards crowded with seamen, and echoing with their triumphant cheers; while on the poop-deck of the "*Souverain*" stood a pale and sickly youth, thoughtful and sad, his admiral's uniform carelessly half-buttoned, and his unbelted sword carried negligently in his hand. This was the Prince de Joinville, as I had seen him the day before, when visiting the fleet. I could not frame to my mind where and over whom the victory was won; but disturbed fears for our own naval supremacy flitted constantly across me, and every word I had heard from the French captain who had accompanied me in my visit kept sounding in my ears; as, for instance, while exhibiting the Paixhan's cannons, he added, "Now, here is an arm your ships have not acquired." Such impressions must have gone deeper than, at the time, I knew of, for they made the substance of a long and painful dream; and when, awaking suddenly, the

first object I beheld was the French fleet resting still and tranquil in the bay, my heart expanded with a sense of relief unspeakably delightful.

So, then, I must hence. These Levanters usually continue ten or twelve days, and then are followed by the Tramontana, as is called the wind from the Apennines; and this same Tramontana is all but fatal to those as weak as I am. How puzzling — I had almost said how impossible — to know anything about climate! and how invariably, on this as on most other subjects, mere words usurp the place of ideas! It is enough to say “Italy,” to suggest hope to the consumptive man; and yet, what severe trials does this same boasted climate involve! These scorching autumnal suns; and cold, cutting breezes, wherever shade is found; the genial warmth of summer here; and yonder, in that alley, the piercing air of winter, — vicissitudes that make up the extremes of every climate, occur each twenty-four hours. And he whose frail system can barely sustain the slightest shock, must now learn to accommodate itself to atmospheres of every density, — now vapor charged and heavy, now oxygenated to a point of stimulation that, even in health, would be felt as over-exciting.

There is something of the same kind experienced here intellectually. The every-day tone of society is trifling and frivolous to a degree; the topics discussed are of a character which, to our practical notions, never rise above mere levity; and even where others of a deeper interest are introduced, the mode of treating them is superficial and meagre. Yet, every now and then, one meets with some high and great intelligence, some man of wide reflection and deep research; and then, when hearing the words of wisdom in that glorious language which unites Teutonic vigor with every Gallic elegance, you feel what a people this might be who have such an interpreter for their thoughts and deeds. In this way I remember feeling when first I heard Italian from the lips of a truly great and eloquent speaker. He was a small old man, slightly bowed in the shoulders, — merely enough so to exhibit to more advantage the greater elevation of a noble head, which rose like the dome of a grand cathedral; his forehead wide and project-

ing over the brows, which were heavy, and would have been almost severe in their meaning save for the softened expression of his large brown eyes. His hair, originally black, was now gray, but thick and massive, and hung in locky folds, like the antique, on his neck and shoulders. In manner he was simple, quiet, and retiring, avoiding observation, and seeking rather companionship with those whose unobtrusive habits made them unlikely for peculiar notice. When I met him he was in exile. Indeed, I am not certain if the ban of his offence be recalled; whether or not, the voice of all Italy now invokes his return, and the name of Gioberti is associated with the highest and the noblest views of national freedom.

Well, indeed, were it for the cause of Italy if her progress were to be intrusted to men like this, — if the great principles of reform were to be committed to intelligences capable of weighing difficulties, avoiding and accommodating dangers. So late as the day before last I had an opportunity of seeing a case in point. It is but a few weeks since the good people of Lucca, filled with new wine and bright notions of liberty, compelled their sovereign to abdicate. There is no denying that he had no other course open to him; for if the Grand Duke of Tuscany could venture to accord popular privileges, supported as he was by a very strong body of nobles, whose possessions will always assure them a great interest in the state, the little kingdom of Lucca had few, if any, such securities. Its sovereign must either rule or be ruled. Now, he had not energy of character for the one; he did not like the other. Austria refused to aid him, not wishing, probably, to add to the complication of Ferrara; and so he abdicated. Now comes *le commencement du fin*. The Lucchese gained the day. They expelled the Duke, they organized a national guard, they illuminated, they protested, cockaded, and — are ruined! Without trade, or any of its resources, this little capital, like almost all those of the German duchies, lived upon “the Court.” The sovereign was not only the fount of honor, but of wealth! Through his household flowed the only channel by which industry was nurtured. It was his court and his dependants whose wants employed

the active heads and hands of the entire city. The Duke is gone; the palace closed; the court-yard even already half grass-grown. Not an equipage is to be heard or seen; not even a footman in a court livery rides past; and all the recompense for this is the newly conferred privileges of liberty, to a people who recognize in freedom not a new bond of obligation, but an unbridled license of action. The spirit of our times is, however, against this. The inspired grocers who form the Guardia Civica, are our only guides now; it will be curious enough to see where they will lead us.

When thinking of Italian liberty, or Unity, for that is the phrase in vogue, I am often reminded of the Irish priest who was supposed by his parishioners to possess an unlimited sway over the seasons, and who, when hard-pushed to exercise it, at last declared his readiness to procure any kind of weather that three farmers would agree upon, well knowing, the while, how diversity of interest must forever prevent a common demand. This is precisely the case. An Italian kingdom to comprise the whole Peninsula would be impossible. The Lombards have no interests in common with the Neapolitans. Venice is less the sister than the rival of Genoa. How would the haughty Milanese, rich in everything that constitutes wealth, surrender their station to the men of the South, whom they despise and look down upon? None would consent to become Provincial; and even the smallest states would stand up for the prerogative of separate identity.

“A National” Guard slowly paces before the gate, within which Royalty no longer dwells; and the banner of their independence floats over their indigence! Truly, they have torn up their mantle to make a cap of Liberty, and they must bear the cold how they may!

As for the Duke himself, I believe he deserves the epithet I heard a Frenchman bestow upon him, — he is a *Pauvre Sire!* There is a fatal consistency, certainly, about the conduct of these Bourbon Princes in moments of trying emergency. They never will recognize danger till too late to avert it. The Prince of Lucca, like Charles Dix, laughed at popular menace, and yet had barely time

to escape from popular vengeance. There was a ball at the palace on the very night when the tumult attained its greatest importance; frequent messages were sent by the Ministers, and more than one order to the troops given during the progress of the entertainment. A despatch was opened at the supper-table; and as the Crown Prince led out his fair partner—an English beauty, by-the-by—to the *cotillon*, he whispered in her ear, “We must keep it up late, for I fancy we shall never have another dance in this *salle*.” And this is the way Princes can take leave of their inheritance; and so it is, the “divine right” can be understood by certain “Rulers of the people.”

If the defence of monarchy depended on the lives and characters of monarchs, how few could resist Republicanism! though, perhaps, everything considered, there is no station in life where the same number of good and graceful qualities is so certain to win men’s favor and regard. Maginn used to say that we “admire wit in a woman as we admire a few words spoken plain by a parrot.”

The speech was certainly not a very gallant one; but I half suspect that our admiration of royal attainments is founded upon a similar principle.

Kings can rarely be good talkers, because they have not gone through the great training-school of talk,—which is, conversation. This is impossible where there is no equality; and how often does it occur to monarchs to meet each other, and when they do, what a stilted, unreal thing must be their intercourse! Of reigning sovereigns, the King of Prussia is perhaps the most gifted in this way; of course, less endowed with that shrewd appreciation of character, that intuitive perception of every man’s bias, which marks the Monarch of the Tuileries; but possessed of other and very different qualities, and with one, especially, which never can be over-valued,—an earnest sincerity of purpose in everything. There is no escaping from the conviction that here is a man who reflects and wills, and whose appeal to conscience is the daily rule of life. The nationality of Germany is his great object, and for it he labors as strenuously—may it be as successfully!—as ever his “Great” predecessor did to accomplish the opposite. What a coun-

try would it be if the same spirit of nationality were to prevail from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and "Germany" have a political signification as well as a geographical one!

After all, if we have outlived the age of heroic monarchy, we have happily escaped that of royal débauchés. A celebrated civil engineer of our day is reported to have said, in his examination before a parliamentary committee, that he regarded "rivers as intended by Providence to supply navigable canals;" in the same spirit one might opine certain characters of royalty were created to supply materials for Vaudevilles.

What would become of the minor theatres of Paris if Louis XIV. and Richelieu and the Regency were to be interdicted? On whose memory dare they hang so much of shameless vice and iniquitous folly? Where find characters so degraded, so picturesque, so abandoned, so infamous, and so amusing? What time and trouble, too, are saved by the adoption of this era! No need of wearisome explanations and biographical details of the *dramatis personæ*. When one reads the word "Marquis" he knows it means a man whose whole aim in life is seduction; while "Madame la Marquise" is as invariably the easy victim of royal artifice.

It might open a very curious view into the distinctive nature of national character to compare the recognized class to which vice is attributed in different countries; for while in England we select the aristocracy always as the natural subjects for depravity, in the Piedmontese territory all the stage villains are derived from the mercantile world. Instead of a lord, as with us, the seducer is always a manufacturer or a shipowner; and *vice* a captain of dragoons, their terror of domestic peace is a cotton-spinner or a dealer in hardware.

Let it not be supposed that this originates in any real depravity, or any actual want of honesty, in the mercantile world. No! the whole is attributable to the "Censor." By his arbitrary dictate the entire of a piece is often recast, and so habituated have authors become to the prevailing taste, that they now never think of occasioning him the

trouble of the correction. Tradesman there stands for scoundrel, as implicitly as with us an Irishman is a blunderer and a Scotchman a knave. Exercised as this power is, and committed to such hands as we find it in foreign countries, it is hard to conceive any more quiet but effectual agent for the degradation of a national taste. It is but a few weeks back I saw a drama marked for stage representation in a city of Lombardy, in which the words "Pope" and "Cardinal" were struck out as irreverent to utter; but all the appeals — and most impious they were — to the Deity were suffered to remain unmutilated.

And now I am reminded of rather a good theme for one of those little dramatic pieces which amuse the public of the Palais Royal and the Variétés. I chanced upon it in an old French book, called "Mémoires et Souvenirs de Jules Auguste Prévost, premier Valet de Charge de S. A. le Duc de Courcelles." Printed at the Hague, anno 1742.

I am somewhat sceptical about the veraciousness of many of M. Prévost's recitals; the greater number are, indeed, little else than chronicles of his losses at *Ombre*, with a certain Mdlle. Valencay, or narratives of *petits soupers*, where his puce-colored shorts and coat of amber velvet were the chief things worthy of remembrance. Yet here and there are little traits that look like facts, too insignificant for fiction, and preserving something of the character of the time to which they are linked. The whole bears no trace of ever having been intended for publication; and it is not difficult to see where the new touches have been laid on over the original picture. It was in all probability a mere commonplace book, in which certain circumstances of daily life got mixed up with the written details of his station in the Duke's household.

Neither its authenticity nor correctness, however, are of any moment to my purpose, which was to jot down — from memory if I can — the subject I believe to be invested with dramatic material.

M. Prévost's narrative is very brief; indeed, it barely extends beyond a full allusion to a circumstance very generally known at the time. The events run somewhat thus, or at least should do so, in the piece. At the close of a

brilliant *fête* at Versailles, where every fascination that an age of unbounded luxury could procure was assembled, the King retired to his apartment, followed by that prince of vaudeville characters, the Maréchal Richelieu. His Majesty was wearied and out of spirits; the pleasures of the evening, so far from having, as usual, elevated his spirits and awakened his brilliancy, had depressed and fatigued him. He was tired of the unvarying repetition of what his heart had long ceased to have any share in; and, in fact, to use the vulgar but most fitting phrase, he was bored. Bored by the courtiers, whose wit was too prompt to have been unprepared; by the homage, too servile to have any sincerity; by the smiles of beauty, perverted as they were by jealous rivalry and subtle intrigue; and, above all, bored by the consciousness that he had no other identity than such as kingly trappings gave him, and that all the love and admiration he received were accorded to the monarch and nothing to the man.

He did n't exactly, as novel writers would say, pour his sufferings into Richelieu's ear, but in very abrupt and forcible expressions he manifested his utter weariness of the whole scene, and avowed a very firm belief that the company was almost as tired of him as he was of the company.

In vain the Maréchal rallies his Majesty upon successes which were wont to be called triumphs; in vain he assures him that never, at any period, was the domestic peace of the lieges more endangered by his Majesty's condescensions. In fact, for once—as will happen, even with kings now and then—he said truth; and truth, however wholesome, is not always palatable. Richelieu was too subtle an adversary to be easily worsted; and after a fruitless effort to obliterate the gloomy impression of the king, he, with a ready assurance, takes him in flank, and coolly attributes the royal dissatisfaction to the very natural weariness at ever seeing the same faces, however beautiful, and hearing the same voices, however gay and sparkling their wit.

“Your Majesty will not give yourself the credit due of winning these evidences of devotion from personal causes, rather than from adventitious ones. Happily, a good

opportunity presents itself for the proof. Your Majesty may have heard of Madame de Vaugirarde, whose husband was killed at La Rochelle?"

"The pretty widow who refuses to come to court?"

"The same, sire. She continues to reside at the antique château of her late husband, alone, and without companionship; and, if report speak truly, the brightest eyes of France are wasting their brilliancy in that obscure retreat."

"Well, what is to be done? You would not, surely, order her up to Versailles by a '*lettre de cachet*'?"

"No, sire, the measure were too bold. Nay, perhaps my counsel will appear far bolder; it is, that since Madame de Vaugirarde will not come to court, your Majesty should go to Madame de Vaugirarde."

It was not very difficult to make this notice agreeable to the King. It had one ingredient pleasurable enough to secure its good reception,—it was new; nobody had ever before dreamed of his Majesty making a tour into the provinces *incog.* This was quite sufficient; and Richelieu had scarcely detailed his intentions than the King burned with impatience to begin his journey. The wily minister, however, had many things to arrange before they set out; but of what nature he did not reveal to his master. Certain is it that he left for Paris within an hour, hastening to the capital with all the speed of post-horses. Arrived there, he exchanged his court suit for a plain dress, and in a *fiacre* drove to the private entrance of the Théâtre Français.

"Is M. Duroset engaged?" said he, descending from the carriage.

"He is on the stage, Monsieur," said the porter, who took the stranger for one of the better *bourgeois* of Paris, coming to secure a good *loge* by personal intercession with the manager. Now, M. Duroset was at the very moment occupied in the not very uncommon task of giving a poor actor his *congé*, who had just presented himself for an engagement.

As was the case in those days,—we have changed since then,—the Director, not merely content with declining the proffered services, was actually adding some very caustic remarks on the pretension of the applicant, whose miserable

appearance and ragged costume might have claimed exemption from his gratuitous lecture.

“Believe me, *mon cher*,” said he, “a man must have a very different air and carriage from yours who plays ‘Le Marquis’ on the Parisian boards. There should be something of the style and bearing of the world about him, — his address should be easy, without presumption, — his presence commanding, without severity.”

“I always played the noble parts in the provinces. I acted the ‘Regent’ —”

“I’ve no doubt of it; and very pretty notions of royalty the audience must have gained from you. There, that will do. Go back to Nancy, and try yourself at valet’s parts for a year or two — that’s the best counsel I can give you. Adieu! adieu!”

The poor actor retired, discomfited and distressed, at the same instant that the graceful figure of Richelieu advanced in easy dignity.

“Monsieur Duroset,” said the Maréchal, seating himself, and speaking in the voice so habituated to utter commands, “I would speak a few words with you in confidence, and where we might be certain of not being overheard.”

“Nothing could be better than the present spot, then,” said the manager, who was impressed by the style and bearing of his visitor, without ever guessing or suspecting his real rank. “The rehearsal will not begin for half-an-hour. Except that poor devil that has just left me, no one has entered this morning.”

“Sit down, then, and pay attention to what I shall say,” said the Maréchal. The words were felt as a command, and instantly obeyed.

“They tell me, M. Duroset, that a young actress, of great beauty and distinguished ability, is about to appear on these boards, whose triumphs have been hitherto won only in the provinces. Well, you must defer her *début* for some days; and, meanwhile, for the benefit of her health, she can make a little excursion to the neighborhood of Fontainebleau, where, at a short distance from the royal forest, stands a small château. This will be ready for her reception; and where a more critical taste than even your audiences boast will decide upon her merits.”

“There is but one man in France could make such a proposition,” said the manager, starting back, half in amazement, half in respect.

“And I am exactly that man,” rejoined the Maréchal. “There need never be secrets between men of sense. M. Duroset, the case is this. your beauty, whose manners and breeding I conjecture to be equal to her charms, must represent the character of the widowed Countess of Vaugirarde, whose sorrow for her late husband is all but inconsolable. The solitude of her retreat will, however, be disturbed by the accidental arrival of a stranger, who, accompanied by his friend, will demand the hospitality of the château. Grief has not usurped every faculty and *devoir* of the fair Countess, who consents the following morning to receive the respectful homage of the travellers, and even invites them, weary as they seem by travel, to stay another day.”

“I understand, — I understand,” said Duroset, hastily interrupting this narrative, which the speaker poured forth with impetuous rapidity; “but there are several objections, and grave ones.”

“I’m certain of it,” rejoined the other; “and now to combat them. Here are a thousand louis, five hundred of which M. Duroset will keep; the remainder he will expend, as his taste and judgment may dictate, in the costume of the fair Countess.”

“But Mademoiselle Bellechasse?”

“Will accept of these diamonds, which will become her to perfection. She is not a blonde?”

“No; dark hair and eyes.”

“This suite of pearls, then, will form a most graceful addition to her toilet.”

“They are magnificent!” exclaimed the manager, who, with wondering eyes, turned from one jewel case to the other; “they are splendid! Nay” — then he added, in a lower accent, and with a glance, as he spoke, of inveterate cunning — “nay, they are a princely present.”

“Ah, M. Duroset, *un homme d’esprit* is always so easy to treat with! Might I dare to ask if Mademoiselle Bellechasse is here? — if I might be permitted to pay my respects?”

“Certainly; your Excell — ”

"Nay, nay, M. Duroset, we are all *incog.*," said the Maréchal, smiling good-humoredly.

"As you please, sir. I will go and make a brief explanation to Mademoiselle, if you will excuse my leaving you. May I take these jewels with me? Thanks."

The explanation, was, indeed, of the briefest; and he returned in a few seconds, accompanied by a young lady, whose elegance of mien and loveliness of form seemed to astonish even the critical gaze of Richelieu.

"Madame la Comtesse de Vaugirarde," said the Director, presenting her.

"Ah, *belle Comtesse!*!" said the Maréchal, as he kissed the tips of her fingers with the most profound courtesy; "may I hope that the world has still charms to win back one whose griefs should fall like spring showers, and only render more fragrant the soil they water!"

"I know not what the future may bring forth," said she, with a most gracefully affected sadness; "but for the present, I feel as if the solitude of my ancient château, the peaceful quiet of the country, would best respond to my wishes: there alone, to wander in those woods, whose paths are endeared to me —"

"Admirable! — beautiful! — perfect!" exclaimed Richelieu, in a transport of delight; "never was the tribute of affection more touching — never a more graceful homage rendered to past happiness! Now, when can you set out?"

"To-morrow."

"Why not to-day? Time is everything here."

"Remember, monsieur, that we have purchases to make — we visit the capital but rarely."

"Quite true; I was forgetting the solitude of your retreat. Such charms might make any lapse of memory excusable."

"Oh, monsieur! I should be, indeed, touched by this flattery, if I could but see the face of him who uttered it."

"Pardon me, fair Countess, if I do not respond to even the least of your wishes; we shall both appear in our true colors one of these days. Meanwhile, remember our proverb that says, 'It's not the cowl makes the monk.' When you

shall hear this again, it will be in your château of Vaugirarde, and — ”

“ Is that the *consigne*, then? ” said she, laughing.

“ Yes, that is the *consigne* — don’t forget it; ” and, with a graceful salutation, the Maréchal withdrew to perfect his further arrangements.

There was a listener to this scene, that none of its actors ever guessed at, — the poor actor, who, having lost his way among forests of pasteboard and palaces of painted canvas, at last found himself at the back of a pavilion, from which the speakers were not more than two paces distant. Scarcely had the Maréchal departed, than he followed his steps, and made all haste to an obscure *auberge* outside the barriers, where a companion, poor and friendless as himself, awaited him. There is no need to trace what ensued at this meeting. The farce writer might, indeed, make it effective enough, ending as it does in the resolve, that since an engagement was denied them at Paris they’d try their fortune at Fontainebleau, by personating the two strangers, who were to arrive by a hazard at the Château de Vaugirarde.

The whole plot is now seen. They set out, and in due time arrive at the château. Their wardrobe and appearance generally are the very reverse of what the fair Countess expected, but as their stage experiences supply a certain resemblance to rank and distinction — at least to her notions of such — she never doubts that they are the promised visitors, and is convinced by the significant declaration, that if their wayworn looks and strange costume seem little indicative of their actual position, yet the Countess should remember, “ It is not the cowl makes the monk.”

The constraint with which each assumes a new character forms the second era of the piece. The lover, far from suspecting the real pretensions he should strive to personate — the Countess, as much puzzled by the secrecy of her guest’s conduct, and by guesses as to his actual rank and fortune. It is while these doubts are in full conflict, and when seated at supper, that the King and Richelieu appear, announced as two travellers, whose carriage being overturned and broken, are fain to crave the hospitality of the château.

The discomfiture of Richelieu and the anger of the King at finding the ground occupied, contrast well with the patronizing graces of the mock Countess, and the insolent demeanor of the lover, who whispers in her ear that the new arrivals are strolling players, and that he has seen them repeatedly in the provinces. All Richelieu's endeavors to set matters right, unobserved by the King, are abortive; while his Majesty is scarce more fortunate in pressing his suit with the fair Countess, by whose grace and beauty he is fascinated. In the very midst of the insolent *bardinage* of the real actors, an officer of the household arrives, with important despatches. Their delivery brooks no delay, and he at once presents himself, and, kneeling, hands them to the King. Shame, discomfiture, terror, and dismay seize on the intruding players. The King, however, is merciful. After a smart reproof all is forgiven; his Majesty sagely observing, that although "the cowl may not make the monk," the ermine has no small share in forming the monarch.

CHAPTER XXI.

FLORENCE.

WHAT did Shelley, what does any one, mean by their raptures about Florence? Never, surely, was the epithet of *La Bella* more misapplied. I can well understand the enthusiasm with which men call Genoa *Il Superbo*. Its mountain background, its deep blue sea, its groves of orange and acacia, the prickly aloe growing wild upon the very shore in all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, indicative of an almost wasteful extravagance of production; while its amphitheatre of palaces, proudly rising in terraced rows, are gorgeous remembrances of the haughty Republic. But Florence! dark, dirty, and discordant! Palaces, jail-like and gloomy, stand in streets where wretchedness and misery seem to have chosen their dwelling-place,—the types of feudal tyranny side by side with modern destitution. The boasted Arno, too, a shrunk-up, trickling stream, not wide enough to be a river, not clear enough to be a rivulet, winds along between hills hot and sun-scorched, where the brown foliage has no touch of freshness, but stands parched and shrivelled by the hot glare of eternal noon. The white-walled villas glisten in the dazzling heat, not tempered by the slightest shade, but, reflecting back the scorching glow from rocks cracked and fissured by the sun!

How disappointing is all this! and how wearisome is the endeavor, from the scattered objects here and there, to make any approach to that Florence one has imagined to himself! To me the abstraction is impossible. I carry about with me, even into the galleries, before the triumphs of Raffaelle and the wonders of Michael Angelo, the sad discordant scenes through which I have passed. The jarred senses are rendered incapable of properly appreciating and feeling those influences that should diffuse their effect upon

the mind; and even the sight of the “Guardia Civica,” strutting in solemn mockery beneath the archways where the proud Medici have trod, are contrasts to suggest rather a sense of sarcasm than of pleasure.

Here and there you do come upon some grand and imposing pile of building, the very stones of which seem laid by giant hands; but even these have the fortress character, the air of strongholds, rather than of princely dwellings, as at Genoa. You see at once how much more defence and safety were the guiding principles, than elegance of design and beauty of proportion. No vestibule, peopled with its marble groups, opens here to the passer-by a glimpse of a noble stair rising in spacious amplitude between walls of marble. No gate of gilded fretwork shows the terraced garden, with the plashing fountains, and the orange-trees bending with their fruit.

Like all continental cities where the English congregate, the inhabitants have a mongrel look, grafting English notions of dress and equipage upon their own, and, like most imitators, only successful in following the worst models. The Cascini, too, exhibits a very motley assemblage of gaudy liveries and dusky carriages, riding-grooms dressed like footmen, their masters no bad resemblance to the “Jeunes Premiers” of a vaudeville. The men are very inferior in appearance to the Milanese; they are neither as well-built nor well-grown, and rarely have any pretensions to a fashionable exterior. The women are mostly ill-dressed, and, in no instance that I have seen, even well-looking. They have the wearied look, without the seductive languor, of the South; they are pale, but not fair; and their gestures are neither plastic nor graceful. In fact, in all that I have seen here, I am sadly disappointed — all, save the Raffaelles; they are above my conception of them.

How much of this lies in myself I dare not stop to inquire; a large share, perhaps, but assuredly not all. This climate should be avoided by those of weak chest. Symptoms of further “breaking-up” crowd upon me each day; and this burning sun and piercing wind make a sad conflict in the debilitated frame. But where to go, where to seek out a quiet spot to linger a few days and die! Rome

is in all the agonies of its mock liberty — Naples in open revolt: here, where I am, all rule and government have ceased to exist; the mob have everything at their mercy: that they have not abused their power, is more owing to their ignorance than their honor. When the Irish rebels carried the town of Ross by storm, they broke into the grocers' shops to eat sugar! The Florentines having bullied the Duke, are only busied about the new uniforms of their Civic Guard!

Hitherto the reforms have gone no further than in organizing this same National Guard, and in thrashing the police authorities wherever found. Now, bad as this police was, it was still the only protection to the public peace. It exists no longer; and Tuscany has made her first step in liberty *en Américaine*, by adopting “Lynch Law.”

I was about to note down a singular instance of this indignant justice of the people, when the arrival of a letter, in a hand unknown to me, suddenly routed all my intentions. If I am able to record the circumstance here, calmly and without emotion, it is neither from that philosophy the world teaches, nor from any higher motive — it is merely on the same principle that one would bear with tolerable equanimity the break-down of a carriage when within a few miles of the journey's end! The fact, then, is simply this, that I, Horace Templeton, whose drafts a few days back might have gone far into the “tens of thousands,” without fear of “dishonor,” am now ruined! When we read this solemn word in the newspapers, we at once look back to the rank and station of him whose ruin is predicated. A Duke is “ruined” when he must sell three packs of hounds, three studs of horses, four of his five or six mansions, part with his yacht at Cowes, and his racers at Newmarket, and retire to the Continent with a beggarly pittance of some fifteen thousand per annum. A merchant is ruined when, by the sudden convulsions of mercantile affairs, he is removed from the unlimited command of millions to pass his days at Leamington or Cheltenham, on his wife's jointure of two thousand a year.

His clerk is ruined when he drops his pocket-book on his way from the bank, and loses six hundred pounds belonging

to the firm. His is more real ruin, for it implies stoppages, suspicion — mayhap loss of place, and its consequences.

But I have lost everything ! Hamerton and Scott, my bankers, have failed ; their liabilities, as the phrase is — meaning thereby what they are liable to be asked for, but cannot satisfy — are enormous. My only landed property is small, and so heavily mortgaged as to be worth nothing. I had only waited for the term of an agreement to redeem the mortgage, and clear off all encumbrances ; but the “crash” has anticipated me, and I am now a beggar !

Yes, there is the letter, in all cold and chilling civility, curtly stating that “ the unprecedented succession of calamities, by which public credit has been affected, have left the firm no other alternative but that of a short suspension of payment ! Sincerely trusting, however, that they will be enabled — ” and so forth. These announcements have but one burden — the creditors are to be mulcted, while the debtor continues to hope !

And now for my own share in the misfortune. Is it the momentary access of excitement, or is it some passing rally in my constitution ? but I certainly feel better, and in higher spirits, than I have done for many a day. It is long since I indulged in my old habit of castle-building ; and yet now, at every instant, some new notion strikes me, and I fancy some new field for active labor and exertion. To the present Ministers I am slightly known — sufficiently to ask for employment, if not in my former career, in some other. Should this fail, I have yet powerful friends to ask for me. Not that I like either of these plans — this playing “ *anti-chambre* ” is a sore penance at my time of life. Had I health and strength, I’d emigrate. I really do wonder why men of a certain rank, younger sons especially, do not throw their fortunes into the colonies. Apart from the sense of enterprise, there is an immense gain, in the fact that individual exertion, be it of head or hand, can exercise, free from the trammels of conventional prejudices, which so rule and restrain us at home. If we merely venture to use the pruning-knife in our gardens here, there we may lay the axe to the root of the oak ; and yet, in this commonwealth of labor, the gentleman, if his claim to the title be really well

founded, is as certain of maintaining a position of superiority as though he had remained in his own country. The Vernons, the Greys, and the Courtenays, have never ceased to hold a peculiar place among their fellow-citizens of the United States; and so is it observable in our colonies, even where mere wealth was found in the opposite scale.

But let me not longer dwell on these things, nor indulge in speculations which lead to hope! Let me rather reflect on my present position, and calculate calmly by what economy I may be able to linger on, and not exhaust the means, till the lamp of life is ready to be quenched.

I am sure that most men of easy, careless temperament could live as well on one-half of their actual incomes, having all that they require, and never feeling any unusual privation; that the other half is invariably *mangé* by one's servants, by tradespeople, by cases of mock distress, by importunity, and by indolence. I well know how I am blamable upon each of these several counts. Now, for a note to my banker here, to ascertain what sum he holds of mine; and then, like the shipwrecked sailor on his raft, to see how long life may be sustained on half or quarter rations!

So, here is the banker's letter: — “ I have the honor to acknowledge,” and so on. The question at issue is the sum — and here it stands: Three hundred and forty-two pounds, twelve shillings, and fourpence. I really thought I had double the amount; but here I find checks innumerable. I have, no doubt, given to many, now far richer than I am. Be it so. The next point is — How long can a man live on three hundred and forty pounds? One man would say, Three weeks — another, as many months — and another, as many years, perhaps. I am totally ignorant what guidance to follow.

In this difficulty I shall send for Dr. Hennesy — he is the man in repute here — and try, if it may be, to ascertain what length of tether he ascribes to my case. Be it a day, a week, or a month, let me but know it. And now to compose myself, and speak calmly on a theme where the slightest appearance of excitement would create erroneous suspicions

against me. If H. be the man of sense I deem him, he will not misconstrue my meaning, even should he guess it.

Gilbert reminds me of what I had quite forgotten—that yesterday I signed an agreement for a villa here: I took it for six months, expecting to live one! It struck me, when driving out on the Bologna road, both for architecture and situation; I saw nothing equal to it—an old summer-palace of the Medici, and afterwards inhabited by the Salviati, whose name it bears.

A princely house in every way is this; but how unsuited to ruined fortunes! I walked about the rooms, now stopping to examine a picture or a carved oak cabinet; now to peep at the wild glens, which here are seen dividing the hills in every direction; and felt how easy it would be to linger on here, where objects of taste and high art blend their influence with dreams of the long past. Now, I must address my mind to the different question—How to be released from my contract?

H. has just been here. How difficult it was to force him into candor! A doctor becomes, by the practice of his art, as much addicted to suspicion as a police agent. Every question, every reply of the patient, must be a “symptom.” This wearies and worries the nervous man, and renders him shy and uncommunicative.

For myself, well opining how my sudden demand, “How long can I live?” might sound, if uttered with abrupt sincerity, I submitted patiently to all the little gossip of the little world of this place—its envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness—which certainly are prime features in an English colony on the Continent—all, that I might at last establish a character for soundness of mind and calmness of purpose, ere I put my *quære*.

The favorable moment came at last, and I asked in full earnest, but with a manner that showed no sign of dread,—“Tell me, *Dottore mio*, how long may such a chest as mine endure? I mean, taking every possible care, as I do; neither incurring any hazard nor neglect; and, in fact, fighting the battle bravely to the last?”

He tried at first, by a smile and a jocular manner, to

evade the question; but seeing my determination fixed, he looked grave, felt my pulse, percussed my chest, and was silent.

“ Well,” said I, after a very long pause, “ I await my sentence, but in no mood of hope or fear. Is it a month? — a week? — a day? — nay, surely it can hardly be so near as that? Still silent! Come, this is scarcely fair; I ask simply — ”

“ That which is perfectly impossible to answer, did I concede that I ought to reply, as categorically as you ask.”

“ Were I to tell my reasons, doctor, you might judge more harshly of my intelligence than I should like; besides, you would certainly misinterpret my meaning. Tell me, therefore, in the common course of such changes as my disease involves, can I live a year? You shake your head! Be it so. Six months? — Three, then? — Have I three? The winter, you say, is to be feared. I know it. Well, then, shall I own that my convictions anticipate you at each negative? I feel I have not a month — nay, not half of one — a week will do it, doctor; and now excuse scant ceremony, and leave me.”

Alone — friendless — homeless — ruined and dying! Sad words to write, each of them; sadder when thus brought in brotherhood together. The world and its pageants are passing fast by me, like the eddies of that stream which flows beneath my window. I catch but one glimpse and they are gone, beneath the dark bridge of Death, to mingle in the vast ocean of Eternity.

How strange to see the whole business of the world going on, the moving multitude, the tumult of active minds and bodies — at the very moment when the creeping chill of ebbing life tells of days and hours numbered!

I am alone — not one to sit by me to combat thoughts that with the faintest help I could resist, but which unaided are too strong for me. In this window-seat where now I rest, who shall sit this day week? The youth, perhaps, in gushing pride of heart and buoyancy, now entering upon life, ardent and high-souled — or the young bride, gazing on that same river that now I watch, and reading in its circles wreathed smiles of happy promise. Oh, may no memories

of him, whose tears fall fast now, haunt the spot and throw their gloom on others !

I am friendless — and yet, which of those I still call friends would I now wish beside me ? To drink of the cup of consolation, I must first offer my own of misery — nay, it is better to endure alone !

Homeless am I, too — and this, indeed, I feel bitterly. Old familiar objects, associated with ties of affection, bound up with memories of friends, are meet companions for the twilight hours of life. I long to be back in my own chosen room — the little library, looking out on the avenue of old beeches leading to the lake, and the village spire rising amid the dark yew-trees. There was a spot there, too, I had often fancied — when I close my eyes I think I see it still — a little declivity of the ground beneath a large old elm, where a single tomb stood surrounded by an iron railing ; one side was in decay, and through which I often passed to read the simple inscription — “ Courtenay Templeton, Armiger, ætatis 22.”

This was not the family burying-place — why he was laid there was a family mystery. His death was attributed to suicide, nor was his memory ever totally cleared of the guilt. The event was briefly this : — On the eve of the great battle of Fontenoy he received an insult from an officer of a Scotch regiment, which ended in a duel. The Scotchman fell dead at the first fire. Templeton was immediately arrested ; and instead of leading an attack, as he had been appointed to do, spent the hours of the battle in a prison. The next morning he was discovered dead ; a great quantity of blood had flowed from his mouth and nose, which, although no external wound was found, suggested an idea of self-destruction. None suspected, what I have often heard since from medical men, that a rupture of the aorta from excessive emotion — a broken heart, in fact — had killed him : a death more frequently occurring than is usually believed.

“ Ruined and dying ” are the last words in my record ; and yet neither desirous of fortune nor life ! At least, so faint is my hope that I should use either with higher purpose than I have done, that all wish is extinguished.

Seriously, I believe that love of life is less general than the habit of projecting schemes for the future—a vague system of castle-building, which even the least speculative practises; and that death is thus accounted the great evil, as suddenly interrupting a chain of events whose series is still imperfect. The very humblest peasant that rises to daily toil has his gaze fixed on some future, some period of rest or repose, some hour of freedom from his lifelong struggle. Now I have exhausted this source; the well, that once bubbled with eddying fancies of days to come, is dry. High spirits, health, and the buoyancy that result from both, when joined to a disposition keenly alive to enjoyment, and yet neither cloyed by excess nor depraved by corrupt tastes, will always go far to simulate a degree of ability. The very freedom a mind thus constituted enjoys is a species of power; and its liberty exaggerates its range, just as the untrammelled paces of the young colt seem infinitely more graceful and noble than the matured regularity of the trained and bitted steed.

It was thus that I set out in life—ardent, hopeful, and enthusiastic: if my mental resources were small, they were always ready at hand; like a banker with a weak capital, but who could pay every trifling demand on the spot, I lived upon credit, and upon that credit I grew rich. Had I gone on freely as I began, I might still enjoy the fame of wealth and solvency; but with the reputation of affluence came the wish to be rich. I contracted my issues, I husbanded my resources, and from that hour I became suspected. To avoid a “run” for gold, I ceased to trade and retired. This, in a few words, is the whole history of my life.

Gilbert comes to say that the carriage is waiting to convey me to the villa—our luggage is already there. Be it so: still I must own to myself, that going to occupy a palace for the last few hours of life and fortune is very much like good Christopher Sly’s dream of Lordliness.

CHAPTER XXII.

SOME REVERIES ABOUT PLACES.

WHAT would the old school of Diplomatists have said if they saw their secret wiles and machinations exposed to publicity as is now the fashion? when any “honorable and learned gentleman” can call for “copies of the correspondence between our Minister at the Court of — and the noble Secretary for the Foreign Department;” and when the “Times” can, in a leader, rip up all the flaws of a treaty, or expose all the dark intentions of some special compact? The Diplomatic “Holy of Holies” is now open to the vulgar gaze, and all the mysteries of the craft as commonplace as the transactions of a Poor-law Union.

Much of the prestige of this secrecy died out on the establishment of railroads. The courier who travelled formerly with breathless haste from Moscow to London, or from the remotest cities of the far East to our little Isle of the West, was sure to bring intelligence several days earlier than it could reach us by any other channel. The gold greyhound, embroidered on his arm, was no exaggerated emblem of his speed; but now, his prerogative over, he journeys in “a first-class carriage” with some fifty others, who arrive along with him. Old age and infancy, sickness and debility, are no disqualifications—the race is open to all—and the tidings brought by “our messenger” are not a particle later, and rarely so full, as those given forth in the columns of a leading journal.

How impossible to affect any mysterious silence before the “House!”—how vain to attempt any knowledge from exclusive sources! “The ordinary channels of information,” to use Sir Robert’s periphrasis, are the extraordinary

ones too, and not only do they contain whatever Ministers know, but very often "something more."

Time was when the Minister, or even the secretary at a foreign court, appeared in society as a kind of casket of state secrets, — when his mysterious whispers, his very gestures, were things to speculate on, and a grave motion of his eyebrows could make "consols" tremble, and throw the "threes" into a panic. Now, the question is, Have you seen the city article in the "Times"? What does the "Chronicle" say? No doubt this is a tremendous power, and very possibly the enjoyment of it, such as we have it in England, is the highest element of a pure democracy. Political information of a very high order establishes a species of education, which is the safest check upon the dangers of private judgment, and hence it is fair to hope that we possess a sounder and more healthy public opinion in England than in any of the States of the Continent. At least it would not be too much to infer that we would be less accessible to those sudden convulsions, those violent *coupes de main* by which governments are overturned abroad; and that the general diffusion of new notions on political subjects, and the daily reference to such able expositors as our newspaper press contains, are strong safeguards against the seductive promises of mob-leaders and liberty-mongers.

In France, a government is always at the mercy of any one bold enough to lead the assault. The attempt may seem often a "forlorn hope" — it rarely is so in reality. The love of vagrancy is not so inherent in the Yankee as is the destructive passion in the Frenchman's heart; but it is there, less from any pleasure in demolition than in the opportunity thus offered for reconstruction. Mirabeau, Rousseau, Fournier, Lamennais are the social architects of French predilection, and many a clearance has been made to begin the edifice, and many have perished in laying the foundations, which never rose above the earth, but which ere long we may again witness undertaken with new and bolder hands than ever.

Events that once took centuries for their accomplishment are now the work of days or weeks. Steam seems to have

communicated its impetuosity to mind as well as matter, and ere many years pass over, how few of the traces of Old Europe will remain as our fathers knew them!

I have scarcely entered a foreign city for the last few years without detecting the rapid working of those changes. Old families sinking into decay and neglect—time-honored titles regarded as things that “once were.” Their very homes, the palaces, associated with incidents of deep historic interests, converted into hotels or “*pensionnats*.”

The very last time I strolled through Paris I loitered to the *quartier* which in my young ambition I regarded with all the reverence the pilgrim yields to Mecca. I remembered the first *soirée* in which I was presented, having dined at the Embassy, and being taken in the evening by the ambassador that I might be introduced to the Machiavel of his craft, Prince Talleyrand. Even yet I feel the hot blush which mantled in my cheek as I was passing with very scant ceremony the round-shouldered little old man who stood in the very doorway, his wide black coat far too large for his figure, and his white hair trimly brushed back from his massive temples.

It did not need the warning voice of my introducer, hastily calling my name, to make my sense of shame a perfect agony. “Monsieur Templeton, Monsieur le Prince,” said the ambassador; “the young gentleman of whom I spoke;” and he added, in a tone inaudible to me, something about my career and some mention of my relatives.

“Oh, yes,” said the Prince, smiling graciously, “I am aware how ‘connection,’ as you call it, operates in England; but permit me, monsieur,” said he, turning towards me, “to give one small piece of advice. It is this: ‘If you can win by cards never score the honors.’” The precept had little influence on himself, however. No man ever paid greater deference to the distinctions of rank, or conceded more to the prestige of an ancient name. Neither a general, an orator, nor an author—not even the leader of a faction—this astonishing man stood alone, in the resources of his fertile intellect directing events which he appeared to follow, and availing himself of resources which he had stored up for emergency, but so artfully that they seemed

to arise out of the natural current of events. Never disconcerted or abashed—not once thrown off his balance—not more calmly dignified when he stood beside Napoleon at Erfurth, then master of Europe itself, than he was at the Congress of Vienna, when the defeat of France had placed her at the mercy of her enemies.

It was in this same house, in the Rue Saint Florentin, that the Emperor Alexander lived when the Allies entered Paris, on the last day of March, 1814. His Majesty occupied the first floor; M. de Talleyrand, the *rez de chaussée*. He was then no more than ex-Minister for Foreign Affairs; neither empowered by the Bourbons to treat for the Restoration, nor by the nation for the conditions of a government—he was merely “one among the conquered;” and yet to this man all eyes were turned instinctively, as to one who possessed the secret of the future. That *rez de chaussée* was besieged with visitors from morning till night; and even when, according to the custom of the French, he made his lengthened toilet, his dressing-room was filled by all the foreign ministers of the conquering monarchs, and Nesselrode and Metternich waited at these daily levées. In all these discussions M. de Talleyrand took the lead, with the same ease and the same *aplomb*, discussing kings to make and kingdoms to dismember, as though the clank of the muskets, which now and then interrupted their colloquy, came from the Imperial Guard of Napoleon, and not the Cossacks of the Don and the Uhlans of the Danube, who crowded the stairs and the avenues, and bivouacked in the court.

Here the Restoration was decided upon, and Talleyrand himself it was who decided it. The Emperor Alexander opposed it strongly at first, alleging that the old spirit and the old antipathies would all return with the elder Bourbons, and suggesting the Duc d'Orléans as king. Talleyrand, however, overruled the objection, asserting that no new agent must be had recourse to for governing at such a juncture, and that one usurpation could not be succeeded by another. It is said that when the news reached Vienna, in 1815, that Napoleon had landed from Elba, the Emperor Alexander came hurriedly over to where Talleyrand was

sitting, and informing him what had occurred, said, "I told you before, your plan would be a failure!" "Mais que faire?" coolly retorted the calm *diplomate*; "of two evil courses it was the better—I never said more of it. Had you proclaimed the King of Rome you had been merely maintaining the power of Napoleon under another name. You cannot establish the government of a great nation upon a half measure. Besides that, Legitimacy, whatever its faults, was the only PRINCIPLE that could prove to Europe at large that France and Napoleon were parted forever; and, after so many barterings of crowns and trucklings of kingdoms, it was a fine opportunity of showing that there was still something—whether it be or be not by right divine—which was superior to sabres and muskets, generals and armies."

It was the sanctity of right—whether of kings, people, or individuals—which embodied Talleyrand's conception of the Restoration; and this is it which he so admirably expressed when arriving at the Congress of Vienna, the ambassador of a nation without wealth or army. "Je viens," said he to the assembled kings and ministers of conquering Europe—"Je viens, et je vous apporte plus que vous n'avez, — je vous apporte l'idée du droit!" This was happily expressed; but no one more than he knew how to epigrammatize a whole volume of thought. In private life the charm of his manner was the most perfect thing imaginable: his consciousness of rank and ancient family divested him of all pretension whatever, and the idea of entering the lists with any one never occurred to his mind. Willingly availing himself of the talents of others, and their pens upon occasion, he never felt any imbittering jealousy. Approachable by all, his unaffected demeanor was as likely to strike the passing observer as the rich stores of his intellect would have excited the admiration of a more reflecting one. Such was he who has passed away from amongst us—perhaps the very last name of the eventful era he lived in, which shall claim a great place in history!

A singular picture of human vicissitude is presented to us in the aspect of those places, but more particularly of

those houses wherein great events have once occurred, but where time's changes have brought new and very different associations. A very few years in this eventful century we live in will do this. The wonderful drama of the Empire sufficed to impress upon every city of Europe some great and imposing reminiscence. A small, unpretending little house, beside the ducal park at Weimar, was Napoleon's resting-place for three days, when the whole world was at his feet! The little *salon* where his receptions were held at evening — and what receptions were they! the greatest ministers and the most distinguished generals of Europe! — scarcely more than an ordinary dressing-room in size, remains to this hour as he left it. One arm-chair, a little larger than the others, stands at the window, which always lay open. A table was placed upon the grass-plot outside, where several maps were laid. The *salon* itself was too small to admit it, and here, from time to time, the Emperor repaired, while, with eagle glance and abrupt gesture, he marked out the future limits of the continental kingdoms, creating and erasing monarchies, fashioning nations and peoples, in all the proud wilfulness of Omnipotence! And now, while thinking of the Emperor, let me bring to mind another local association.

In the handsomest part of the Chaussée d'Antin, surrounded on every side by the splendid palaces and gorgeous mansions of the wealthiest inhabitants of Paris, stands a small, isolated, modest edifice, more like a Roman villa than the house of some northern capital, in the midst of a park; one of those pleasure-grounds which the French — Heaven knows why — designate as “*Jardin Anglais*.” The outer gate opens on Rue Chantereine, and here to this hour you may trace, among the time-worn and dilapidated ornaments, some remnants of the strange figures which once decorated the pediment: weapons of various ages and countries grouped together with sphinxes and Egyptian emblems; the faint outlines of pyramids, the peaceful-looking ibis, are there, among the helmets and cuirasses, the massive swords and the death-dealing arms of our modern warfare. In the midst of all, the number 52 stands encircled with a little garland of leaves; but even they are scarcely distinguishable

now, and the number itself requires the aid of faith to detect it.

Within, the place speaks of neglect and decay ; the shrubs are broken and uncared for ; the parterres are weed-grown ; a few marble pedestals rise amid the rank grass, to mark where statues once stood, but no other trace of them remains : the very fountain itself is fissured and broken, and the water has worn its channel along the herbage, and ripples on its wayward course unrestrained. The villa is almost a ruin, the sashes have fallen in in many places ; the roof, too, has given way, and fragments of the mirrors which once decorated the walls lie strewn upon the floor with pieces of rare marble. Wherever the eye turns, some emblem of the taste of its former occupant meets you, — some fresco, stained with damp and green with mildew ; some rustic bench, beneath a spreading tree, where the view opens more boldly ; but all are decayed. The inlaid floors are rotting ; the stuccoed ceilings, the richly-carved architraves, fall in fragments as your footsteps move ; and the doomed walls themselves seem scarce able to resist the rude blast whose wailing cadence steals along them.

Oh, how tenfold more powerfully are the memories of the dead preserved by the scenes they inhabited while in life, than by the tombs and epitaphs that cover their ashes ! How do the lessons of one speak home to the heart, calling up again, before the mind's eye, the very images themselves ! not investing them with attributes our reason coldly rejects.

I know not the reason that this villa has been suffered thus to lapse into utter ruin, in the richest quarter of so splendid a city. I believe some long-contested litigation had its share in the causes. My present business is rather with its past fortunes ; and to them I will now return.

It was on a cold dark morning of November, in the year 1799, that the street we have just mentioned, then called the Rue de la Victoire, became crowded with equipages and horsemen ; cavalcades of generals and their staffs, in full uniform, arrived and were admitted within the massive gateway, before which, now, groups of curious and inquiring gazers were assembled, questioning and guessing as to

the unusual spectacle. The number of led horses that paraded the street, the long lines of carriages on either side, nearly filled the way; still there reigned a strange, unaccountable stillness among the crowd, who, as if appalled by the very mystery of the scene, repressed their ordinary tumult, and waited anxiously to watch the result.

Among the most interested spectators were the inhabitants of the neighboring houses, who saw, for the first time in their lives, their quiet quarter the scene of such excitement. Every window was filled with faces, all turned towards that portal which so seldom was seen to open in general; for they who dwelt there had been more remarkable for the retirement and privacy of their habits than for aught else.

At each arrival the crowd separated to permit the equipage to approach the gate; and then might be heard the low murmur — for it was no louder — of “Ha! that’s Lasalle. See the mark of the sabre-wound on his cheek!” Or, “Here comes Augereau! You’d never think that handsome fellow, with the soft eye, could be such a tiger.” “Place there! place for Colonel Savary!” “Ah, dark Savary! we all know him.”

Stirring as was the scene without, it was far inferior to the excitement that prevailed within the walls. There, every path and avenue that led to the villa were thronged with military men, walking or standing together in groups, conversing eagerly, and with anxious looks, but cautiously withal, and as though half fearing to be overheard.

Through the windows of the villa might be seen servants passing and repassing in haste, arranging the preparations for a magnificent *déjeuner* — for on that morning the generals of division and the principal military men in Paris were invited to breakfast with one of their most distinguished companions — General Buonaparte.

Since his return from Egypt, Buonaparte had been living a life of apparent privacy and estrangement from all public affairs. The circumstances under which he had quitted the army under his command — the unauthorized mode of his entry into France, without recall, without even permission — had caused his friends considerable uneasiness on his behalf, and nothing short of the unobtrusive and simple habits he

maintained had probably saved him from being called on to account for his conduct.

They, however, who themselves were pursuing the career of ambition were better satisfied to see him thus, than hazard anything by so bold an expedient. They believed that he was only great at the head of his legions; and they felt a triumphant pleasure at the obscurity into which the victor of Lodi and the Pyramids had fallen when measured with themselves. They witnessed, then, with sincere satisfaction the seeming indolence of his present life. They watched him in those *soirées* which Madame Buonaparte gave, enjoying his repose with such thorough delight — those delightful evenings, the most brilliant for all that wit, intellect, and beauty can bestow; which Talleyrand and Sièyes, Fouché, Carnot, Lemercier, and a host of others frequented; and they dreamed that his hour of ambition was over, and that he had fallen into the inglorious indolence of the retired soldier.

While the greater number of the guests strolled listlessly through the little park, a small group sat in the vestibule of the villa, whose looks of impatience were ever turned towards the door from which their host was expected to enter. One of those was a tall, slight man, with a high but narrow forehead, dark eyes, deeply buried in his head, and overshadowed by long, heavy lashes; his face was pale, and evinced evident signs of uneasiness, as he listened, without ever speaking, to those about him. This was General Moreau. He was dressed in the uniform of a General of the day: the broad-skirted, embroidered coat, the half-boot, the embroidered tricolor scarf, and a chapeau with a deep feather trimming — a simple, but a handsome costume, and which well became his well-formed figure. Beside him sat a large, powerfully-built man, whose long black hair, descending in loose curls on his neck and back, as well as the jet-black brilliancy of his eye and deep olive complexion, bespoke a native of the South. Though his dress was like Moreau's, there was a careless jauntiness in his air, and a reckless *abandon* in his manner, that gave the costume a character totally different. The very negligence of his scarf-knot was a type of himself; and his thickly-uttered French, inter-

spersed here and there with Italian phrases, showed that Murat cared little to cull his words. At his left was a hard-featured, stern-looking man, in the uniform of the Dragoons — this was Andreossy; and opposite, and leaning on a sofa, was General Lannes. He was pale and sickly; he had risen from a bed of illness to be present, and lay with half-closed lids, neither noticing nor taking interest in what went on about him.

At the window stood Marmont, conversing with a slight but handsome youth, in the uniform of the Chasseurs. Eugène Beauharnais was then but twenty-two, but even at that early age displayed the soldier-like ardor which so eminently distinguished him in after life.

At length the door of the *salon* opened, and Buonaparte, dressed in the style of the period, appeared. His cheeks were sunk and thin; his hair, long, flat, and silky, hung straight down at either side of his pale and handsome face, in which now one faint tinge of color marked either cheek. He saluted the rest with a warm shake of the hand, and then stooping down, said to Murat, —

“But Bernadotte — where is he?”

“Yonder,” said Murat, carelessly pointing to a group outside the terrace, where a tall, fine-looking man, dressed in plain clothes, and without any indication of the soldier in his costume, stood in the midst of a knot of officers.

“Ha! General,” said Napoleon, advancing towards him, “you are not in uniform. How comes this?”

“I am not on service,” was the cold reply.

“No, but you soon shall be,” said Buonaparte, with an effort at cordiality of manner.

“I do not anticipate it,” rejoined Bernadotte, with an expression at once firm and menacing.

Buonaparte drew him to one side gently, and while he placed his arm within his, spoke to him with eagerness and energy for several minutes; but a cold shake of the head, without one word in reply, was all that he could obtain.

“What!” exclaimed Buonaparte, aloud, so that even the others heard him, — “what! are you not convinced of it? Will not this Directory annihilate the Revolution? have we a moment to lose? The Council of Ancients are met to

appoint me Commander-in-Chief of the Army; go, put on your uniform, and join me at once."

"I will not join a rebellion," was the insolent reply.

Buonaparte shrunk back and dropped his arm; then, rallying in a moment, added, —

"Tis well; you 'll at least remain here until the decree of the Council is issued."

"Am I, then, a prisoner?" said Bernadotte, with a loud voice.

"No, no; there is no question of that kind: but pledge me your honor to undertake nothing adverse to me in this affair."

"As a mere citizen, I will not do so," replied the other; "but if I am ordered by a sufficient authority, I warn you."

"What do you mean, then, as a mere citizen?"

"That I will not go forth into the streets, to stir up the populace; nor into the barracks, to harangue the soldiers."

"Enough; I am satisfied. As for myself, I only desire to rescue the Republic; that done, I shall retire to Malmaison, and live peacefully."

A smile of a doubtful but sardonic character passed over Bernadotte's features as he heard these words, while he turned coldly away, and walked towards the gate. "What, Augereau! thou here?" said he, as he passed along; and with a contemptuous shrug he moved forward, and soon gained the street. And truly, it seemed strange that he, the fiercest of the Jacobins, the General who made his army assemble in clubs and knots to deliberate during the campaign of Italy, that he should now lend himself to uphold the power of Buonaparte.

Meanwhile, the *salons* were crowded in every part, party succeeding party at the tables; where, amid the clattering of the breakfast and the clinking of glasses, the conversation swelled into a loud and continued din. Fouché, Berthier, and Talleyrand were also to be seen, distinguishable by their dress, among the military uniforms; and here now might be heard the mingled doubts and fears, the hopes and dreads of each, as to the coming events. And

many watched the pale, care-worn face of Bourienne, the secretary of Buonaparte, as if to read in his features the chances of success; while the General himself went from room to room, chatting confidentially with each in turn, recapitulating, as he went, the phrase, "The country is in danger!" and exhorting all to be patient, and wait calmly for the decision of the Council, which could not, now, be long of coming.

As they were still at table, M. Carnot, the deputation of the Council, entered, and delivered into Buonaparte's hands the sealed packet, from which he announced to the assembly that the legislative bodies had been removed to St. Cloud, to avoid the interruption of popular clamor, and that he, General Buonaparte, was named Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and intrusted with the execution of the decree.

This first step had been effected by the skilful agency of Sièyes and Roger Ducos, who spent the whole of the preceding night in issuing the summonses for a meeting of the Council to such as they knew to be friendly to the cause they advocated. All the others received theirs too late; forty-two only were present at the meeting, and by that fragment of the Council the decree was passed.

When Buonaparte had read the document to the end, he looked around him on the fierce, determined faces, bronzed and seared in many a battlefield, and said, "My brothers in arms, will you stand by me here?"

"We will! we will!" shouted they, with one roar of enthusiasm.

"And thou, Lefebvre, did I hear thy voice there?"

"Yes, General; to the death I'm yours."

Buonaparte unbuckled the sabre he wore at his side, and placing it in Lefebvre's hands, said, "I wore this at the Pyramids; it is a fitting present from one soldier to another. Now, then, to horse!"

The splendid *cortège* moved along the grassy alleys to the gate, outside which, now, three regiments of cavalry and three battalions of the 17th were drawn up. Never was a Sovereign, in all his pride of power, surrounded with a more gorgeous staff. The conquerors of Italy, Germany, and Egypt, the greatest warriors of Europe, were there

grouped around him, — whose glorious star, even then, shone bright above him.

Scarcely had Buonaparte issued forth into the street than, raising his hat above his head, he called aloud, “Vive la République!” The troops caught up the cry, and the air rang with the wild cheers.

At the head of this force, surrounded by the generals, he rode slowly along towards the Tuileries, at the entrance to the gardens of which stood Carnot, dressed in his robe of senator-in-waiting, to receive him. Four colonels, his aides-de-camp, marched in front of Buonaparte, as he entered the Hall of the Ancients; his walk was slow and measured, and his air studiously respectful.

The decree being read, General Buonaparte replied in a few broken phrases, expressive of his sense of the confidence reposed in him. The words came with difficulty, and he spoke like one abashed and confused. He was no longer in front of his armed legions, whose war-worn looks inspired the burning eloquence of the camp — those flashing images, those daring flights, suited not the cold assembly in whose presence he now stood — and he was ill at ease and disconcerted. It was only, at length, when turning to the generals who pressed on after him, he addressed the following words, that his confidence in himself came back, and that he felt himself once more: —

“This is the Republic we desire to have, — and this we shall have; for it is the wish of those who now stand around me.”

The cries of “Vive la République!” burst from the officers at once as they waved their *chapeaux* in the air, mingled with louder shouts of “Vive le Général!”

If the great events of the day were now over with the Council, they had only begun with Buonaparte.

“Whither now, General?” said Lefebvre, as he rode to his side.

“To the guillotine, I suppose,” said Andreossy, with a look of sarcasm.

“We shall see that,” was the cold answer of Buonaparte, while he gave the word to push forward to the Luxembourg.

This was but the prologue, and now began the great drama, — the greatest, whether for its interest or its actors, that ever the world has been called to witness.

We all know the sequel, if sequel that can be called which our own days would imply is but the prologue of the piece.

CHAPTER XXIII.

VILLA SALVIATI, NEAR FLORENCE.

I HAVE had a night of ghostly dreams and horrors; the imagination of Monk Lewis, or, worse, of Hoffman himself, never conceived anything so diabolical. H., who visited me last evening, by way of interesting me, related the incidents of a dreadful murder enacted in the very room I slept in. There was a reality given to the narrative by the presence of the scene itself, — the ancient hangings still on the walls, the antique chairs and cabinets standing as they had done when the deed of blood took place; but, more than all, by the marble bust of the murderer herself: for it was a woman singularly beautiful, young, and of the highest rank, who enacted it. The story is this:—

The Villa, which originally was in possession of the Medici family, and subsequently of the Strozzi's, was afterwards purchased by Count Juliano, one of the most distinguished of the Florentine nobility. With every personal advantage, — youth, high station, and immense wealth, — he was married to one his equal in every respect, and might thus have seemed an exception to the lot of humanity, his life realizing, as it were, every possible element of happiness. Still, he was not happy; amid all the voluptuous enjoyments of a life passed in successive pleasures, the clouded brow and drooping eye told that some secret sorrow preyed upon him, and that his gay doublet, in all its bravery, covered a sad and sorrowing heart. His depression was generally attributed to the fact that, although now married three years, no child had been born to their union, or any likelihood that he should leave an heir to his great name and fortune. Not even to his nearest friends, however, did any confession admit this cause of sorrow; nor to

the Countess, when herself lamenting over her childless lot, did he seem to show any participation in the grief.

The love of solitude, the desire to escape from all society, and pass hours, almost days, alone in a tower, the only admittance to which was by a stair from his own chamber, had now grown upon him to that extent, that his absence was regarded as a common occurrence by the guests of the castle, nor even excited a passing notice from any one. If others ceased to speculate on the Count's sorrow, and the daily aversion he exhibited to mixing with the world, the Countess grew more and more eager to discover the source. All her blandishments to win his secret from him were, however, in vain; vague answers, evasive replies, or direct refusals to be interrogated, were all that she met with, and the subject was at length abandoned, — at least, by these means.

Accident, however, disclosed what all her artifice had failed in, — the key of the secret passage to the tower, and which the Count never intrusted to any one, fell from his pocket one day, when riding from the door. The Countess eagerly seized it, and guessing at once to what it belonged, hastened to the Count's chamber.

The surmise was soon found to be correct. In a few moments she had entered the winding stairs, passing up which, she reached a small octagon chamber at the summit of the tower. Scarcely had her eager eyes been thrown around the room, when they fell upon a little bed, almost concealed beneath a heavy canopy of silk, gorgeously embroidered with the Count's armorial bearings. Drawing rudely aside the hangings, she beheld the sleeping figure of a little boy, who, even in his infantine features, recalled the handsome traits of her husband's face. The child started, and awoke with the noise, and looking wildly up, cried out, "Papa;" and then, suddenly changing his utterance, said, "Mamma." Almost immediately, however, discovering his error, he searched with anxious eyes around the chamber for those he was wont to see beside him.

"Who are you?" said the Countess, in a voice that trembled with the most terrible conflict of terror and jealousy, excited to the verge of madness. "Who are you?"

"Il Conte Juliano," said the child, haughtily; and showing at the same time a little medallion of gold embroidered on his coat, and displaying the family arms of the Julianos.

"Come with me, then, and see your father's castle," said the Countess; and she lifted him from the bed, and led him down the steps of the steep stairs into her husband's chamber.

It was the custom of the period that the lady, no matter how exalted her rank, should, with her own hands, arrange the linen which composed her husband's toilet; and this service was never permitted to be discharged by any less exalted member of the household. When the Count returned, toward night-fall, he hastened to his room,—an invitation, or command, to dine at the Court that day compelling him to dress with all speed. He asked for the Countess as he passed up the stairs, but paid no attention to the reply; for, as he entered his chamber, he found she had already performed the accustomed office, and that the silver basket, with its snow-white contents, lay ready to his hand. With eager haste he proceeded to dress, and took up the embroidered shirt before him; when, horror of horrors! there lay beneath it the head of his child, severed from the body, still warm and bleeding,—the dark eyes glaring as if with but half-extinguished life, the lips parted as if yet breathing! One cry of shrill and shrieking madness was heard through every vaulted chamber of that vast castle; the echoes were still ringing with it as the mad-dened father tore wildly from chamber to chamber in search of the murderess. She had quitted the castle on horseback two hours before. Mounting his swiftest horse he followed her from castle to castle; the dreadful chase continued through the night and the next day. A few hours of terrible slumber refreshed him again to pursue her; and thus he wandered over the Apennines and the vast plain beyond them, days, weeks, months long, till in a wild conflict of his baffled vengeance and insanity he died. She was never heard of more.

Such is the horrid story of the chamber in which I sit. Her bust, that of a lovely and gentle girl, fast entering into

womanhood, is now before me; the forehead and the brows are singularly fine. The mouth alone reveals anything of the terrible nature within. The lips are firm and compressed; the under one drawn slightly — very slightly — backward. The head itself is low, and for the comfort of phrenologists, sadly deficient in "veneration." The whole character of the face is, however, beautiful, and of a classic order. It is horrible to connect the identity with a tale of blood.

With this terrible tragedy still dwelling on my mind, and the features of her who enacted it, I fell asleep. The room in which I lay had witnessed the deed. The low portal in the corner, concealed behind the arras, led to the stairs of the tower; the deep window in the massive wall looked out upon the swelling landscape, over which she fled, and he, in mad fury, pursued her. These were enough to seize and hold the mind, and, blending the actual with the past, to make up a vision of palpable reality. Oftentimes did I start from sleep. Now it was the fancy of a foot upon the tower stair; now a child's fairy step upon the terrace overhead; now I heard, in imagination, the one wild, fearful cry uttered, as if the reeling senses could endure no more. At last I found it better to rise and sit by the window, so overwrought and excited had my brain become. Day was breaking, not in the cold gray of a northern dawn, but in a rich glow of violet-colored light, which, warmer on the mountain-tops, gradually merged into a faint pinkish hue upon the lesser hills, and became still fainter in the valleys and over the city itself. A light, gauzy mist tracked out in the air the course of the Arno; but so frail was this curtain that the sun's rays were already rending and scattering its fragments, giving through the breaches bright peeps of villas, churches, and villages on the mountain sides. The great dome, too, rose up in solemn grandeur; and the tall tower of Santa Croce stood, sentinel like, over the sleeping city. Already the low sounds of labor, awakening to its daily call, were heard; the distant rumbling of the heavy wagon, the crashing noise of branches, as the olive-trees beside the road brushed against the lumbering teams; and, farther off, the cheering voices of the boatmen, whose fast

barques were hurrying along the rapid Arno, — all pleasant sounds, for they spoke of life and movement, of active minds and laboring hands, the only bulwarks against the corroding thoughts that eat into the sluggish soul of indolence.

For this fair scene, these fresh and balmy odors, this brilliant blending of blue sky and rosy earth, I could unsay all that I have said of Florence, and own that it is beautiful. I could wish to sit here many mornings to come, and enjoy this prospect as now I do. Vain thought! as if I could follow my mind to the contemplation of the fair scene, and so rove away in fancy to all that I have dreamed of, have loved and cared for, have trusted and been deceived in!

I must be up and stirring; my time grows briefer. This hand, whose blue veins stand out like knotted cordage, is fearfully attenuated; another day or two, perhaps, the pen will be too much fatigue; and I have still "Good-bye" to say to many — friends? — ay, the word will serve as well as another. I have letters to write — some to read over once again; some to burn without reading. This kind of occupation — this "setting one's house in order" for the last time — is like a rapid survey taken of a whole life, a species of overture, in which fragments of every air of the piece enter, the gay and cheerful succeeded by the sad and plaintive, so fast as almost to blend the tones together; and is not this mingled strain the very chord that sounds through human life?

Here, then, for my letter-box. What have we here? — a letter from the Marquis of D——, when he believed himself high in Ministerial favor, and in a position to confer praise or censure: —

CARLTON CLUB.

DEAR TEMPY, — Your speech was admirable — first-rate; the quotation from Horace, the neatest thing I ever heard; and astonishing, because so palpably unpremeditated. Every one I've met, is delighted, and all say that, with courage and the resolve to succeed, the prize is your own. I go to Ireland, they say, or Paris. The latter if I can; the former if I must. In either case

will you promise to come with me? The assurance of this would be a very great relief to

Yours truly,

D —

What have we pinned to the back of this? Oh, a few lines in pencil from Sir C — S —, received, I see, the same evening.

DEAR T., — Sir H — is not pleased with your speech, although he owns it was clever. The levity he disliked, because he will not give D — any pretence for continuing this system of personalities. The bit of Horace had been better omitted; Canning used the same lines once before, and the *réchauffé* — if it were such — was poor. The Marquis of D — was twice at Downing Street, to say that he had “crammed” you. This, of course, no one believes; but he takes the merit of your speech to himself, and claims high reward in consequence. He asks for an Embassy! This is what Lord L — calls “too bad.” Come over to-morrow before twelve o’clock.

Believe me yours,

C — S —.

Another of the same date: —

Go in and win, old boy! You’ve made capital running, and for the start too — distanced the knowing ones, and no mistake! The odds are seven to four that you’re in the Cabinet before the Derby day. I’ve taken equal fifties that Tramp wins the Goodwood, and that you’re in — double event. So look out sharp, and don’t balk.

Yours ever,

FRANK LUSHINGTON.

A fourth, tied in the same piece of ribbon: —

WILTON CRESCENT.

DEAR FRIEND, — We have just heard of your success. Brilliant and fascinating as it must be, do not forget those who long to share your triumph. Come over here at once. We waited supper till two; and now we are sitting here, watching every carriage, and opening the window at every noise in the street. Come, then, and quickly.

AUGUSTA BEVERLY.

And here is the last of the batch:—

“The D—— of B—— presents his compliments to Mr. Templeton, and begs to inform him that his ‘ancestor was not the Marquis of T—— who conducted the negotiations at Malaga,’ neither were ‘thirty thousand pounds voted by the last Parliament to the family by way of secret service for parliamentary support,’ but in compensation for two patent offices abolished—Inspectorship of Gold Mines, and Ordnance Comptrollership. And, lastly, that ‘Infamous speech,’ so pathetically alluded to, was made at a private theatrical meeting at Lord Mudbury’s, in Kent, and not ‘on the hustings,’ as Mr. T. has asserted.”

So much for one event, and in itself a trivial one! Who shall say that any act of his life is capable of exciting even an approach to unanimous praise or censure? This speech, which on one side won me the adhesion of some half-dozen clubs, the praise of a large body of the Upper House, the softest words that the “beauty of the season” condescended to utter, brought me, on the other, the coldness of the Minister, the chilling civility of mock admiration, and lost me the friendship—in House of Commons parlance—of the leading member of the Government.

And here is a strange, square-shaped epistle, signed in the corner “Martin Haverstock.” This rough-looking note was my first step in Diplomacy! I was a very young *attaché* to the mission at Florence, when, on returning to England through Milan, I was robbed of my trunk, and with it of all the money I possessed for my journey. It was taken by a process very well known in Italy, being cut off from the back of the carriage, not improbably, with the concurrence of the driver. However that might be, I arrived at the “Angelo d’Oro” without a sou. Having ordered a room, I sat down by myself, hungry and penniless, not having a single acquaintance at Milan, nor the slightest idea how to act in the emergency. My very passport was gone, so that I had actually nothing to authenticate my position,—not even my name.

I sent for the landlord, who, after a very cold interview, referred me to the Consul; but the Consul had on that very morning left the city for Verona, so that his aid was cut

off. My last resource — my only one, indeed — was to write to Florence for money, and wait for the answer. This was a delay of seven, possibly of eight, days, but it was unavoidable.

This done, I ordered supper, — a very humble one, too, and befitting the condition of one who had not wherewithal to pay for it. I remember still the sense of shame I felt as the waiter, on entering, looked around for my luggage, and saw neither trunk nor carpet-bag, — not even a hat-box. I thought — nay, there could be no mistake about it, it was quite clear — he laid the table with a certain air of careless and noisy indifference that bespoke his contempt. The very bang of the door as he went out was a whole narrative of my purseless state.

I had been very hungry when I ordered the meal. I had not tasted food for several hours, and yet now I could not eat a morsel; chagrin and shame had routed all appetite, and I sat looking at the table, and almost wondering why the dishes were there. I thought of all the kind friends far away, who would have been so delighted to assist me; who, at that very hour, perhaps, were speaking of me affectionately; and yet I had not one near, even to speak a word of counsel, or say one syllable of encouragement. It was not, it may well be believed, the moneyed loss that afflicted me; the sum was neither large, nor did I care for it. It was the utter desolation, and the sense of dependence that galled me, — a feeling whose painful tortures, even temporary as they were, I cannot, at this hour, eradicate from my memory.

Had I been left enough to continue my journey in the very humblest way, on foot even, it would have been happiness compared with what I felt. I arose at last from the table, where the untasted food still stood, and strolled out into the streets. I wandered about listlessly, not even feeling that amusement the newly seen objects of a great city almost always confer, and it was late when I turned back to the inn. As I entered, a man was standing talking with the master of the house, who, in his broken English, said, as I passed, "There he is!" I at once suspected that my sad adventure had been the subject of conversation, and

hurried up the stairs to hide my shame. In my haste, however, I forgot my key at the porter's lodge, and was obliged to go back to fetch it. On doing so, I met on the stairs a large coarse-looking man, with a florid face, and an air of rough but of simple good-nature in his countenance. "You are a countryman, I believe?" said he in English. "Well, I've just heard of what has happened to you. The rascals tried the same trick with me at Modena; but I had an iron chain around *my* trunk, and as they were balked, and while they were rattling at it, I got a shot at one of them with a pistol — not to hurt the devil, for it was only duck-shot; not a bullet, you know. Where's your room? — is this it?"

I hesitated to reply, strange enough, though he showed that he was well aware of all my loss. I felt ashamed to show that I had no baggage, nor anything belonging to me. He seemed to guess what passed in my mind, and said, —

"Bless your heart, sir, never mind me. I know the rogues have stripped you of all you had; but I want to talk to you about it, and see what is best to be done."

This gave me courage. I unlocked the door, and showed him in.

"I suspected how it was," said he, looking at the table, where the dishes stood untouched. "You could not eat by yourself, nor I either; so come along with me, and we'll have a bit of supper together, and chat over your business afterwards."

Perhaps I might have declined a more polished invitation; whether or not, it was of no use to refuse him, for he would not accept an excuse, and down we went to his chamber, and supped together. Unlike my slender meal, his was excellent, and the wine first-rate. He made me tell him about the loss of my trunk, twice over, I believe; and then he moralized a great deal about the rascality of the Continent generally, and Italy in particular, which, however, he remembered, could not be wondered at, seeing that three-fourths of the population of every rank did nothing but idle all day long. After that he inquired whether I had any pursuit myself; and although pleased when I said

"Yes," his gratification became sensibly diminished on learning the nature of the employment. "I may be wrong," said he, "but I have always taken it that you diplomatic folk were little better than spies in gold-laced coats, — fellows that were sent to pump sovereigns and bribe their ministers." I took a deal of pains, "for the honor of the line," to undeceive him; and, whether I perfectly succeeded or not, I certainly secured his favor towards myself; for, before we parted, it was all settled that I was to travel back with him to England, he having a carriage and a strong purse, and that he was to be my banker in all respects till I reached my friends.

As we journeyed along through France, where my knowledge of the language and the people seemed to give the greatest pleasure to my companion, he informed me that he was a farmer near Nottingham, and had come abroad to try and secure an inheritance bequeathed to him by a brother, who for several years had been partner in a great silk factory near Piacenza. In this he had only partly succeeded, the Government having thrown all possible obstructions in his way; still, he was carrying back with him nearly twenty thousand pounds, — a snug thing, as he said, for his little girl, for he was a widower with an only child. Of Amy he would talk for hours, ay, days long! It was a theme of which he never wearied. According to him, she was a paragon of beauty and accomplishments. She had been for some time at a boarding-school at Brighton, and was the pride of the establishment. "Oh, if I could only show her to you!" said he. "But why could n't I? what's to prevent it? When you get to England and see your friends, what difficulty would there be in coming down to Hodley for a week or two? If you like riding, the Duke himself at Retton Park has not two better bred ones in his stable than I have!" No need to multiply his arguments and inducements. I agreed to go, not only to, but actually with, him; the frank good-nature of his character won on me at every moment, and long before we arrived at Calais I had conceived for him the strongest sentiments of affection.

From the moment he touched English ground his enthu-

siasm rose beyond all bounds; delighted to be once back again in his own country, and travelling the well-known road to his own home, he was elated like a schoolboy. It was never an easy thing for me to resist the infectious influence of any temperament near me, whether its mood was grave or gay, and I became as excited and overjoyed as himself; and I suppose that two exiles, returning from years of banishment, never gave themselves up to greater transports than did we at every stage of our journey. I cannot think of this without astonishment; for, in honest truth, I was all my life attached to the Continent,—from my earliest experience I had preferred the habits and customs to our own,—and yet, such was the easy and unyielding compliance of my nature, that I actually fancied that my Anglo-mania was as great as his own.

At last we reached Hodley, and drove up a fine, trimly-kept gravel avenue, through several meadows, to a long comfortable-looking farmhouse, at the door of which, in expectant delight, stood Amy herself. In the oft-renewed embraces she gave her father I had time to remark her well, and could see that she was a fine, blue-eyed, fair-haired, handsome girl—a very flattering specimen of that good Saxon stock we are so justly proud of; and if not all her father's partiality deemed as regarded ladylike air and style, she was perfectly free from anything like pretension or any affectation whatever. This was my first impression; subsequent acquaintance strengthened it. In fact, the Brighton boarding-school had done no mischief to her; she had not learned a great deal by her two years' residence, but she had not brought back any toadying subserviency to the more nobly born, any depreciating sense of her former companions, or any contempt for the thatched farmhouse at Hodley, and its honest owner.

If our daily life at the farm was very unvarying, it was exceedingly pleasurable; we rose early, and I accompanied Martin into the fields with the workmen, where we remained till breakfast. After which I usually betook myself to a little brook, where there was excellent fishing, and where, her household duties over, Amy joined me. We dined about two, and in the afternoon we—that is, Amy and

myself — rode out together; and as we were admirably mounted, and she a capital horsewoman, usually took a scamper “cross country,” whenever the fences were not too big and the turf inviting. Home to tea, and a walk afterwards through the green lanes and mossy paths of the neighborhood, filled the day; and however little exciting the catalogue of pursuits, when did I feel time pass so swiftly? Let me be honest and avow that the position I enjoyed had its peculiar flattery. There was through all their friendship a kind of deferential respect, — a sense of looking up to me, which I was young enough to be wonderfully taken by. And my experiences at Foreign Courts — which Heaven knows were few and meagre enough — had elevated me in their eyes into something like Lord Whitworth or Lord Castlereagh; and I really believe that all the pleasure my stories and descriptions afforded was inferior to the delight they experienced in seeing the narrator, and occasionally the actor, in the scenes described, their own guest at their own table.

It was while revelling in the fullest enjoyment of this pleasant life that I received a Foreign Office letter, in reply to an application I had made for promotion, rejecting my request, and coolly commanding my immediate return to Florence. These missives were not things to disobey, and it was in no very joyful mood I broke the tidings to my host. “What’s it worth?” said Martin, abruptly.

“Oh, in point of money,” said I, “the appointments are poor things. It is only that there are some good prizes in the wheel, and, whether one is lucky enough to gain them or not, even Hope is something. My salary is not quite two hundred a year.”

Martin gave a long, low whistle, and said, —

“Why, dang it! my poor brother George, that’s gone, had six hundred when he went out as inspector over that silk factory. Two hundred a year!” mused he; “and what do you get at your next promotion?”

“That is not quite certain. I might be named *attaché* at Vienna, which would, perhaps, give me one hundred more; or, if I had the good fortune to win the Minister’s favor, I might be made a secretary at some small legation and have

five hundred, — that is, however, a piece of luck not to be thought of."

"Well, I 'm sure," sighed Martin, "I 'm no judge of these matters; but it strikes me that 's very poor pay, and that a man like myself, who has his ten or twelve hundreds a year—fifteen in good seasons— is better off than the great folk dining with kings or emperors."

"Of course you are," said I; "who doubts it? But we must all do something. England is not a country where idleness is honorable."

"Why not turn farmer?" said Martin, energetically; "you 'd soon learn the craft. I 've not met any one this many a year picks up the knowledge about it like yourself. You seem to like the life, too."

"If you mean such as I live now, I delight in it."

"Do you, my dear boy?" cried he, grasping my hand, and squeezing it between both his own. "If so, then never leave us. You shall live with us. We 'll take that great piece of land there near the haugh — I 've had an eye on it for years back; there 's a sheep-run there as fine as any in Europe. I 'll lay down the whole of those two fields into meadow, and keep the green crops to the back altogether. Such partridge-shooting we will have there yet. In winter, too, the Duke 's hounds meet twice a week. I 've got such a strapping three-year-old — you have n't seen him, but he 'll be a clipper. Well, don 't say nay. You 'll stay and marry Amy. I 'll give her twenty thousand down, and leave you all I have afterwards."

This was poured forth in such a voluble strain that an interruption was impossible; and at last, when over, the speaker stood, with tearful eyes, gazing on me, as if on my reply his very existence was hanging.

Surprise and gratitude for the unbounded confidence he had shown in me were my first sensations, soon to be followed by a hundred other conflicting and jarring ones. I should shame, even now, after years have gone by, to own to some of these. Alas! our very natures are at the mercy of the ordinances we ourselves have framed; and the savage red man yields not more devotion to the idol he has carved than do we to the fashion we have made our Deity. I

thought of the Lady Georginas and Carolines of my acquaintance, and grew ashamed of Amy Haverstock. If I had loved, this I am sure would not have been the case; but I cannot acquit myself that principle and good feeling should not have been sufficient without love. Whether from the length of time in which I remained without answering, or that in my confusion he read something adverse to his wishes, but Martin grew scarlet, and in a voice full of emotion, said, —

“There, Mr. Templeton, enough said. I see it will not do — there’s no need of explaining. I was a fool, that’s all!”

“But will you not let me, at least, reflect?”

“No, sir; not a second. If my offer was not as frankly taken as made — ay, and on the instant, too — I am only the more ashamed for ever making it; but there’s an end on’t. If you would be as good friends parting with me as we have been hitherto, never speak of this again.” And so saying, Martin turned on his heel and walked hastily away. I followed him after a second, but he waved me back with his hand, and I was forced to comply.

That day Amy and I dined alone together. Her father, she said, “had got a bad headache;” and this she said with such evident candor, it was clear she knew nothing of our interview. The dinner was to me, at least, a very constrained affair; nor were my sensations rendered easier as she said, “My father tells me that you are obliged to leave us this evening, Mr. Templeton. I’m very sorry for it; but I hope we’ll meet soon again.”

We did not meet soon again, or ever. I left the farm that night for London. Martin came to the door from his bed to wish me good-bye. He looked very ill, and only spoke a few words. His shake-hands was, however, hearty; and his “God bless you,” uttered with kind meaning.

I have never seen that neighborhood since.

It was about two years after that I received a letter — the very one now before me — superscribed Martin Haverstock. It was brief, and to this effect: The Secretary for Foreign Affairs being a candidate for the representation in Parliament of the county in which Martin held a large stake, had,

in acknowledgment of his friend Mr. Haverstock's exertions in his support, been only too happy to consider the application made respecting Mr. H.'s young friend, who, by the next "Gazette," would be announced for promotion.

And thus I was made Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart.

There was a postscript to Martin's letter, which filled me with strange and varying emotions: "Amy is sorry that her baby is a little girl; she'd like to have called it 'Horace.'"

This packet I need not open. The envelope is superscribed, "Hints and Mems for H. T. during his Residence at the Court of M—." They were given in a series of letters from old Lord H—, who had long been a resident Minister there, and knew the people thoroughly. I followed, very implicitly too, the counsels he gave, and was said to have acquitted myself well, for I was *charge d'affaires*. But what absurdity it is to suppose that any exclusive information is ever obtainable by a Minister, except when the Government itself is disposed to afford it! I remember well, the spy we employed was also in the pay of the French Embassy. He was a Sardinian, and had spent some years of his life an Austrian prisoner in a fortress. We all believed, whatever the fellow's sentiments on other subjects, that he was a profound hater of Austria. Well, it turned out that he sold us all to Metternich.

Old Sir Robert W— used to say to his *attachés*, "Never tell me secrets, but whenever anything is publicly discussed in the clubs and cafés, let me hear it." In the same way, he always rejected the authenticity of any revelations where Talleyrand, or Metternich, or Pozzo di Borgo's names appeared. "These men," he always used to say, "were their own confidants, and never leaked save to serve a purpose." It was from Sir Robert I heard a story first, which has since, I believe, been fully corroborated. An under-secretary of Talleyrand, during the Prince's residence as French ambassador at St. James's, informed his Excellency one morning that a very tempting offer had been made to him, if he would disclose the contents of his master's writing-desk. He had not accepted

nor altogether declined the proposal, wishing to know from the Prince how it might be made available to his plans, and whether a direct accusation of the author, a person of high station, would be deemed advisable. Talleyrand merely said, "Take the money; the middle board of the drawer in my secretary is removable by a very simple contrivance, which I'll show you. I had it made so at Paris. You'll find all the papers you want there. Take copies of them."

"But, Monsieur le Prince——"

"Pray make your mind at ease. I'll neither compromise myself nor you."

The Secretary obeyed; the bargain was perfected, and a supposed "secret correspondence between Talleyrand and Arnim" deposited in Lord T——'s hands. About a week afterwards Lord T—— invited the Prince to pass some days at his seat in Herefordshire, where a distinguished party was assembled. The ambassador accepted; and they met like the most cordial of friends. When the period of the visit drew to its conclusion, they were walking one morning in the grounds together, engaged in a conversation of the most amicable candor, each vying with the other by the frankness and unreserve of his communications.

"Come, now, Prince," said Lord T——, "we are, I rejoice to find, on terms which will permit any freedom. Tell me frankly, how do you stand with Prussia? Are there any understandings between you to which we must not be parties?"

"None whatever."

"You say this freely and without reserve?"

"Without the slightest reserve or qualification."

Lord T—— seemed overjoyed, and the discussion concluded. They dined that day together, and in the evening a large company was assembled to meet the Prince before his departure for London. As usual at T—— House, the party contained a great show of distinguished persons, political and literary. Among the subjects of conversation started was the question of how it happened that men of great literary distinction so rarely could shine as statesmen; and that even such as by their writings evinced a deep insight into political science were scarcely ever found to

combine practical habits of business with this great theoretical talent.

The discussion was amusing, because it was carried on by men who themselves occupied the highest walks in their respective careers.

To arrest a somewhat warm turn of the controversy, Lord T—, turning to the Prince, said, “I suppose, Monsieur le Prince, you have seldom been able to indulge in imaginative composition?”

“Pardon me, my Lord, I have from time to time dissipated a little in that respect; and, if I must confess it, with a very considerable degree of amusement.”

The announcement, made with a most perfect air of candor, interested at once the whole company, who could not subdue their murmured expressions of surprise as to the theme selected by the great diplomatist.

“I believe,” said he, smiling, “I am in a position to gratify the present company; for, if I mistake not, I have actually with me at this moment a brief manuscript of my latest attempt in fiction. As I am a mere amateur, without the slightest pretension to skill or ability, I feel no reluctance at exposing my efforts to the kind criticism of friends. I only make one stipulation.”

“Oh, pray, what is it? anything, of course, you desire!” was heard on every side.

“It is this. I read very badly, and I would request that T—, our kind host, would take upon him to read it aloud for us.”

Lord T— was only too much flattered by the proposal, and the Prince retired to fetch his papers, leaving the company amazed at the singularity of a scene which so little accorded with all they had ever heard of the deep and wily Minister; some of the shrewdest persons significantly observing, that the Prince was evidently verging on those years when vanity of every kind meets fewest obstacles to its display.

“Here are my papers, my Lord,” said the Prince, entering with his manuscript. “I have only to hope that they may afford to the honorable company any portion of the amusement their composition has given me.”

The party seated themselves round the room, and Lord T——, disposing the papers on the table before him, arranged the candles, and prepared to begin. “The title of the piece is missing,” said he, after a pause.

“Oh, no, my Lord; you’ll find it on the envelope,” replied Talleyrand.

“Ah, very true; here it is! — ‘Secret Correspondence—’” Lord T—— stopped — his hands trembled — the blood left his face — and he leaned back in his chair almost fainting.

“You are not ill! — are you ill?” broke from many voices together.

“No; not in the least,” said he, endeavoring to smile; “but the Prince has been practising a bit of *plaisanterie* on me, which I own has astounded me.”

“Won’t you read it, my Lord; or shall I explain?”

“Oh, Monsieur le Prince,” said Lord T——, crushing the papers into his pocket, “I think you may be satisfied;” and with this, to the company, very mysterious excuse, his Lordship abruptly retired; while Talleyrand almost immediately set out for London.

The nature of the mystification was not disclosed till long afterwards; and it is but justice to both parties to say, not by Talleyrand, but by Lord T—— himself.

With what facility men whose whole daily life is artifice can be imposed on, is a very remarkable feature in all these cases. The practice of deceit would actually appear to obstruct clear-sightedness and dull the ordinary exercise of common sense. Witness that poor Dutch ambassador Fabricius, who, a few years ago, was imposed on at Paris by Bouffé, the comedian, representing himself to be the first Secretary of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and offering, for a sum of money, to confide to him the secret negotiations between M. Guizot and the Belgian Government! Fabricius, deceived by the great resemblance of Bouffé to the person he represented, agreed, and actually wrote to the King of Holland a triumphant despatch, announcing his own diplomatic dexterity. Every post saw a huge packet of letters to the king, containing various documents and papers; some assuming to be in the handwriting of Guizot — some, of

Nothomb — some, of the Duke of Wellington — and two or three of King Leopold himself. The task of undeceiving the unhappy dupe was taken by his Majesty Louis Philippe, who having, at an evening reception at Neuilly, exposed his attempted corruption, coolly turned his back and refused to receive him.

Another dive into this chaotic mass of reminiscence! A letter from poor Granthorpe, whose sad suicide remains the unexplained and unexplainable mystery of all who knew him. A man whose mind was remarkable for its being so deeply imbued with sentiments of religious truth — whose whole life was, so to say, devotional — is found dead, the act being by his own hand! No circumstance of domestic calamity, no pecuniary difficulty, not even a passing derangement of health, to account for the terrible event. Here is his note; we were but new acquaintances at the time, and it begins, —

DEAR SIR, — From the conversation we held together lately at Lord N——'s table, I believe I shall not misinterpret your sentiments by supposing that any new fact connected with Waterloo will interest you strongly. I therefore enclose you a memoir, drawn up a few evenings back at W——. It was begun by way of a regular refutation of Alison, whose views are so manifestly incorrect; the idea of publication is, however, abandoned, and I am at liberty merely to show it to such of my friends as take a more than common interest in the transaction.

Truly yours,

S. GRANTHORPE.

The memoir which accompanied this is curious for two reasons: first, from its authenticity; and, secondly, from the fact that, being dictated from beginning to end, it is as clear, as consecutive, as free from unnecessary, and as full of all necessary, detail as if the events were of a few days' back, and that no recital of them had yet been given to the world. Two or three anecdotes (new to me, at least) were interspersed here and there, not for themselves, but as circumstantially evidencing facts of some importance.

One, I remember, alluded to a Prussian statement by a Captain Hahnsfelder, who stated that two British guns, placed

on the height above La Haye Sainte, were captured by the French as early as eleven o'clock. The passage in the memoir is this: — “Untrue; these guns were in the field at seven in the evening, in the same position in which they stood at the beginning of the battle. They are in advance of Adam's left, and were so far unprotected that the artillermen who served them had to retire after each discharge. The Cuirassiers made several attempts to carry them off, but as orders were given that, after each fire, one wheel should be taken off each gun, the cavalry failed in their object. They tried to lasso them, but this also failed, besides losing them some men.”

Alison's strategy, for he went so far as to plan a campaign of his own, is very ably exposed, and the necessity of posting troops in particular districts clearly explained from circumstances peculiar to the localities, such as stationing the cavalry at Enghein, where alone forage was procurable. The controversy, if it can be so called, is worthless. They whose opinions are alone valuable are exactly the persons who will not speak on the subject.

A strange-looking letter is this from C —, enclosing the proof of a paper I wrote on Irish Educational matters, very laconic and editorial: —

DEAR T., — You are all wrong: as blue and yellow, when mixed, form green, so will your Protestant and Papist League make nothing but rampant infidelity. In any great State scheme of education there must be one grand standard of obedience — the Bible is the only one I've heard of yet. Keep this one, then, till you hear of better.

Yours,

H. C.

Another of the same hand: —

H — desires me to enclose you these two letters: One I know is an introduction to Guizot; the other, I suppose, to be “Ein empfehlungs Brief” to the “Gräfin.” Take care to say as little as possible to the one, and to have, in Irish parlance, as little as possible “to say” to the other. At Paris you want no guidance; and at Vienna the Abbé Discot is your man. Coloredo is out of favor for the moment; but he can afford to wait, and, waiting, to win.

Be assiduous in your visits at B——y's; and when the Countess affects ignorance, let us always hear from you.

Yours ever,

H. C.

This is a very rose-colored and rose-odored document: —

DEAR MR. TEMPLETON, — I have to make two thousand excuses; one each for two indiscretions. I believed I had your box at the Opera for last evening; and I also fancied — think of my absurdity! — that the bouquet of camellias left there was meant for me. Pray forgive me; or, rather, ask the fair lady who came in at the ballet to forgive me. I never can think of the incident without shame and self-reproach; *du reste*, it has given me the opportunity of knowing that your taste in beauty equals your judgment in flowers.

Very much yours,

HELEN COLLYTON.

Sir H—— bids me say that he expects you on Wednesday. We dine earlier, as the Admiral goes on board in the evening.

This was an absurd incident; and, trivially as it is touched on here, made of that same Lady Collyton a very dangerous enemy to me.

This is not a specimen of caligraphy, certainly: —

If you promise neither to talk of the Catholic Question, the Kildare Place Society, nor the "Glorious Revolution of 1688," P—— will have no objection to meet you at dinner. Hammond, you 've heard, I suppose, has lost his election; he polled more voters than there were freeholders registered on the books; this was proving too much, and he must pay the penalty. Y—— is in, and will remain if he can; but there is a hitch in it — "as the man who lent him his qualification is in jail at Bruges." Write and say if you accept the conditions.

Yours,

FREDERICK HAMILTON.

There are some memorials of a very different kind — they are bound up together; and well may they, they form an

episode quite apart from all the events before or after them ! I dare not open them ; for, although years have passed away, the wounds would bleed afresh if only breathed on ! This was the last I ever received from her. I have no need to open it — I know every line by heart ! — almost prophetic, too : —

“ I have no fear of offending you now, since we shall never meet again. The very thought that the whole world divides us, as completely as death itself, will make you accept my words less as reproof than warning. Once more, then, abandon the career for which you have not health, nor energy, nor enduring strength. Brilliant displays, discursive efforts, however effective, will no more constitute statesmanship than fireworks suffice to light up the streets of a city. Like all men of quick intelligence, you undervalue those who advance more slowly, forgetting that their gleaning is more cleanly made, and that, while you come sooner, they come more heavily laden. Again, this waiting for conviction — this habit of listening to the arguments on each side, however excellent in general life, is inapplicable in politics. You must have opinions previously formed — you must have your mind made up, on principles very different and much wider than those a debate embraces. If I find the person who guides me through the streets of a strange city stop to inquire here, to ask this, to investigate that, and so on, I at once conceive — and very reasonably — a doubt of his skill and intelligence ; but if he advance with a certain air of assured knowledge, I yield myself to his guidance with implicit trust : nor does it matter so much, when we have reached the desired goal, that we made a slight divergence from the shortest road.

“ Now, if a constituency concede much to your judgment, remember that you owe a similar debt to the leader of your party, who certainly — all consideration of ability apart — sees farther, because from a higher eminence, than other men.

“ Again, you take no pleasure in any pursuit wherein no obstacle presents itself ; and yet, if the difficulty be one involving a really strong effort, you abandon it. You require as many conditions to your liking as did the commander at Walcheren — the wind must not only blow from a particular quarter, but with a certain degree of violence. This will never do ! The favoring gale that leads to fortune is as often a hurricane as a zephyr ; some are blown into the haven half-shipwrecked, but still safe.

“ Lastly, you have a failing, for which neither ability, nor address, nor labor, nor even good luck, can compensate. You trust every

one — not from any implicit reliance on the goodness of human nature — not that you think well of this man, or highly of that, but simply from indolence. ‘Believing’ is so very easy — such a rare self-indulgence ! Think of all the deception this has cost you — think of the fallacies, which you knew to be fallacies, that found their way into your head, tainting your own opinions, and mingling themselves with your matured convictions. Believe me, there is nothing but a strict quarantine can prevail against error !”

Enough of these, — now for an incremation : would that, Hindoo-like, I could consume with them the memory to which they have been wedded !

Dr. H—— has been here again ; he came in just as the last flicker was expiring over the charred leaves ; he guessed readily what had been my occupation, and seemed to feel relieved that the sad office of telling bad tidings of my case was taken off his hands. Symptoms seem now crowding on each other — they come, like detached battalions meeting on the field of battle when victory is won, only to show themselves and to proclaim how hopeless would be resistance. The course of the malady would, latterly, appear to have been rapid, and yet how reluctant does the spirit seem to quit its ruined temple !

I wish that I had more command over my faculties ; the tricks Imagination plays me at each moment are very painful : scarcely have I composed my mind into a calm and patient frame, than Fancy sets to work at some vision of returning health and strength — of home scenes and familiar faces — of the green lanes of Old England, as seen at sunset of a summer eve, when the last song of the blackbird rings through the clear air, and odors of sweet flowers grow stronger in the heavy atmosphere.

To start from these, and think of what I am — of what so soon I shall be !

What marvellously fine aspirations and noble enterprises cross the sick man’s fancy ! The climate of health is sadly unfavorable to the creatures begot of fancy — one tithe of the strange notions that are now warring in my distracted brain would make matter for a whole novelist’s library. Thoughts that are thus engendered are like the wines which

the Germans call “Ausgelesene;” and which, falling from the grape unpressed, have none of the impurities of fabrication about them. After all, the things that have been left undone by all of us in this life, would be far better and greater than those we have done.

Oh, the fond hearts that have never been smitten,
And all the hot tears that have never been shed !
Not to speak of the books that have never been written ;
And all the smart things that have never been said !

• • • • •

Weaker and weaker ! — the senses fail to retain impressions, and, like cracked vases, let their contents ooze out by slow degrees. Objects of sight become commingled with those of sound ; and I can half understand the blind man Locke tells us of, who imagined “the color scarlet to be like the sound of a trumpet.”

Mesmerism affects the power of transferring the operations of one sense to the organs of another ; can it be that, in certain states of the brain, the nervous fluids become intermixed ?

It is night — calm, still, and starlit ! How large are the stars compared with what they appear in northern latitudes ! And the moonlight, too, is pale as silver, and has none of the yellow tint we see with us. Beautifully it lies along that slope of the mountain yonder, where the tall dark yew-trees throw their straight shadows across the glittering surface. It is the churchyard of St. M——, and now in the church I can perceive the twinkle of lights — they are the candles around the coffin of him whose funeral I saw this morning. The custom of leaving the body for a day in the church before consigning it to the grave is a touching one. The dimly-lighted aisles, and the solemn air of the place, seem a fitting transition from Life to the sleep of Death.

I have been thinking of that very old man, who came past the window yesterday, and sat down to rest himself on the stone bench beside the door. Giordano never took a finer head as a study : lofty and massive, with the temples deeply indented ; and such a beard, snow-white and

waving! How I longed for strength enough to have wandered forth and seated myself beside him! A strange mysterious feeling was on me—that I should hear words of comfort from his lips! This impression grew out of his own remarkable story. Yes, poor and humble as his dress, lowly as his present condition may seem, he was a “Captain of the Imperial Guard”—a proud title once! He was taken prisoner during the retreat from Moscow, and, with hundreds more, sent away to eternal exile in Siberia. At that period he was in all the pride of manhood, a true specimen of his class—gay, witty, full of daring, and a sceptic; a Frenchman of the Revolution grafted on a gentleman of the old *régime*! The Fatalism that sustained them—it was their only faith—through long years of banishment, brought many in sadness to the grave! It was a gloomy religion, whose hope was but chastened despair! He himself lived on, the reckless spirit of a bold heart hardening him against grief as effectually as it excluded memory. When, at length, as time went on, and his companions dropped off around him, a severe and cheerless melancholy settled down upon him, and he lived on in a state of dreamy unreality, less like sleep than death itself! And yet through this dense cloud a ray of light pierced and fell upon his cold and darkened spirit, like day descending into some cleft between the mountains!

He was sitting at the door of his hut one evening, to taste the few short moments of sunset, when, unwrapping the piece of paper which surrounded his cigar—the one sole luxury the prisoners are permitted—he was proceeding to light it, when a thought occurred that he would read the lines, for it was a printed paper. He opened the bit of torn and ragged paper, and found there three verses from the Gospel of St. John. Doubtless he had often sat in weariness before the most heart-stirring appeals and earnest exhortations; and yet these few lines did what years of such teaching failed to do. The long-thirsting heart was refreshed by this one drop of clear water! He became a believer, firm and faithful. His liberation, which he owed to the clemency of the Emperor Alexander, set him free to wander over the world as a missionary, and this

he has been ever since. How striking are his calm and benevolent features among the faces which pass you in every street! — for we live in times of eager and insensate passion. The volcano has thrown forth ashes, and who knows how soon the flame may follow!

How long this night appears! I have sat, as I believe, for hours here, and yet it is but two o'clock! The dreary vacuity of weakness is like a wide and pathless waste. I see but one great spreading moorland, with a low, dark horizon: no creature moves across the surface — no light glimmers on it. It is the plain before the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Poor Gilbert! — how soundly he sleeps, believing that I am also sunk to rest! The deep-drawn breathings of his strong chest are strange beside the fluttering hurry of my respiration. He was wearied out with watching — wearied, as I feel myself: but Death comes not the sooner for our weariness; we must bide our time, even like the felon whose sentence has fixed the day and the hour.

Three o'clock! What a chill is on me! The fire no longer warms me, nor does the great cloak with which I braved the snows of Canada. This is a sensation quite distinct from mere cold — it is like as though my body were itself the source from which the air became chilled. I have tried to heap more wood upon the fire, but am too weak to reach it. I cannot bear to awaken that poor fellow. It is but enduring a little — a very little longer — and all will be over!

There was a man upon the terrace below the window, walking slowly back and forwards. What can it mean, so late? It has made me nervous and irritable to watch his shadow as it crosses before me. There! — how strange! — he has beckoned to me! Is this real? Now I see no one! Some trick of imagination; but how weak it has left me! My hand trembles, too, with a strange fear.

It has struck again! It must be four; and I have slept. What a long night it has been! O Life! Life! how little your best and highest ambitions seem to him who sits, like me, waiting to be released! Now and then the heart beats full and strong, and a momentary sense of vigor flashes

across my mind; and then the icy current comes back, the faint struggle to breathe shaking the frame as a wrecked vessel trembles with each crashing wave!

Day breaks at length — that must be the dawn! But my eyes are failing, and my hands are numbed. Poor Gilbert! how sound is his sleep! He has turned — and now he dreams! What is he muttering? Good-night! good-night! Even so — good-night!

How cold — how very cold I feel! I thought it had been over! Oh, for a little longer of this dalliance here! — ay, even here, on the last shores of life! Inexpressibly sweet the odors are and the birds! How I drink in those strains! — they will float with me along the journey I am going! Weaker and weaker. This must be death! Farewell!

ENVOY.

THE circumstances which have placed these papers in my hands afford me the only apology I can offer for making them public. They were bequeathed to me, in some sort, as a recompense for services which my poor master had long intended to have rewarded very differently; nor, save under the pressure of an actual necessity, should I devote them now to the purpose of personal assistance. I neither understand how to correct nor arrange them. I have no skill in editorship, and send them to the printer without the addition of a letter by any hand except his who wrote them. It is true, some pages have been withheld — I am not sure whether necessarily or not — for I have no competent judgment to guide me. I would, however, hope that what I here give to the world may, while benefiting the servant, leave no stain upon the memory of the best of masters.

GEORGE GILBERT,

Valet to the late H. Templeton, Esq.

Dover, January, 1848.

Postscript to Envoy.

A word may be necessary as to the political allusions. As they were all written in the autumn of the past year, many are, of course, inapplicable to countries whose condition the wonderful events lately occurring have modified: many are, however, almost correct in every detail of prophetic foresight; and, it is not necessary that I should repeat, have neither been changed nor added to since penned by my late master.

